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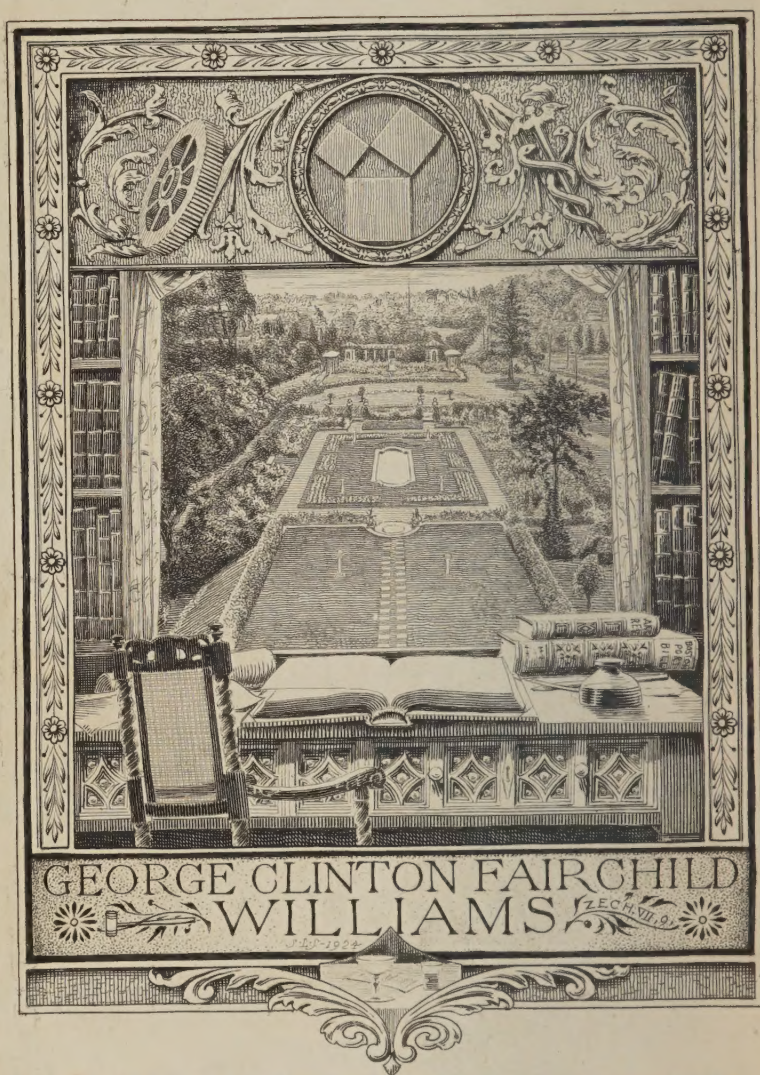

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.*

[Marie E. H. Lescardine]

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THE EXILES OF THE *Court of* AUGUSTUS.

THE famous *Ovid* being ſuſpected to have abuſed the Confidence and Love of his Emperor, was ſentenced by him to attone in the Iſland of *Thalaſſie* the Crime of having too many Charms. He was a great Lover of the Court, and the Pleaſures of it; Baniſhment was therefore a Puniſhment infinitely more ſevere to him than it would have been to a Man of a more reſerv'd Nature. On his firſt Arrival there, as he was walking one Morning, mournfully ruminating on his Misfortune, through a Wood which borders on the Shore on the ſide of *Macedonia*, he perceiv'd a little diſtance from him a Cloth

ſpread on the Graſs——Flowers and fine Fruits confuſedly mingled together, and empty Diſhes, with other Marks of a Collation that had been there, made him imagine there was Company not far off, who had made choice of that agreeable Solitude, to indulge at once Variety of Senſes. The Gaiety of his Diſpoſition render'd him naturally curious, and hoping he might find ſomething in this Adventure which might be agreeable, he walk'd pretty haſtily on, till he diſcovered two Ladies of an extraordinary fine Shape and Air, going Arm in Arm into the thickeſt Part of the Wood.——They ſtopp'd at a Grove compoſed of *Honeyſuckles* and wild *Jeſſamin*, and ſeated themſelves on a Bank which ſeem'd adorn'd by bounteous Nature for the Reception of two of the lovelieſt Women in the World. He no ſooner ſaw them in that Poſition, than making what haſte he could towards them, with a deſign to ſay ſomething gay and gallant, he heard one of them, not diſcerning him, mention his Name three or four ſeveral times.—A little ſurprized at a Sound ſo unexpected, he ſtopp'd ſhort, and liſtning attentively between the Trees, diſtinctly heard theſe Words: How is it poſſible, *ſaid one to the other*, that ſuch a ſtrong and violent Inclination ſhould take poſſeſſion of your Soul for a Perſon whom you never ſaw?——I am ſenſible, *continu'd ſhe*, that when we are acquainted with an Object agreeable to our Taſte, a long Converſation and Conformity of Humour is very liable to ripen that Liking into Love—but to be charm'd with a Man only

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on the bare Deſcription of him, and reading his Works———to have all the Hopes, and Fears, and ſoft Anxieties incident to the moſt ardent Paſſion——in fine, to languiſh to that degree you do for *Ovid*, is certainly what never happen'd to any but you, and what Poſterity will ſcarce be brought to credit, if your Fame ſhould live, as I doubt not but it will, to a long Futurity. There is little danger, *anſwer'd the other*, that the latter Part of your Compliment ſhould come to paſs, it being ſeldom in the power of one of my Sex, but more rare for one of my unhappy Fortune, to do any thing worthy of Remark: But put the caſe it ſhould be ſo, I have no reaſon to fear the great Actions Fate ſhall enable me to do, ſhould be leſſened by the Diſcovery of my Weakneſs, ſince the Secret of my Soul is known only to you.——— But, my Dear! *purſued ſhe, with an Accent wholly compoſed of Tenderneſs*, if it were poſſible that ſuch a thing ſhould happen, that even you, all Sincerity itſelf, ſhould turn a Traitreſs to my Confidence, thoſe People who would hear my Name, would likewiſe hear that of *Ovid* too; and I know not, if to admire him, would not rather add to my Glory than my Shame——eſpecially when the Innocence of my Flame would appear in my Ignorance of the Perſon who inſpires it——. it is not the *Man*, but the *Muſe* that I adore—when I read thoſe tender and Soul-diſſolving Deſcriptions which every where his Elegies abound with, I find a Pleaſure which almoſt ſteals me from myſelf.—I muſt confeſs indeed, that I languiſh to behold the incomparable

Author—I concern myſelf in every thing that happens to him, but all this is but the Incitements of my Gratitude for the many Hours of Delight his Verſes have afforded me——and when I reflect how eaſy it would have been for me to have had his Company at *Rome*, had Fortune treated me with leſs Rigour; I curſe her more for this part of my Misfortune, than for the Obſcurity ſhe compels me to live in. That is as much as to ſay, *reſumed ſhe that had ſpoken firſt*, that you are in love only with the *Wit* of *Ovid*; but I am very much of opinion, that if you ſhould ever happen to ſee his *Perſon*, you would be no leſs charm'd with that than with his Works; for I have been told, he is of a Form dangerous to behold.

Ovid was ſo earneſt in liſtning to the Diſcourſe of theſe Ladies, that he obſerv'd not two Men coming directly to the Thicket where he had conceal'd himſelf——they had time enough to know him, and tenderly embrace him, before he could recover Preſence enough of Mind to reflect who they were that had him in their Arms——their Civilities ſoon rouz'd him from that Reſvery he had been in, and he preſently call'd them to mind: one was *Cornelius Lentulus*, famous for his many Victories, particularly over the *Scythians* and the *Daces*; and the other, *Hortenſius Hortulus*, the only ſurviving Branch of the Noble Family of the *Hortenſes*——the latter of theſe gave *Ovid* but little ſurprize, he knew that becauſe he had refuſed an Employment, and a handſome Wife from the hands of *Cæſar*, he had liv'd retired in this

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Iſland for the ſpace of three or four Years: but he imagin'd *Lentulus* had been at the Head of thoſe Troops which the Emperor had ſent againſt the *Getes*, who had lately revolted from their Obedience. Are the Rebels then already, *ſaid* Ovid *to him*, reduced to their Duty?—Has your Name, and the Remembrance of what you have formerly done againſt them, abated their Courage?—or has the Emperor ſo far forgotten himſelf, as to reward all that you have done for the Glory of his Empire, by dooming you to Baniſhment?—The *Getes* are ſtill obſtinate, *reply'd* Lentulus, and if the Emperor does any injuſtice to my Zeal for his Service, it is not by baniſhing me into the Iſle of *Thalaſſie*—but it is a Motive no leſs powerful than the Commands of *Cæſar* which has brought me here, and which it would not be in the power of my Duty to oblige me to leave.—This is a Myſtery, *continued he*, we will clear up to you at another time——in the mean while, I am impatient for the reaſon of your coming hither; for if you think *Auguſtus* has forgotten himſelf by baniſhing me, I think he muſt be guilty of the higheſt Contempt of *Rome*'s Glory, to drive *Ovid* from it.——The ſudden coming forth of the two Ladies, put a ſtop to this Diſcourſe. They had heard the Voices of ſome Perſons near them, and had a deſire to ſee who they were: But whatever Reaſons they had for Curioſity, *Ovid* had a much greater, and immediately asked his two Friends if theſe beautiful Perſons were of their acquaintance. *Hortenſius* inform'd him that they were, and that one of them

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call'd *Junia*, the Daughter of *Lepidus* the *Triumvir*; the other, *added* Lentulus, is known here by the Name of *Roſalina*, but ſhe keeps her Birth and all the Paſſages of her Life a Secret.——She ſpeaks three or four Languages ſo naturally, that 'tis impoſſible to diſtinguiſh which of them is her Mother-Tongue; but by the Sweetneſs of her Manner, and Politeneſs of her Converſation, moſt People take her to be a *Roman* born, or at leaſt to have received her Education there. Whether *Ovid* was more taken with the Charms of *Roſalina*, than with thoſe *Junia* was Miſtreſs of, or whether he imagin'd that he diſcover'd in the Eyes of the former a Motion more conformable to that Inclination which one of them had for him, is uncertain; but he ſecretly wiſh'd that *Roſalina* might be the Perſon by whom he was ſo highly favour'd. The different Behaviour of theſe two Ladies ſoon gave him cauſe to hope it was as he deſir'd.——*Junia* retired as ſoon as ſhe had heard his Name, and receiv'd the Compliments he paid her; but *Roſalina* accompany'd not her fair Friend, and by all her Words and Actions demonſtrated that ſhe was infinitely ſatisfy'd with his Converſation: and tho' every thing ſhe ſaid and did, was guarded with the ſtricteſt Modeſty, yet ſhe could not reſtrain, ſo as not to be perceptible in her Looks; that troubled, but pleaſing Emotion of the Soul, which *Ovid* had too well deſcribed not to be ſenſible of. He had but juſt time to make that ſatisfactory Remark; for *Junia* having told every one ſhe met of the Arrival of this great Man, he

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was obliged to receive the Compliments of all the polite People in the Iſland: There were a great number of them, and *Lentulus* having that Day made a ſumptuous Entertainment for them in that Wood, they were not yet diſpers'd, but were walking up and down in the pleaſant Shades of it, as their Inclination call'd them. *Ovid*'s two Friends named them all to him one by one; he preſently call'd to mind *Tiſiennus Gallus*, whom when he ſaw, he could not forbear bluſhing. *Hortenſius* afterwards introduced him to a beautiful *German*, named *Addiamante*, a Companion of *Roſalina*'s. There were likewiſe two or three of the Inhabitants of *Lesbos*, who came at this Seaſon of the Year to ſell their Goods to the Exiles in *Thalaſſie*. They knew *Ovid*, and were extremely ſurprized to ſee him there; they fail'd not to enquire into the Reaſons of his coming; but that was a Secret he reſerv'd for his particular Friends, and only told them, he came in obedience to the Commands of *Auguſtus*.—He added, that his Conſcience acquitted him of any Guilt, but that he would not pretend to be wholly innocent, ſince *Cæſar* thought him blameable. This Moderation of his was not imitated by the other Exiles, who loaded the Emperor with many Accuſations of his Injuſtice to them, and gave a liberty to their Tongues which was deny'd to their Perſons; not conſidering that this was the ready way to hinder themſelves from being reſtor'd to thoſe Honours and Dignities, the Loſs of which they ſo much regretted. *Lentulus* being only in Lodgings, *Hortenſius* obliged the New-

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Comer to take up his Reſidence at his Houſe. As ſoon as they were alone, *Ovid* thought he might now be free, and relate the whole Story of his Affairs to him, which he had refuſed to the others. This Noble *Roman* and he having been the moſt intimate Friends, he confeſs'd to him that his Diſgrace was owing to the Favours he had receiv'd from the Daughter of *Auguſtus*. You ſpeak but half the Truth, *anſwer'd* Hortenſius, I have Correſpondents at *Rome* who have inform'd me of the Secret you would in vain conceal. Own it therefore, without reſerve, my dear *Ovid*, *purſued he ſmiling*, *Cæſar* would have eaſily been brought to pardon your attempt on *Julia*, could you have ſtopp'd there.——He had been accuſtom'd to the Gallantries his Daughter engaged herſelf in, and his Court would ſoon become a Deſart, if it were made a Capital Crime to be pleaſing to *Julia*; but you have touch'd the Emperor in a part infinitely more ſenſible, and *Terentia* is comprehended in the Number of your Amours. That Report, *reply'd* Ovid, is one of the moſt cruel Circumſtances of my Misfortune. I receiv'd the Sentence of Baniſhment with Fortitude enough, but I cannot with any patience remember that the excellent *Terentia* is ſuſpected of a Weakneſs of which I am ſenſible ſhe never can be guilty. I deſire not a more plain Confeſſion, *interrupted the other*, how much you love *Terentia*, than this Concern for her Reputation—and as I am fully convinced, that a Woman of her Underſtanding and fine Wit could not be belov'd by you without anſwering your Paſſion, I am now aſ-

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ſured my Agents are fully inſtructed in all, and have given me a faithful account, for which I ſhall write them my Acknowledgments.——I ſolemnly proteſt, *reſumed* Ovid *very earneſtly*, that there is nothing ſo falſe and ſcandalous, as that Report of an Intrigue between me and that Lady—I eſteem her as much as ſhe ought to be eſteem'd——ſhe has an uncommon ſhare of Wit, indeed, a Judgment and Underſtanding rarely to be found in a Perſon of her Sex and Years——ſhe underſtands the moſt difficult part of my Works, and penetrates even into my moſt hidden and abſtruſe Meanings. I do not therefore deny but that ſhe may have a greater regard for their Author, than a Lady of a leſs refined Genius and Taſte for Poetry might have.—But, beſides that ſhe has never ſhewn the leaſt Tenderneſs to any one except the Emperor, I am ſo many ways obliged to the brave *Mecenas*, that the laſt thing I would do, ſhould be to harbour a criminal Deſign upon his Wife.

How! *ſaid* Hortenſius, has the Emperor then no Obligations to *Mecenas?* what Subject is there has receiv'd ſo many?—What is it he does not owe to the Prudence and Zeal of that great Man?—what is it he has left undone to fix him ſecurely on the Throne?—with what unweary'd and ſucceſsful Vigilance has he overthrown all the Deſigns form'd againſt his Life?—Does he not owe his All, his more than Life, his Glory, to the Sincerity of *Mecenas?* Yet we ſee he thinks it no Crime to wrong him in this point. I do not think myſelf obliged, *anſwer'd* Ovid,

to defend the Conduct of the Emperor; Spite is natural to a baniſh'd Man, and I have left things much nearer to me at home, to keep up my Reſentment againſt thoſe who made me ſo. But this I think myſelf obliged to ſay, that if the beautiful *Terentia* had taken half the pains to pleaſe me, as ſhe has done to cultivate the Emperor's Affection; and if *Mecenas* ſhould appear as well ſatisfied with my Addreſſes to his Wife, as he is with thoſe *Auguſtus* makes, I might, perhaps, forget myſelf as much as he has done. It is but in vain I tell you, *cry'd* Hortenſius, that you endeavour to deceive me; I can give you a convincing Argument of the Patience of *Mecenas* touching the Gallantries of his Wife, when I inform you that I am acquainted with the Story how young *Craſſus* ſurprized you one Night coming out of her Apartment. Well, *ſaid* Ovid, as poſitive as you are, I fancy I ſhall anon oblige you to be of another opinion: And ſince you have heard that Particular in a manner ſuch as it appear'd, not what it really is, I will no longer defer giving you the Hiſtory of my Adventures—I know you to be a wiſe Man, and flattering myſelf that you love me, am certain you will not abuſe the Confidence I repoſe in you.

The History of OVID.

IT would be in vain, *said this celebrated* Roman, to deny the Favours with which the Daughter of *Cæsar* has honour'd me. My Baniſhment has made them ſeem ſo great, that it is Diſcretion to declare them as they are.—I own then, that this beautiful Princeſs has been pleas'd to treat me in a manner which I ſhall ever remember with the utmoſt Gratitude and Pleaſure—ſhe permitted me to conſecrate thoſe Verſes to her, which I publiſh'd under the Name of *Corinna*—ſhe has often anſwer'd with obliging Looks what I have dar'd to avow by my Eyes.——I have, indeed, preſum'd to carry my Preſumption to a height which may juſtly be ſtiled criminal, conſidering the prodigious Diſparity of our Birth, tho' perfectly innocent, had we been of equal Extraction.—Paſs over this Argument lightly, *ſaid* Hortenſius, I find you have a ſtrong inclination to defend the Virtue of all the Ladies you are to ſpeak of—but becauſe I am certain that I know as well as you do yourſelf, what has happen'd between you and *Julia*, I only deſire you would inform me what happen'd between you and *Terentia*.

You are miſtaken alſo in this, *reply'd* Ovid, and to convince you that you are ſo, I will let you into a longer account of that Affair than perhaps you may deſire——The be-

ginning of an Intrigue with the firſt Princeſs in the Univerſe, has a ſecret Pleaſure in it not to be expreſs'd—I beheld with an unutterable Tranſport the preference ſhe gave me of all the other Courtiers of my Rank, and by playing the part of a great Prince in thoſe ſecret Converſations ſhe allow'd me, I began to think that I was ſo in reality——I forgot *Julia*'s Rank and my own ; but as ſhe always took care to reprove my Boldneſs, whenever it carry'd me too far, (whatever Calumny may have rais'd to the contrary) thoſe Delights, great as they were, only ſerv'd to flatter my Vanity, not gratify my Paſſion, which had been accuſtom'd to more ſubſtantial Food than airy Hope could yield. Deſpairing in my Hours of Reaſon ever to be more happy than I was, yet conſcious to myſelf that I was favour'd infinitely beyond my Merit, tho' not enough to make me eaſy, I fell into a deep Languiſhment, which is better expreſs'd in ſome of my Elegies, than I can now do it in Proſe: *Sulpitia*, the Wife of *Tiſiennus Gallus*, whom you ſee here in *Thalaſſie*, who was one of the Princeſs's Ladies of Honour, and very much truſted by her, has often been witneſs to what a Condition thoſe unprofitable Favours have reduced me.—*Julia* is allow'd to be one of the moſt lovely Women of the Age—I was permitted all manner of Freedoms with her, excepting that which only could make me happy—I have come from her Chamber, raging with Agonies of reſtrain'd Deſire, and well nigh ſuffocated with my awe-check'd Flame.—The generous *Sulpitia* has met me,

pity'd

pity'd me, and omitted nothing in her power to give me eaſe. *Tiſiennus* was about that time ſuſpected of having a hand in the Conſpiracy of *Marcus Lepidus*, and baniſh'd into this Iſland—his Abſence allow'd his Wife to take thoſe Freedoms which his Jealouſy and Ill-nature would not permit when he was at home with her: ſhe was ſenſibly touch'd with my Misfortune, and ſpar'd nothing to alleviate it. She placed me in a Cloſet one Evening contiguous to the Princeſs's Chamber, where, as they were alone together, I heard her give her this Advice: The Meaſures you take with *Ovid*, *ſaid ſhe*, are equally offenſive to Love and Virtue—You ſuffer a Man, whoſe Paſſion you are pleas'd with, to periſh at your Feet, becauſe a too great Nicety forbids you to raiſe him to your Arms—and you would hardly give more offence to your Glory, by entirely ſuppreſſing that Decorum, than you do by allowing him Liberties which encourage him to hope more—either take upon you the Character of *Cæſar*'s Daughter, or courageouſly renounce the Duties that Place impoſes on you——this half Virtue argues rather Fearfulneſs than Chaſtity—therefore reſolve either to baniſh this unhappy Adorer from your Preſence, or conſent to make him bleſs'd.—She had many Arguments of this nature to oblige her to fix me in a Condition of Deſpair or Happineſs: But the Princeſs could not be perſuaded to come into any one of theſe Propoſitions.—My Converſation diverted her——and the daily Teſtimonies I gave her of my Love, ſerv'd to amuſe her—but her Friendſhip for me car-

carry'd her no farther than that Amuſement; and tho' ſhe found it a great difficulty to deprive me of her Preſence, yet ſhe found it a much greater to grant me that Eaſe which *Sulpitia* ſo earneſtly ſollicited.——That Lady expreſs'd her Concern for me in ſuch obliging Terms, that I thought I could not ſhow my Gratitude any other way, than by offering her what remain'd of myſelf. If the beautiful *Sulpitia*, *ſaid I*, can be contented with a ſecond place in a Heart, where the Daughter of *Auguſtus* poſſeſſes the firſt, and if the nice *Julia* would not look on it as a Wrong done to her, the miſerable Condition wherein I am, and which ſo juſtly moves your Compaſſion, might ſoon receive ſome Eaſe. I had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe words, when ſhe burſt out into a loud Laughter, and with a Countenance which ſeem'd equally divided between Anger and Surprize, How could you, *ſaid ſhe*, divide yourſelf in this manner, without giving either the Princeſs or *Sulpitia* cauſe to doubt our ſhares in your Affection?———That is a Secret, *anſwer'd I, perceiving her Indignation rather aſſumed than real*, that I have not yet put in practice; but a little Reaſon in the Princeſs and in you, would ſoon make a tryal of it——Nothing is more certain, *purſued I*, than that, if you were ignorant of what paſſes between me and the Princeſs *Julia*, and had not been witneſs of thoſe ſecret Entertainments which cauſe ſuch violent Emotions in me, I ſhould before now have thrown myſelf at your Feet with all the Extaſies of longing, burning Paſſion——tell me then, would you have

thought the Offering unworthy your Reception?—No, *ſaid ſhe*, if I were unacquainted with the Cauſe which inſpired you with thoſe Emotions, and that I believ'd it was to my Beauty you ow'd the kindling ſuch a Flame. Alas! *reply'd I haſtily*, am I to be condemn'd becauſe the Princeſs has let you into the Secret of our Converſation? You agree with me, that my Love, ſuch as it is, might, and ought to be favourably receiv'd by any one who ſhould think herſelf the only Object of it.——Why therefore ſhould I ſuffer for an Indiſcretion of which I am not guilty?—In the Ardor of my Embraces you would not diſtinguiſh, had you not been told it, that any other Woman had a ſhare in raiſing thoſe Emotions——my Tranſports would not be the leſs becauſe they were firſt kindled at the Eyes of *Julia*——and I doubt not but I ſhould find in a nearer Converſation with the lovely *Sulpitia*, Charms which would make me in reality forget that Princeſs, at leaſt for a time.

This manner of Reaſoning entirely diſſipated that little Chagrin which at my firſt propoſing this Matter, ruffled the Brow of *Sulpitia*; that Vanity, of which all Women have ſome ſhare, perhaps, induced her to imagine that her Charms had in good earneſt wrought an Alteration in my Sentiments to her advantage, and that ſhe had the power of rivalling that inimitable Princeſs in my tendereſt Devoirs. However it were, ſhe could not reſtrain herſelf from running immediately to acquaint *Julia* with our Converſation, in ſpite of all I could ſay to hinder her.

her.——I muſt confeſs I was in a very great Dilemma how to behave in ſo critical a point. But I was agreeably ſurprized when the next day I was told by *Sulpitia*, that the Princeſs was extremely ſurprized with the oddneſs of my Propoſition, but had given her free liberty to carry on this tripartite Intrigue. I had at that time compoſed a Copy of Verſes, entitled, *The Goddeſs of Hearts*; wherein I made *Love* find fault with *Venus*, for ſpending too much time in ſubduing the Minds of Mortals, and adviſe her to take an Aſſiſtant.——I made the Princeſs *Julia* the Subſtitute of that Goddeſs on Earth. This Poem being deliver'd to her hands, thro' an Inadvertency of which I could never cure her, ſhe gave to *Terentia*. The Name of *Julia* was diſguiſed under that of *Corinna*; but the Picture of *Corinna* had ſo exact a reſemblance with the Daughter of *Auguſtus*, that *Terentia* eaſily perceiv'd for whom it was drawn; nor did that Princeſs take much pains to hide from her the Truth. And it was this Accident which was the firſt riſe of the Story of *Terentia*'s Affection for me:—One Night, as we happen'd to meet at the Empreſs's Apartment, ſhe took me aſide, and ſhowing me the Verſes which ſhe had juſt receiv'd from the hands of *Julia*, Is it not true, *ſaid ſhe*, that you would think yourſelf very much obliged to any one who ſhould paraphraſe on this Poem, and entertain the Emperor with it? I was not a little alarm'd to ſee her in poſſeſſion of that Paper, and to obſerve the Remark ſhe made on it; but aſſuming as much Preſence of Mind as the Cir-

Circumſtance would admit; I do not think, *reply'd I*, that the Emperor would give himſelf any Concern about *Ovid's Corinna*, unleſs finding her Character agreeable to that of the beautiful *Terentia*, he might adjudge me guilty of the ſame Crime as *Prometheus*, who attempted to rob Heaven of its Fire. You are more witty than ſincere, *reſumed that Lady with a Smile*, and the Turn that you have given in this Reply, ought to be requited with equal Malice——but I have a great eſteem for you, and would willingly be rank'd among the Number of your Friends—I would have you adviſe *Julia* to be leſs laviſh in expoſing your Works——Your Love is very apparent in them; and that Language might be interpreted, and very eaſily applied by one leſs underſtanding than I am, and would be, perhaps, leſs concern'd for your Intereſt.

I was touch'd with the moſt ſenſible Gratitude at this generous Proceeding of one whom her Husband's Power, and the Emperor's Affection, made one of the greateſt Women in the World.——I expreſs'd my thanks in Terms with which ſhe ſeem'd perfectly ſatisfy'd, and from that Day have dedicated to her Good-humour and Generoſity all thoſe Verſes which my Paſſion for *Cæſar's* Daughter, and *Sulpitia*, would permit me to make on any other Theme than Love. It was at this time that *Craſſus* was ſo violently enamour'd of *Terentia*, that his Paſſion was viſible to all Eyes but thoſe of the Emperor and the Husband——in their Preſence his Fear of Diſcovery made him as diligent to

conceal his own, as at other times his Jealouſy render'd him watchful of her Behaviour. He had ſeen her take me aſide; it was eaſy to perceive by her Geſture, that ſhe was ſaying ſomething very obliging to me: he drew near, and liſtned; but we talk'd ſo low, that he could make nothing of our Diſcourſe: but thoſe broken Sentences which reach'd his ear, ſerv'd to make him much more uneaſy, than if he had diſtinguiſh'd the Whole.———The Goddeſs of Hearts, when we talk'd of the Verſes, being only an unmeaning piece of Gallantry, I pronounced aloud, and ſeeming beſides very thankful to *Terentia*, he thought ſhe had liſtned to me favourably, and that we had concluded on an amorous Appointment. But his Jealouſy in a few days after receiv'd an Addition, which, to a Man leſs ſuſpicious in his Nature, would have been enough to inſpire him with that Paſſion. I was walking in the Gardens of *Lucullus*——*Terentia* came thither alſo, conducted by the great *Agrippa*, and follow'd by *Craſſus*, who was like her Shadow, always after her: He led the young *Helvidia*, the Neice of *Mecenas*, and did all he could to perſuade the World, that it was either ſhe, or the beautiful *Aurelia*, whoſe Charms obliged him to viſit ſo often at *Terentia*'s: But few they were who were deceiv'd by this Evaſion; his Behaviour, whenever that Lady appear'd, was ſufficient to confute all the Arguments he could bring to induce People to be of a contrary opinion.

Terentia

Terentia ſeeing me at a diſtance turn the Corner of an Alley, ſent one of her Attendants, to deſire I would join Company with her.—I obey'd, and as ſoon as I came near her, *Ovid, ſaid the diſcontented* Craſſus, offers a remarkable Incenſe to his Goddeſs; but it is ſuch as the Heavens murmur at, and *Jupiter* is offended.——By his Looks, and the malicious Accent of his Voice, and ſomething which I had heard from an Intimate of his, I eaſily gueſs'd the meaning of theſe words; but taking no notice of it, Can Incenſe, *anſwer'd I*, offend the Gods? and are not the Offerings made to a Goddeſs not fit to be offer'd publickly?——I know not on what you are talking, *ſaid* Agrippa; but for my part, were I a God, I ſhould believe the Oriſons of a Man ſo extraordinary as *Ovid*, were made more out of Intereſt than Devotion—for I know not how to think a Perſon of his Qualifications ever makes his Offerings out of pure Submiſſion. I am of your mind, *added* Terentia; but ſuch a one as *Ovid*, is more to be fear'd by the Gods of the Earth, than the Deities of Heaven—Therefore I would have him offer up his Sacrifices to a certain Goddeſs with more Privacy than he does.

You may eaſily perceive, *ſaid* Ovid, *proſecuting his Narration*, that what *Terentia* ſaid, was occaſion'd by the Diſcourſe we had together at the Empreſs's—by *Craſſus*'s reflecting that the Heavens were troubled at my Devotions, and *Jupiter* was offended, ſhe imagin'd he knew the whole Affair, and that *Auguſtus* was enraged at my Preſumption,

which engaged her to anſwer as ſhe did——*Craſſus* on the other ſide meaning *Terentia*, and that the Diſpleaſure of the Emperor was owing only to his Jealouſy, grew more and more confirm'd in what before he imagin'd.

I anſwer'd what I thought proper to the obliging Compliments which even *Craſſus* himſelf made me; and we went on in this kind of Raillery till we diſcern'd the Emperor at the other end of the Walks—None among us doubted but that he came thither to meet the Wife of *Mecenas*, and every body withdrew at ſight of him, knowing that he deſir'd no Witneſſes of his Converſation with her———*Craſſus* above all Men could little endure to liſten to the Tenderneſs with which he always accoſted her———he retir'd at the ſame time I did, and following the Path I took, we went together on the Terraſs adjoining to the Gardens which border on the River *Tiber*——Can one, *ſaid he*, without being guilty of a too great Preſumption, venture to engage in a Converſation with the juſtly celebrated *Ovid?*——Wits of a lower Rank will hardly find permiſſion to ſpeak their minds, after having been favour'd with the Converſation of the witty Wife of *Mecenas*, and the incomparable *Agrippa*. Truly, *anſwer'd I, ſmiling*, I am not very fond of Wits of the ordinary ſize, which is the Reaſon I have long wiſh'd an Intimacy with the admirable *Craſſus*——We walk'd the length of the Terraſs together, and having for ſome time talk'd of indifferent Subjects, he affected at laſt to let me into a ſecret Deſign he had of going to the

the Army which was order'd for *Illyria*; which Affair I making but a ſlight anſwer to, as not thinking myſelf a proper Perſon to be conſulted in it; You do not uſe me well, *ſaid he*, I lay myſelf intirely open to you, yet you act all on the Reſerve.—I am not happy enough, *return'd I*, to know any thing worthy of imparting to you———I never was concern'd in any State-Intrigue—all my time has been ſpent in Amours, and my Misfortune is, that they have been ſo publickly known, that it would be ridiculous in me to pretend to make a ſecret of them. There you diſſemble with me, *reply'd he*, for thoſe Amours which have been publickly known, have only ſerv'd for a Cloak to hide more ſecret ones—you ſacrifice ſome Ladies, who are not the Objects of your Affection, to the Safety of thoſe who really are———Did you not once pay a fictitious Devoir to *Valeria*, to conceal that ſincere one her more lovely Siſter engaged from you?—even ſo alſo is there at this preſent a ſecret Amour carrying on in that outward Courtſhip of *Sulpitia*. This Diſcourſe made me tremble for *Julia*; but as much as poſſible concealing my Diſorder, Why, *ſaid I*, do not you think *Sulpitia* capable of engaging a Heart——tho' I would not have you think me ſo vain as to imagine I have inſpired that Lady with any Tenderneſs for me; yet ſuppoſe ſuch a thing were poſſible, has ſhe not Charms enough to take up all my Paſſions, and the Deſires of my Soul?——She ſhall be as witty and as lovely as you pleaſe, *reply'd he*, I pretend not to detract from her Perfections: But notwithſtanding

ſtanding all the Excellencies ſhe really has, or thoſe ſhe may appear to be Miſtreſs of in a Lover's eyes, yet do I ſtill affirm, that ſhe is not the Goddeſs to whom *Ovid* conſecrates both his Works and Inclinations——I am very certain you know both her and yourſelf better than to give the Title of Goddeſs to the Wife of *Tiſiennus*. Lovers, *ſaid I*, give that Title to every one who is the Object of their Affections——it is not high State and Quality which draw theſe Expreſſions from a Love-ſick Soul; but it is the Conformity he finds between that Name and the Adorations he is inclined to pay her——and I doubt not but when *Paris* ſollicited the Love of the Shepherdeſs *Oenone*, he gave her the ſame Titles as he afterwards gave the Queen of *Sparta*. It muſt be confeſs'd, *reſum'd* Craſſus, *after a pauſe*, that you have the moſt artful way of evading what you care not directly to anſwer, of any Man breathing——but as I have had penetration to fathom your Meaning, deep as you have intended to emerge it, I muſt be ſo free as to let you ſee I read the Wife of *Mecenas* through the Name of *Sulpitia*, and with you agree, that ſhe is worthy to be call'd Goddeſs of Hearts.

'Tis impoſſible, my dear *Hortenſius*, *continued* Ovid, to expreſs the Eaſe of Mind which the laſt words of *Craſſus* afforded me; I had, ſince his firſt falling on me about thoſe Verſes, imagin'd he had found out the whole Intrigue between *Julia* and myſelf, and was wonderfully delighted that I was ſo agreeably deceived; and looking on *Craſſus* with

a ſmiling Countenance, Now, Sir! I take you right, *ſaid I*, you would willingly talk of the Perſon you love——you might have ſpared yourſelf the trouble of going ſo far about for an occaſion to begin it; I am always ready to oblige my Friends; and we ſhould have paſt our time much more agreeably, could I have thought you wanted an opportunity to ſpeak of *Terentia*.——It was now my turn to railly——*Craſſus* knew not what to anſwer, and I ſhould not have given over ſo ſoon as I did, if, luckily for him, *Domitius Ænobardus* had not that moment come up to us, and obliged us to break off our Diſcourſe.——You know *Domitius*, he is one of the chief Favourites of *Auguſtus*, and, indeed, I think one of the moſt worthy; he was then juſt married to a Daughter of the Princeſs *Octavia*——We could not ſo eaſily ſhun him as we might have done one of a meaner Rank——He obliged me to go to ſupper with him, and the next day would needs have me accompany him to a fine Houſe he had lately built in the Road to *Picene*—— I ſtay'd there three whole Days, which ſeem'd to me ſo many tedious Ages; for beſides the longing Deſire I had to ſee *Julia*, I wanted to acquaint her with the Converſations I had firſt with *Terentia* at the Palace-Royal, and after with *Craſſus* in the Garden of *Lucullus*, and to conſult with her on Meaſures accordingly to deceive the Emperor's Jealouſy, and the Court's Reflections. The moment I got looſe from *Ænobardus*, I ran directly to her Apartment——I found her in her Cloſet with *Sulpitia*; they were cloſe

in

in Converſation, but I had often taken the liberty of interrupting them in that manner, without diſpleaſing the Princeſs——the moment I enter'd the Room, *Sulpitia* withdrew, and *Julia* ſtood looking out of a Window; I thought I perceiv'd in both their Countetances ſomething which ſeem'd an indication of Diſorder. *Julia* had a Noſegay of Flowers in her Hand, which ſhe was pulling to pieces, and throwing on the Ground with a peeviſh and reſentful Air: What harm, Madam, *ſaid I, as I approached her*, have theſe innocent Products of Nature's Handy-work done to you, or to the World?—She ſeem'd not to regard what I had ſpoken, but continuing in the ſame poſture, without ſo much as turning her Eyes toward me, If ever you ſee her again, *ſaid ſhe*, depend upon it that you ſhall never ſee me more. Who is it, Madam, *anſwer'd I, ſtrangely ſurprized*, that I muſt never ſee again? and what malicious buſy Demon is it that would deprive me of the Sight of my Goddeſs? She made no reply for ſome moments; but, after that pauſe, throwing herſelf back into a Chair which ſtood near the Window, It is the fooliſh *Sulpitia*, *ſaid ſhe*; it ſeems as if you had renounced the power I once had over you, when ſhe pretends to have any; and is continually reproaching me with having a larger ſhare in your Affections than I was ever Miſtreſs of——but ſhe ſhall no longer boaſt of thoſe Advantages———if I have any influence over you, you ſhall ſhow no manner of regard to her. I leave you to judge how much I was delighted with this Diſcourſe of

Julia's,

Julia's, and to find her touch'd with Jealouſy to ſo great a degree——I took care to tell her what *Terentia* had ſaid to me—it now came in *a-propos*; for it would have been the higheſt Madneſs to have diſobliged *Sulpitia* at a time when the Emperor ſuſpected our Intrigue——But I made the Princeſs all the Retributions I was capable of, for the kind Inclination ſhe expreſs'd of engroſſing my Affections, and deſcribed thoſe I had for *Sulpitia*, in Terms which entirely ſatisfy'd her.

Believing now or never was the time to obtain the Ultimate of my Deſires, I intreated her to accept of thoſe Services which ſhe had allow'd me to pay *Sulpitia*. She very well underſtood my meaning, and anſwer'd me in ſuch a perplexed and irreſolute manner, as gave me hope I had not much longer to languiſh——I ask'd her ſeveral Queſtions concerning what the Vanity of *Sulpitia* had made her utter, part of which ſhe anſwer'd, and ſome ſhe left me at liberty to gueſs at—but whatever Look of Diſdain I put on to pleaſe the Princeſs, I could not in my heart be diſobliged with her; eaſily perceiving, that ſhe had done me more ſervice by her Indiſcretion, than ever ſhe would have been able to have done by her Advice; and that by boaſting the Advantages ſhe had gain'd over me, ſhe had rais'd an Envy in the Divine *Julia*, which would incline her more in my favour, than all her Compaſſion for my Sufferings would have obtain'd——I ſhould have made uſe of this Opportunity to have preſs'd the Confirmation of that Felicity the Kind-

neſs of both her Looks and Words now made me expect; but Prince *Marcellus*, unluckily for me, came in and broke off our Converſation——I had the pleaſure of perceiving his Viſit was equally unwelcome to the Princeſs; and having by a Look of Diſcontent teſtify'd the Chagrin ſhe conceiv'd at it, bade me in a low Voice attend her, after the Emperor was in Bed, in the Alcove under her Window ——We will there, *added ſhe, in a loud Voice*, decide this Queſtion, which I have now no leiſure to purſue. The Prince immediately ask'd what was the cauſe of our Diſpute; Nothing, *anſwer'd ſhe, with a ready Preſence of Mind*, but an Objection I have made to ſome things in *Ovid*'s *Art of Love*; and with thoſe words taking up a Manuſcript Poem of mine ſo call'd, ſhe began to paraphraſe on ſeveral Paſſages in it, with a Judgment, which would have made one think ſhe had a long time ſtudied theſe Remarks, not that they were the Effect of a preſent Turn of Thought——and at the Cloſe of what ſhe had to ſay, told me that ſhe ſtill purſued the Point we were upon. I thought I underſtood what ſhe meant, and did not doubt but that I ſhould that very Night be as bleſt as I could wiſh.——I took my leave, and withdrew to prepare myſelf for Joys which none but thoſe that truly love can be capable of poſſeſſing——But I forget that I am ſpeaking to a Man who has never known any thing but an Inſenſibility of Nature to that Paſſion which has given me ſo much trouble, and that either my Anxieties or Raptures will be little comprehended by

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one altogether a Stranger to them, elſe I ſhould run on in a long Deſcription of thoſe pleaſing Perturbations which Expectation fir'd my longing Soul with.——Unable to contain the ſwelling Hope, yet not daring to divulge it, I could neither be eaſy in Company nor alone——I thought every Moment an Age, and when towards Evening I went to the Palace of *Auguſtus*, I ran like one indeed tranſported from one Apartment to another, without being able to give any Reaſon why I came in or out.—The Emperor happen'd to take Phyſick by way of Precaution that Day, as was his Cuſtom once or twice every Spring; this News added to the Pleaſure I before was full of, becauſe it would occaſion his going to bed more early than ordinary, and conſequently bring me ſooner to the dear *Alcove* than I had hoped.

I was in the Chamber of *Terentia*, her Wit and Good-humour having engaged me longer with her than I had been able to ſtay in any other Place, when Prince *Marcellus* and *Mecenas* came in, it not being yet the Hour to attend the Emperor to his Bed-Chamber, as was the Place of both of them to do: the former propos'd Play, and *Mecenas* agreeing to it, I ſtay'd ſome time looking on them, fearing that to have gone ſuddenly out, this noble Husband might have had the ſame Suſpicions of me as the jealous *Craſſus* had infuſed into many others.—A convenient ſpace of time being allow'd for that Decorum, I took my leave, and was juſt going out of the Apartment, when a Page of *Terentia*'s came to me, and told me his Miſtreſs deſir'd

to ſpeak with me in a neighbouring Room. There was no poſſibility of evading this Command, and I obey'd. As ſoon as I enter'd, *Terentia* told me ſhe wanted to conſult my Fancy about making an Entertainment on the Emperor's Birth-Day, which was then near at hand. This was but a ſlight Buſineſs, which, had I been Maſter of my Thoughts, I could eaſily have diſpatched in a quarter of an hour; but my Soul was ſo wholly taken up another way, that I had ſcarce the power of anſwering what ſhe ſaid to me, and made her repeat the ſame thing ſeveral times over, before I made any reply. —She perceiv'd the Diſorder I was in, and ſmiling, told me, that ſhe believ'd I had been that Day drinking the Health of ſome very Favourite-Miſtreſs. This Reprimand ſerv'd to bring me a little to myſelf, and recollecting my Spirits as well as I was able, You know Madam, *ſaid I*, that *Bacchus* is not the Deity I adore—I own I am a little diſorder'd at the preſent, and if you permit me not to have this Night to myſelf, to contrive the manner of your Maſque, I am afraid it will be but meanly prepared. *Terentia* is you know, *Hortenſius*, one of the moſt witty Women of the Age, and, unhappily for me, ſhe happen'd to be that Night in a Humour more than ordinarily gay and pleaſant, and perhaps ſuſpecting what had put me in a Humour ſo different from my accuſtom'd Gallantry of Behaviour, ſhe put ſeveral ſubtile queſtions to me, and railly'd me in ſo handſome a manner, that it was above two Hours before I could get away. My long

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ſtay did not only make me extremely uneaſy at the Fears of miſſing my appointed time with *Julia*, but alſo did me the utmoſt prejudice another way, and was indeed the Cauſe of my Baniſhment, as you ſhall immediately perceive.

I have already told you, that I tarry'd ſome time in the Room with Prince *Marcellus* and *Mecenas*; among others whom I left looking on them as they were at play, was *Craſſus*: his Jealouſy of me and *Terentia* was yet uncur'd, *Domitius Ænobardus* having interrupted us when I was about clearing that Matter to him; and ſince that time I had either been abſent from *Rome*, or otherwiſe engaged, ſo that the Matter ſtood juſt as it did in his Opinion—He had taken notice that one of *Terentia*'s Pages had ſtopp'd me as I was going out, and ſaw I went towards a Room where he had obſerv'd *Terentia* enter'd a little before. He watch'd my Departure, and finding I had been ſhut up two Hours with the Woman he ador'd, made him ready to burſt with inward Spleen: but concealing his Diſguſt from the Prince, *Mecenas* and the other Company, he ſtole ſoftly after me, without my perceiving that any body was behind me, till going through a narrow Paſſage which joins to a *Bagnio* belonging to *Mecenas*, and which from his Apartment was the neareſt way to the Place appointed me by *Julia*, he cry'd out to me in this manner, Hold, *Ovid, ſaid he, and at the ſame time drawing his Sword*, the Goods Fortune has favour'd thee with, are well worth paying for with thy beſt Blood.—If I had not known the

Accent

Accent of his Voice, the Lamps, which you know hang very thick in every Corner of the Palace of *Auguſtus*, would have informed me as ſoon as I turn'd about, that it was *Craſſus* who accoſted me in this manner.—I gueſs'd at the Miſtake which had ſo far enraged him, but he gave me not time to undeceive him, if I had known how to have done it, without being guilty of a Crime to *Julia*—but I had not ſo much as the liberty of ſpeaking a word——ſo much had Jealouſy tranſported him, that he forgot what was owing to his Honour, and made two ſeveral Paſſes at me before I could draw my Sword; but when I had, I endeavour'd to make the beſt Return I could to his Attacks.—Prince *Marcellus*, who happen'd to quit the Apartment of *Mecenas* ſoon after *Craſſus* had left it, heard the Claſh of Swords, and came up to us juſt as we began to grow equally furious: He parted us, and very obligingly ſaid to us, that he was ſurprized to find two ſuch worthy Perſons ſhould have any Cauſe of Quarrel. At the ſame time a Slave belonging to *Julia*, who by her Order was waiting at the Place of Aſſignation, hearing alſo the Noiſe of fighting, ran to acquaint her with it—She doubted not but ſome one had got a hint of the Favour ſhe deſigned me, and that there was a Snare laid for my Life; on which, without ſtaying for further Conſideration, ſhe flew quite out of breath to the Place where the Slave told her the Claſh of Swords had proceeded, and where ſhe now found us arguing with *Marcellus*——the Fright had deprived her of all that Caution with which

ſhe

ſhe had been accuſtom'd to behave to me before Company, and at her firſt Approach let fall ſome words, which diſcover'd the Secret of our intended Meeting, and which, join'd to the unſeaſonable Hour for viſiting Ladies of her Quality, preſently gave the Nephew of *Auguſtus* a ſuſpicion, which, till that time, had never enter'd his Breaſt.——He is a Prince of the ſweeteſt Diſpoſition and moſt generous Temper in the world; but the Hope he had of marrying *Julia*, overcame his Good-Nature: he left us to finiſh our Diſpute as we thought fit, and went immediately to the Emperor, where he complain'd to him of his Daughter's Conduct, and related the whole Story.—*Julia* too late perceiv'd the Error which this Accident had made her guilty of; and *Craſſus*, now convinced of his Miſtake, appear'd truly ſorry for the Diſturbance he had caus'd, and the prejudice it might probably do me—we immediately found the ill Effects of it; *Cornelius Martius* came with a Command from *Cæſar*, that every one ſhould retire to their own Apartment. I was no ſooner in mine, than I found a ſtrong Guard placed at my Door, and from that moment ſaw I was undone, both in my Hope of *Julia*, and the Favour of the Emperor.

During the time of my Confinement, the generous *Terentia* uſed all poſſible means to appeaſe the Rage of *Auguſtus*; but it was not only the Concern he had for his Daughter's Honour, but ſome falſe Reports which *Craſſus* in his jealous Rage had rais'd of me and that Lady, whom all his Royalty could not

not hinder him from loving; which had ſo far incens'd, and render'd him rather more implacable at her Sollicitations.—*Julia* was ſent in a few days to *Tuſculum*, where ſhe was ſo ſtrictly watch'd, that ſhe had not the leaſt opportunity of writing to me—for my part, I was deny'd the Uſe of Pen and Paper, and in a ſmall time after the Departure of the Princeſs, receiv'd the Order of my Baniſhment. *Craſſus*, who now imagin'd that a Man who had the honour of being admitted to pay a Mid-night Viſit to the Princeſs *Julia*, could have no other Intrigue upon his hands; and fully convinced of the injury he had done me, came to ſee me the Day before I left *Rome:* he acquainted me with ſome Paſſages which I could no otherwiſe have known, and acknowledged the Error to which jealous Rage had tranſported him, in ſuch tender and moving Expreſſions, as diſſipated all the Anger I had conceiv'd againſt him; tho', all things conſider'd, his Repentance does not give *Julia* back to my Arms, nor reſtore me to that Honour I formerly enjoy'd in the greateſt Court in the World—Bleſſings like thoſe, like Opportunities, once loſt, are never to be retriev'd.

While *Ovid* was thus rehearſing the whole Secret of his Intrigue with *Julia*, and receiving the Condolements of his Friend on the Occaſion, that Lady of *Thalaſſie*, who had declar'd herſelf ſo much charm'd with his Character and Writings, found the words of her fair Companion prove true—*Junia*, the young and beautiful Daughter of *Lepidus*,

it

it was who happen'd to be the Victim to his power of pleasing in a too dangerous manner; the Gaiety of *Rosalina* 'scaped his Force, and while she acknowledged his Worth, she preserv'd herself from feeling it too sensibly—Oh cruel Friend, *said the Soul-ensnar'd* Junia, you have discover'd the Disease I labour under, and which I should have been happy to have been ignorant of myself.—I confess, *continu'd she, with a Sigh the most passionately tender that ever was*, that the *Person* of *Ovid* has out-rival'd his *Works* —the esteem I paid the one, is lost in my adoration of the other—there is something in his Air, his Mien, so enchanting, so bewitching, that had I not entertain'd the least kind Thought of him before, I doubt not but I had been charm'd with———Heavens! what an impression has one Sight made on me!———how am I lost and swallow'd up in Passion!———had I not immediately left the Place, I do not believe that I should have had government enough over myself, to have conceal'd the Alteration of my Soul———Oh! how severely does the God of Love punish the Contempt I formerly have express'd of his Power! I do not see, *answer'd* Rosalina *with a Smile*, that he is so revengeful as you make him: *Ovid* never has had the Reputation of Insensibility, and I am strangely deceiv'd indeed, if one so young and beautiful as you are, should have the misfortune to find him so. How! *Rosalina*, *resum'd the other*, you cannot sure believe me fallen so low, as to consent he should be made acquainted with my Passion———all

Men deſpiſe a proffer'd Joy ; and that which, bought with a long Aſſiduity and Services, they would eſteem their greateſt Bleſſing, if too cheaply purchas'd, they contemn, or at the beſt but pity—beſides, *Ovid* is accounted ſo naturally inconſtant, that even the Charms of *Venus* could not make him otherwiſe : and put the caſe, that the little Beauty I am Miſtreſs of, might make a ſlight Impreſſion on his Heart, *Tiſiennus* has juſt now made me acquainted with the Cauſe of his Baniſhment ; and that there is no doubt but *Terentia* will make up the Affair, and he will ſoon be recall'd—How unhappy then, how wretched am I, in every Circumſtance of my fond Paſſion!

In this manner did theſe two beautiful Ladies paſs their time together, the one bewailing her Misfortune, and the other vainly endeavouring to give her Conſolation ; but it being near the time in which *Junia* had been accuſtom'd to celebrate the Birth-Day of her Father, ſhe gave a ſmall reſpite to her Sorrows, for the Performance of thoſe annual Rites which ſhe had never omitted to pay, ſince her coming into the Iſland of *Thalaſſie*. It had come this Year into her mind to give an Entertainment after the Feaſt, of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, upon a Lake which was one of the greateſt Rarities in the Place. *Roſalina* had taken upon her to aſſiſt her in this Deſign ; ſhe had ſeveral Acquaintance in *Mytilene*, the Capital City of *Lesbos*, by whoſe means ſhe procur'd the beſt Muſicians, to be ſent from thence : they happen'd to come the very day that *Ovid* had landed

landed there. *Junia*, now mingling the Fondneſs of a Lover with the Piety of a Daughter, made uſe of this Opportunity to ſerenade *Ovid*; and as he was the main Object of her Thoughts, order'd them to ſuit their Songs and Muſick wholly to pleaſe a Lover in a hopeleſs and deſpairing State: To ſurprize him the more, and give a Turn to the Whim, which none but *Roſalina* and herſelf ſhould be privy to; ſhe gave them a ſtrict charge to ſay to every one who ſhould ask them any Queſtions, that it was by *Ovid*'s Command they exerciſed their Art, and that the Songs were of his compoſing.

The Day being arriv'd, a magnificent Collation was prepar'd; to which, being invited, came *Lentulus*, *Hortenſius*, *Tiſiennus*, *Ovid*, *Addiamante*, and a great number of the Prime of the Inhabitants of the Iſland.—After Dinner, *Roſalina*, as by chance, propoſed taking a walk upon the Shore; but it was no ſmall ſurprize to the whole Company to hear, as ſoon as they came near the Lake, their Ears ſaluted with the moſt delicate Concert that ever graced the Nuptials of a Prince——— every one ſtood looking on one another, hoping to know of his Companion what he was as ignorant of as himſelf——*Ovid* was the firſt that ſpoke; I find, *ſaid he*, that all this Company either are, or affect to appear ignorant of this Adventure; but I fancy that I have been able to diſcover greater things than any of you, and it is to the privacy with which it is kept, that I am indebted alone for finding it out——I believe you will all in time be convinced, that *Hortenſius*, repent-

ing of his Indifference to the Fair-Sex, and willing to make what reparation he can for that Crime, has devoted this agreeable Entertainment to ſome beautiful Lady of this Iſland, to the end that *Thalaſſie* may not have that Opinion of his Inſenſibility, which has coſt him but too dear at *Rome*. This undeſerv'd Compliment, *reply'd* Hortenſius *gravely*, does not in the leaſt excite my Vanity——you ſhould touch me in ſome more proper Point, if you would adorn me like *Æſop*'s Crow; for I do not, not only never make any Entertainments for Ladies, but alſo deſire not to be thought to have any Propenſity to Gallantries of that kind. That is carrying your Ill-Nature a little too far, methinks, *ſaid* Junia; for tho' I do not think it ſtrange, that there are ſome People incapable of loving, for that Planet which influences Love, doubtleſs has its Oppoſite, and the Heavens are wide enough to contain different Paſſions; yet generous Entertainments, ſuch as this, being only the Effects of Complaiſance, and done without any farther deſign than to divert and oblige, might as well agree with the Character of a polite Perſon, as a Lover. The Entertainments one makes for a particular Friend, *anſwer'd* Hortenſius, or a Perſon to whom one has obligations, may indeed agree with the Character of Indifference; but what is done in this manner, when contriv'd for the Amuſement of a Lady, implies a Deſign of pleaſing her, which I pretend not to do, and ſhould be very much troubled if I were capable of attempting——I uſe them with all the Civilities an honeſt Man

is obliged to do; and if any of them ſhould fall into a Misfortune in which my Aſſiſtance was neceſſary, I would as readily grant it, as the moſt paſſionate Lover: but this is only from a Principle of natural Tenderneſs, which allows me to know no difference of Sexes, and which I ſhould ſhow as ſoon to the moſt diſagreeable Man, as to the moſt beautiful Woman. I thought, till now, *ſaid* Junia, that the Indifference *Hortenſius* has profeſs'd to our Sex, had really ſprung from a Coldneſs in his Nature; but am this moment convinced of the contrary, and that this violent Contempt can proceed from nothing but Revenge for ſome ill Treatment he has formerly met with among us.

I will not at preſent, *ſaid* Lentulus, tell you what my Sentiments are of the Inſenſibility of *Hortenſius*, but will deliver him from the Perſecution of receiving thanks which indeed he is far from meriting; for I can aſſure you, the gallant Author of this Evening's Entertainment, is no other than *Ovid*, whoſe Modeſty would give the Praiſe to another, of what himſelf is only capable of deſerving——I was told this, *added he*, a little while ago by one of the Muſicians, and that alſo all the Songs are of his own compoſing, on purpoſe to oblige the Ladies of *Thalaſſie*.

This News was a wonderful ſurprize to every body, they could not imagine how in ſo ſhort a time he could get together ſo great a number of good Hands and excellent Voices: they knew he brought none with him, and that he had no other Attendants when he

he landed, than an Eſquire and two Slaves, and that at his firſt Appearance among them, he ſeem'd in a Humour little diſpos'd for ſuch Gallantries.——He had not been above two days in the place before his two Friends met him, and ſince that time he had never been out of the Company of *Hortenſius*. Theſe three laſt Arguments himſelf made uſe of to undeceive thoſe who gave credit to what *Lentulus* had ſaid; but that worthy *Roman* perſiſting in his Aſſeveration, all he could ſay was of no effect, and he muſt *per* force receive the Retributions of the whole Aſſembly. Never was any Man more chagrin'd at not having juſtice done him for a great or gallant Action, than *Ovid* was at Acknowledgments which he knew were not his Due: He blamed *Lentulus* exceedingly for drawing them upon him, and deſir'd him to put a period to a piece of Raillery, which was not only irkſome to him who was the Subject of it, but was alſo in itſelf inſipid. His Complaints and Intreaties were alike fruitleſs, his Sincerity was look'd on but as Modeſty; and ſay what he would, he was ſtill look'd on as the Author and Manager of the Concert——He would very fain have gone to have learn'd the Truth of the Muſicians; but the Company would not permit him, ſaying he only deſign'd to forbid them revealing it, and he was obliged to ſit down contented among the reſt of the Aſſembly, to liſten to the remaining part of the Muſick, which was indeed ſuch as, had he really been the Founder of, he might have been

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proud to own ; and, 'tis probable, had been far from denying.

Not being willing, however, to retain an Honour, which he was conſcious he had not juſtly acquir'd, he roſe very early the next Morning to find the Muſicians, not having been permitted to ſpeak to them the Night before, not doubting but he ſhould oblige them to unravel the whole Deſign ; but they were every one of them departed. *Junia* being extremely pleas'd that her innocent Frolick had ſucceeded ſo well, and that ſhe might for ſome time divert herſelf with this Deceit, had taken care to ſend them away before break of day, in a little Veſſel which lay in a Creek, ready to ſet ſail for *Byzantium.*

Not to be able to make any diſcovery of the Meaning of this Affair, gave *Ovid* more pain than can be imagin'd a Man of his Wit and Humour could feel on ſo trifling an Occaſion ; but when the Cup is full, the ſmalleſt Drop will make it run over. Before diſcontented at the ill Succeſs of his Affairs, he began to fall into a melancholy Reflection, that Fortune was now ſo entirely ſet againſt him, that even the moſt frivolous things contributed to render him uneaſy. Full of thoſe Diſtempers which in our later days are known by the Names of the Spleen and Vapours, he had no inclination to return to *Hortenſius* in that Humour ; but ſeeing a Wood which in the Proſpect appear'd pleaſant, he drew nearer to it, and finding there were many Walks which ran croſs it, he went in, deſigning to indulge Cogitations

which

which he knew would be little pleaſing to impart. But as much as he accus'd Fortune of Cruelty, he was too much her Favourite for her to ſuffer him to continue long in that deſolate Condition: he had not wander'd above a quarter of an hour before he ſaw *Roſalina* at a little diſtance, croſſing toward a Labyrinth of *Cypreſs* Trees, which ſome *Exiles* had formerly planted there. The ſight of this beautiful Lady immediately diſſipated his Chagrin; and tho' he had a real Paſſion for the Princeſs *Julia*, yet as he was abſent, he thought he ſhould not injure the Faith he had vow'd to her at *Rome*, by a Love-Intrigue at *Thalaſſie*. He follow'd at ſuch a diſtance, as not to be ſeen by her, the Steps of his fair Conductreſs: the Labyrinth ſhe went into, had been intended for a Walk, the Paths were agreeably cut, but, for want of Care and trimming up the Borders, hard to be traced out: Nevertheleſs, *Ovid* made a ſhift to get into a Place ſurrounded with green Banks, which ſhow'd it was the Center of the Labyrinth——he there found a *Guittar* and a Table-Book, in which were ſet to Muſick the following Verſes:

Let gentle Sighs diſcover
To my Heart-raviſh'd Lover
All my Care, and all my Anguiſh;
Chuſe the ſofteſt ambient Gale,
Waft the tender amorous Tale;
Tell him 'tis for him I languiſh,
Thouſands of you idly flow,
One on this pleaſing Meſſage go,

And

And on your Wings my Soul convey :
Reſtleſs Days and ſleepleſs Nights,
Anxious Hopes, and vain Delights,
Each troubled Motion now betray,
And bid him haſte and come away.

Ovid had no ſooner read this, than he flatter'd himſelf with the belief, that his unknown Miſtreſs had entertain'd herſelf with her ſecret Paſſion for him in that Place; and thought the manner in which ſhe expreſs'd herſelf ſo tender and gallant, that he underwrote an Anſwer to it, in theſe Lines :

Welcome Sigh! I have thee here,
Kindeſt Breeze of pureſt Air!
Thy pleaſing Influence now I feel;
New Deſires thou doſt impart
Thro' each Fibre of my Heart,
And Joys unknown around me ſteal.
Now thy ſoftning Task is done,
To thy Miſtreſs ſtrait be gone,
*Tell her that * * * * is her Slave,*
And haſtes to pay the Bliſs ſhe gave.

He left a Blank in the laſt Line but one, for the Letters of his Name, as well to avoid being guilty of an Indiſcretion in confeſſing the Vanity he was guilty of, in imagining the Verſes to be addreſs'd to him, as to oblige the Lady to diſcover firſt. When he had finiſh'd, he ſhut up the Book, and retir'd behind a Tree, and ſoon after ſaw *Roſalina* come to the Bank——ſhe took up the Guittar, on which ſhe play'd incomparably well; in that Employment caſting her Eyes on the

Ground, ſhe ſaw the Table-Book, which preſently taking up, ſhe run over thoſe Lines which were written between the Notes; but holding it careleſly with one Hand, the Wind turn'd over the Leaves, which ſtopping at that where *Ovid* had been writing, the Difference of the Character made her obſerve it more heedfully than ſhe ſeem'd to have done the other, and read it over ſeveral times, ſtill making a full ſtop at that Place where he had left a Blank for his Name—— He eaſily perceiv'd ſhe was puzzled how to fill it up; but all on a ſudden lifting up her Eyes toward Heaven, and clapping her Hands together, ſhe ran with the Book thus graſp'd between them toward the Entrance of the Labyrinth.——This was enough to fix *Ovid* in the Conjecture he before had form'd, that it was ſhe who was in reality the Perſon who was ſo much concern'd for him: and in this almoſt aſſured Hope, determin'd to make her the Goddeſs of his amorous Devotions, during his time of Baniſhment——He would not however attempt to overtake her in her Flight, tho' he might eaſily enough have done it, knowing by Experience, that the Baſhfulneſs of a Virgin requires ſome humouring: He would not therefore proceed too far at firſt, nor ſtirr'd from his Concealment, till he was certain ſhe was quite out of ſight; and then, tranſported with this fortunate beginning of an Intrigue which promis'd him ſo much Felicity, chearfully return'd to the Houſe of *Hortenſius*, where he found *Lentulus*, who, becauſe he would not miſs ſeeing *Ovid*, had invited him-

himſelf to Dinner that Day.———The firſt Converſation they had was on the Concert of Muſick; *Ovid* blamed *Lentulus* for making him the Subject of his Raillery before People who did not know him: but the other maintain'd the Truth of what he had alledg'd the Night before; aſſuring him he had it from the Mouths of the Muſicians themſelves.———Nothing could exceed the ſurprize that *Ovid* was in, to be told that in reality they had ſaid ſo; but proteſted that he knew nothing of it, nor had any way the leaſt hand, either in the Undertaking or Management, with ſo many Aſſeverations, that *Lentulus* at laſt believ'd him, but immediately grew ſo diſcontented, that both *Ovid* and *Hortenſius* were aſtoniſh'd to ſee in a moment's time ſo vaſt an Alteration in his Countenance and Behaviour: the former of them demanding the Reaſon, Oh Gods! *cry'd he, ſighing*, I am betray'd———long have I flatter'd myſelf with the Hope of a Felicity, which I find is now far from me.———Still had I been deceiv'd———ſtill had I been bleſs'd, but for this curs'd Entertainment of Muſick, which, ſince you are ignorant of, has unravel'd a Secret more cruel to me than Death itſelf could be.

Hortenſius and *Ovid* look'd on each other with amazement, not being able to comprehend what there could be of fatal Conſequence in a thing which had ſo much the Appearance of a very Trifle; yet longing for the Explanation of the Riddle, both open'd their mouths at once, to deſire him to relate the Whole of the Affair. Alas!

ſaid the ſorrowful Lentulus, you need not ſo earneſtly preſs for the knowledge of a Story, which, to one in my unhappy Circumſtances, would be much more difficult to conceal than to divulge.——As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words, he ſat himſelf down, and began to prepare himſelf for the Recital of this Adventure, and his two Hearers to liſten with the utmoſt Attention.

The Hiſtory of LENTULUS.

I Am going, *ſaid he*, to relate Paſſages, which will exceedingly ſurprize *Hortenſius*, becauſe, tho' I have a very great Friendſhip for him, I have, ſince my coming into this Iſland, very carefully hid from him; and I know not whether any thing could have drawn from me thoſe Secrets relating to my *Love*, if I were not now compell'd to it by the Force of an adequate *Deſpair*.

As ſoon as I had receiv'd the Orders from *Auguſtus* to go on the Expedition againſt the *Getes*, he look'd on it only as the Work of a few Months, and I confeſs I did not imagine it an Affair of that Importance as I afterwards found it to be.——I knew the way to engage them after their own manner, and was well acquainted with their Military Art and Maxims——I had already, in a former Revolt, made good uſe both of the one and the other; and knew that this ſecond

cond Rebellion was too ſoon on the back of the other, for them to have gather'd much Strength——The Troops which the Emperor had entruſted to my Care, were choſen *Veterans*; yet, notwithſtanding all this, the Stubbornneſs of that Nation gave me more trouble than I expected——they ſpun out for two Years a War which I imagin'd would have been ended in one Campaign.——The Reſiſtance they made, highly provok'd me, and occaſion'd me to do ſome Acts of Cruelty, contrary to my Nature———I ſent the principal Inhabitants of ſome of their Cities into the Iſlands of the frozen Sea; and being once in great danger of my Life in a Battel, wherein the *Romans* had like to have been worſted, I choſe among the Priſoners ſome of the moſt noble and beſt ſhaped, and gave them to the Officer who has the Charge of the *Gladiators*, deſigning them as a Preſent for the Emperor, the firſt Opportunity I had of ſending an Expreſs.——— This was look'd on as the moſt barbarous Action I could do by the *Getes*; they were in the utmoſt Rage at it, and a few Nights after, the *Centurions* who were poſted near my Tent, ſurpriz'd a young Man well arm'd, attempting to get into my Apartment—— they brought him to me, being not yet in Bed; I was equally ſurpriz'd with his Perſon as with his coming——he ſeem'd not to exceed ſixteen Years of age; his Stature was of the middle ſize, but there was ſomething ſo noble, and ſo ſweet in all his Looks and Motions, that it took from me all the Severity I endeavour'd to aſſume: I could not

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conſider him as a Ruffian, nor as a Spy, tho' the time of night, and manner of his coming into the Camp of an Enemy, plainly demonſtrated him to be no Friend.——I demanded of him very calmly what had brought him there?———My Revenge, *anſwer'd he fiercely*, I came to kill you———and the only thing which makes my own Death irkſome, is, that the injurious *Lentulus* lives to inflict it on me; from any other I could have borne it with moderation.

Alas! my Friend, *ſaid I*, what injury can I have done you, to provoke you to ſo vain and deſperate an Attempt?——The greateſt in the world, *reſum'd he*, I am deſcended of thoſe who ought to be held in ſome conſideration among the *Romans*——I loſt my Father and Mother at an early age, and knew no other Parent but a darling Brother, whom you, moſt barbarous of Mankind! have deprived me of, to ſend him among the Gladiators, who are to uphold the Tyrant of *Rome* in his Voluptuouſneſs and cruel Diverſion.——Notwithſtanding the Charms of his Perſon, and that illuſtrious Blood which ſwells his Veins, the firſt Entertainment the inhuman Emperor makes for the adulterous *Livia*, may perhaps coſt my dear Brother his Life. O Gods! *continued this enraged Youth*, is it poſſible that I can look at thee—ſpeak to thee, after ſuch a monſtrous Action?——I too become a Partner in thy Crime, while I ſtand here and aim not, as far as my weak Arm will give me power, to revenge the wrong you have done *Herrenius*.——In ſaying this, he drew a Dagger, which he had wore con-

ceal'd under his Coat, and with all his force attempted to throw himſelf upon me.—— This Action of his caus'd immediately twenty Javelins to be pointed at his Breaſt, and he muſt in a moment have receiv'd the Reward of ſuch a Raſhneſs, had I not interpoſed between him and them.—I pretended that I would get ſomething more out of him, for the better Security of my Perſon, and order'd he ſhould be carefully guarded in an adjacent Room.——The excuſe I made for ſaving him, had indeed ſome appearance of Reaſon in it; he might have had Accomplices ſcatter'd up and down in the Camp, which it was neceſſary to diſcover—but it was not any Motive of this kind which induced me to ſave him; ſome ſecret Inſtinct, which I knew not how to account for, would not ſuffer me to hurt him.——I think that I never knew a more ſenſible Alarm, than when I ſaw him attack'd by my Soldiers; and had my Command not been ſufficient to have preſerv'd him, I believe I ſhould have expos'd my own Breaſt to thoſe Javelins which were turn'd on his.—When I was alone, and began to reflect on theſe ſudden Motions and Affections ſo much out of ſeaſon, I accus'd myſelf of Weakneſs, and open'd my mouth a hundred times, to give orders that they ſhould bear to death the Object of this unaccountable Tenderneſs, but could never bring myſelf to pronounce that Sentence; ſome Demon, as I then thought, the Enemy of my Glory and my Peace, depriv'd me of the power of ſpeaking, and only ſuffer'd me to command the Criminal to

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be brought before me again. I really intended to ask'd him ſome farther Queſtions concerning the Conſpiracy which I imagin'd was form'd againſt me; but when I ſaw him, the terror I was in, that he would anſwer in ſuch a manner as ſhould oblige me to condemn him, ſtopp'd the utterance of my words, and I demanded nothing of him; and, counterfeiting a Generoſity which I could not avoid, I told the Officers about me, that as it was only a violent Grief for the loſs of an only Brother, which had tranſported him to ſo raſh an Action, I could not find in my heart to puniſh him as, otherwiſe, the Crime deſerv'd.—I added alſo, that if the Attempt had been on any of their Lives, I would have proſecuted him with the utmoſt Severity; but as it concern'd only my own Perſon, I would willingly paſs it by, to try all Ways of overcoming that Nation—and then, perceiving the Conſternation my words had thrown them in, Mildneſs, *ſaid I*, perhaps may do more with them than Severity: I will therefore not only give this young Man his Life, but reſtore his Brother alſo, and, ſending them both back to their Countrymen, oblige them to declare that the *Romans* act with rigour only when oppos'd; and, when Conquerors, treat their Captives as their Friends.

This Reſolution was approv'd of but by a few, and thoſe who endeavour'd to perſuade me from it, were without doubt the wiſeſt; but I ſoon put a ſtop to any thing which might be alledg'd againſt what I had ſaid, by letting them know I demanded not their Advice;

vice, but only acquainted them with what was the fix'd Determination of my own Soul. The Priſoner came to me at a ſign I made for him to do ſo, and I counſel'd him never to make uſe of any indirect Means to revenge himſelf on his Enemies; and, after a long Diſcourſe to that purpoſe, told him I gave him his Brother's and his own Life.—— The Youth ſeem'd tranſported at ſo unexpected a Clemency——he threw himſelf at my feet, and burſting into Tears of Joy and Gratitude, Ah, *Lentulus! cry'd he*, thou art truly worthy the Name of *Roman*, and by this Action will ſubdue more than by the Force of *Cæſar*'s Army.——My Brother will, I know, gladly employ that Life and Honour you have preſerv'd, in your Service—— As for me, I can offer up no more than my good Wiſhes for the Augmentation of your Glory—my Arms, alas! are little skill'd in the Uſe of Weapons——Rage only can give me Courage; and becauſe I think to diſſemble any thing to one who has ſo much obliged me, would be an Ingratitude which would render me unworthy of your Favours, will make no ſcruple to confeſs I am a Woman, and not only ſo, but a *Roman* alſo; and in preſerving me, and my dear Brother, you have preſerv'd the laſt ſurviving Branches of one of the nobleſt Families of that Miſtreſs of the World.

I leave you to judge, *continued* Lentulus, how ſuch a Declaration muſt aſtoniſh me—I was no longer at a loſs, indeed, for the Reaſon of that ſecret Emotion which had hinder'd me from taking the Life of this ſup-

pos'd young Man; but it threw me into Cogitations on the prodigious Force of Nature, which for a while depriv'd me of the power of ſpeaking —— at laſt recollecting myſelf, the firſt thing I did, was to raiſe the beautiful *Traveſtie* from the Ground, and to ask her pardon for the ill Uſage ſhe had met with, both from myſelf and my Men; but the Confuſion with which I did all this, more plainly diſcover'd to her the Secret of my Soul, than the moſt ſtudied Eloquence would have done.——She preſently perceiv'd it, and, if a Woman may be believ'd, *cry'd he, with a deep Sigh*, Gratitude had the ſame effect on her, as her Beauty had on me. She told me ſhe was call'd *Herennia*, and that ſhe was deſcended from that famous *Herennius*, who follow'd *Sertorius* into *Spain*, from the Tyranny and arbitrary Power of *Sylla*— Her Father was a Son of that illuſtrious baniſh'd Man, who travelling through the World after his Father's Death, at laſt ſettled himſelf among the *Getes*, and by a beautiful Woman whom he married there, had *Herennius* and *Herennia*——they were Twins, and being left Orphans very young, were educated by a Servant of their Grandfather's, who had attended him, after the Death of *Sertorius*, into the Iſlands of the *Baleares*, where to the Learning he before was maſter of, he acquir'd the *Spaniſh* and *Latin* Tongues, in which he afterwards inſtructed theſe young Pupils.——In fine, there was no part of Education befitting Perſons of Quality, that he did not inſtruct them in; and both of them had Capacities ſo ſuprizing, that they made

made an Improvement in the Sciences, not to be expected from their Years.

Herennia gave me this account with so good a Grace, and becoming Modesty, that if I was before charm'd with her Beauty, I was now infinitely more so with the Wonders of her Wit: She express'd in the little Narrative she made me, so earnest a Desire to see the Country of her Ancestors, that I gave her my solemn Promise to conduct her there on the conclusion of the War, which I now hoped more than ever would be soon. ——From that moment I gave orders to have her treated as a *Roman* of Noble Descent, and as one whose Parents Fortune had unjustly driven from their native Country.— I restor'd her those Lands which belong'd to her among the *Getes*, they luckily being in my possession, distinguish'd from my other Conquests; and set a Guard to watch them, as if they had originally been the Patrimony of the *Romans*. Young *Herennius*, who had been releas'd at my Command, by the Manager of the *Gladiators*, I provided for, by giving him a considerable Post in the Army: but, of a Disposition far unlike his Sister, he kept it not long; for, without communicating his Design to any one, he stole from the Camp, and we never heard any tidings of him since.

The Generosity however with which I had treated him and his Sister, begot something more in her than bare Good-will towards me; and as she was perfectly sincere, and all her Inclinations pure, she made no scruple to confess to me the tenderest Emotions of

her Mind.——She lodg'd in a Houſe not far from the Camp, where I conſtantly viſited her, as frequently as Affairs would permit. One day, when I was with her, there being a talk that we ſhould ſhortly come to a pitch'd Battel with the *Getes*, who then lay in ſight of us; expreſſing a more than ordinary Concern in her Voice and Countenance, At firſt, *ſaid ſhe*, I only offer'd you my good Wiſhes in return for the Preſervation of my Life; but I now find my Inclination will not permit me to continue in thoſe Bounds; and I cannot help intereſting myſelf in all that concerns you, in ſuch a manner as bare Friendſhip is not wont to do.—I owe you, indeed, a great deal; and ſhould I only conſider the Obligations I have to you, I find they demand my utmoſt Acknowledgments and everlaſting Prayers, for the continuance of your Life and Glory—yet that is all the Recompence you can expect from me——why do I then make myſelf wretched at the thoughts of the Dangers you are going to plunge into? Why can I not content myſelf with being grateful, without being uneaſy alſo?

Ha! beautiful *Herennia!* *ſaid I*, I beg you will never remember any Obligations you have to me, but think I only did what was my Duty to do, and what common Honour and Juſtice would have obliged a *Roman* General to have done to any one——but I would have you always remember, that *Lentulus* adores you——that the terrible Figure you at firſt appear'd in, all panting for his Blood, and arm'd againſt his Life, could not defend his Heart from loving you——and

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that a Paſſion for you is rooted in his Soul, which never can be eraſed but by Death.—— What you deſire me to forget, *ſaid* Herennia, *interrupting me*, ſhould perhaps with much more reaſon employ my Mind, than that which you would have me remember——— You have in reality ſav'd me from that Death to which my Unadviſedneſs expos'd me———reſtoring my Brother to his Liberty, and after procuring for him the means of living with Honour, was a Favour too ſubſtantial to be forgot———the Lands you have beſtow'd on me, are actual Benefits——— your *Love* may probably not be ſo ſolid—— it may be only a Chimera, which Time may wear out, even inſenſibly to yourſelf——— yet notwithſtanding all this, I cannot help confeſſing, that your Declaration pleaſes me more than the Repetition of what I know is truth, would do.——

I need not enlarge, *ſaid* Lentulus, on this part of our Converſation; the cold *Hortenſius* will gladly excuſe me from reciting thoſe tender Thrillings which this ſoft Confeſſion rais'd in me; and the amorous *Ovid* too well knows the Effects of them, to need to be inform'd: I ſhall therefore ſay no more, than that there paſs'd between us all that was endearing, all that was tranſporting to a Love accompany'd by Virtue.—In this happy Tranquillity did we live ſome Months, and more ſubſtantial Joys might we have in due time experienced, if our unhappy Fate had not ſent a cruel Diſturber in our way. You both know the Ill-nature of *Tiberius*, he envy'd the favour he perceiv'd *Marcellus* was in with

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the Emperor; and the cunning *Livia*, foreſeeing the Conſequences of this Diſcontent, perſuaded *Auguſtus* to ſend him to me with ſome Succours, to enable me to renew the War; the Levies I had made, being ſo much impair'd and worn out with continual harraſſing, that tho', as I have already mention'd, we lay in ſight of the *Getes*, I did not think it prudence to give them battel, till more Supplies ſhould arrive.——The Commiſſion *Tiberius* brought, did not in the leaſt differ from that I receiv'd from the Emperor, and it ſeem'd by the Stile, that *Tiberius* was rather a Collegue with me, than a General over me; but, reſpecting him as the Empreſs's Son, I readily reſign'd to him the whole Command.——At firſt he uſed his Authority with great moderation, and, had he never heard of the Story of *Herennia*, I believe we might to this hour have kept a good correſpondence together; but that Adventure being reported to him, by ſome Buſybody, with which the Camp as well as Court is infeſted; he thought there was ſomething very odd and romantick, as he was pleas'd to ſay, in it, and would needs ſee this lovely Offspring of *Herennius*. I was not without my Uneaſineſſes at this Curioſity of his, and made uſe of all the Arguments I was maſter of againſt it; but all were inſufficient to prevail, and I was obliged to comply with his Requeſt of carrying him to viſit her.———I can never enough applaud the Caution with which ſhe behav'd before him: I had before appris'd her of his coming, and inform'd her of his Character, to the end

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ſhe might be on her guard; and certainly nothing by nature ſo ſoft, ſo gentle, ever aſſum'd ſuch an Air of Imperiouſneſs and Diſdain, as ſhe did at our entrance into the Room where ſhe was ſitting. She receiv'd me with the ſame cool Diſdain ſhe did *Tiberius*; but that which ſhock'd me, even while the reaſon delighted me, had not the power to awe the haughty Soul of him for whom it was deſign'd—He ſaw her Beauty through all the Sternneſs ſhe had put on, and was as much charm'd with her, as a Man of his Temper can be with any thing.—You know he wants nothing of his Mother's Cunning; and diſſembling that he knew the Paſſion I had for her, as ſoon as we return'd from viſiting her, You have loſt a good Opportunity, *ſaid he*, of making your court to *Cæſar*, and run the hazard, I am afraid, of very much diſobliging him, in giving the Daughter of *Herennius* her liberty——You would have made him an acceptable Preſent, I am certain, in the Perſon of this Slave——But, *continu'd he*, if you will give her me for the Empreſs, I will endeavour to make your peace, and you ſhall alſo command any other favour in my power.

I was ſtrangely confounded at this Demand, but recalling as ſoon as poſſible my ſcatter'd Spirits, Alas! Sir, *ſaid I*, how can I pretend to keep or to deliver up as a Slave, the Grandaughter of *Herennius?*——Are you ignorant, my Lord, of the Privileges contain'd in the glorious Name of *Roman?*—— *Herennius* was your Countryman and mine, and if by the Malice of Fortune he has been de-

depriv'd of the Benefits of his Country, he could not by it be depriv'd of his Rights alſo——and I am ſo far from imagining the Emperor would have taken it well at my hands, to have made *Herennia* a Slave, that I know not if he would not have puniſh'd the little regard I ſhow'd to the Blood of that once great Man. The Blood of *Herennius* is not ſo dear to *Cæſar*, *anſwer'd he*, as you would have me believe—Was he not one of thoſe diſguis'd Rebels, who, under colour of preſerving that Liberty which they are but too happy in having loſt, ſacrificed the choiceſt of the *Romans* to their private Intereſts.

Thoſe whom you call Rebels, my Lord, *ſaid I, with a warmth which I had not artifice to diſſemble*, were only term'd ſo by the Enemies of the Publick Liberty.——I own that the Government of *Auguſtus Cæſar* is preferable to that Liberty which *Herennius* and *Sertorius* ſo obſtinately defended; but they, perhaps, would have ſubmitted to *Cæſar*, tho' they would not to *Sylla:* And I am perſuaded, that when he conſiders, that they were only ſecond Cauſes in the hands of Providence, to take the Power out of the hands of *Sylla*, and fix it in the Family of *Auguſtus*; he will undoubtedly eſteem their Memories.

The Emperor has too much reaſon, *reſum'd* Tiberius, not to remember every thing that oppos'd itſelf to the Sovereign Power—He knows very well that the ſame People who croſs'd *Sylla* and *Marius* in their Deſigns, would, if they had liv'd in *Julius Cæſar's*

Jar's time, have embrued their Hands in his Blood.——They were a Set of factious and ſeditious Perſons, who imagining they were not provided for according to their Merit, were reſolved to ſhare the Publick Authority at any rate among themſelves——and *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Julius*, and *Auguſtus*, would have met an equal Fate at their hands. It is State-Policy therefore, *continued he*, to deſtroy the Remains of that factious Name.——Had *Herennia* been the only one of the Family, ſomething might, indeed, have been done for her in favour of her Sex; but ſhe has a Brother who already has revolted from us—his Siſter muſt be a Pledge to us for him; and if you continue to protect her, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to acquaint the Emperor with it, and to put her under an Arreſt, till ſuch time as I ſhall receive his Orders how to proceed with her. When I heard this malicious Deſign of *Tiberius*'s, I was ſcarce able to contain myſelf; but fearing to cauſe a Diviſion among the Troops, I ſtifled my Reſentment; and after proteſting that the Matter was wholly indifferent to me, only deſir'd, that, out of a tender regard to the *Roman* Name, we might conſult the *Roman* Chiefs about is, before we began to treat her in a manner differing from that ſhe had had been accuſtom'd to among us. He preſently came into theſe Meaſures, not doubting but that, being the Son of *Livia*, he ſhould get all the Voices on his ſide: And indeed the Empreſs's Power was ſo great, that I believe he might eaſily have carried his point, but that I gave him no opportunity.——The

day before that appointed for the Conſultation, I went to *Herennia*, and briefly related to her what had paſs'd——I ſaw a Horror overſpread her face all the time I was talking to her, and when I had finiſh'd what I had to ſay, ſhe acquainted me that *Tiberius* had never miſs'd viſiting her one Day, ſince that in which I brought him; that he had declar'd himſelf her Lover, and gave ſuch Demonſtrations of the Violence of an unwarrantable Paſſion, that ſhe trembled at his Behaviour, and was reſolved to run all hazards rather than ſee him again.——'Twas eaſy now to perceive his Deſign, and that it was not for the Empreſs, but for himſelf, he ſo much deſir'd to have her out of my Protection. Foreſeeing that there would be no Safety for her in that Place, I propoſed her retiring to ſome other; to which ſhe gladly conſented, and ſeem'd as thankful for the Care I expreſs'd for her Honour, as for the other Obligations ſhe had receiv'd from me—I procured her a good Convoy, and committed her to the Care of one of our Commanders, whoſe Fidelity I could entirely depend on; and, accompany'd only by him and one of her Relations, who had ſome time before been with her, and the Guard appointed to attend her, ſhe was conducted to this Iſland, where, under the fictitious Name of *Roſalina*, you have ſeen the real *Herennia*, and where ſhe lives with more Tranquillity, tho' leſs State, than ſhe did among the *Getes*.

How! *ſaid* Ovid, *who could not here forbear interrupting him*, is *Roſalina* then that ſame

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Herennia, whoſe Hiſtory you have been relating to us?——And do you think you are really ſo tenderly belov'd by this *Roſalina?*—It is this *Roſalina*, *anſwer'd* Lentulus, who was *Herennia*, and whom I ſhall continue to love while I have Life.——But alas! ſhe is alter'd from what ſhe was when *Herennia*, and in the Country of the *Getes*; as you will preſently know, by the Sequel of my unfortunate Adventure.

Tiberius, *continued he*, *proceeding in his Narration*, heard not of her Departure, till it was too late to overtake her; he ſeem'd like one wholly bereft of Reaſon, and, by the Violence of his Deſpair, teſtified the Force of that Paſſion which her Charms had kindled in his Soul.———He flew into the utmoſt Rage againſt thoſe Officers who had conducted her———he charged them with Deſertion, and proceeded againſt them as convicted Criminals: I did all I could to oppoſe this piece of Injuſtice, and declar'd that they had done nothing but by my Orders——This, indeed, was what he wanted to revenge himſelf on me, who he very well knew, without my acknowledging it, was the main Inſtrument of her Eſcape.———He immediately drew up an Accuſation in form againſt me, wherein he charg'd me with holding a private Correſpondence with the Enemy, and prolonging the War at the Expence of the Emperor, for my own private Intereſts. He ſent this Paper to his Mother, who managed the Part he deſired of her ſo well, that I was diſcharged from my Poſt, and ſummoned to *Rome*, to anſwer theſe Accuſa-

tions to the *Senate*. But tho' my Faithfulneſs was well known to the Army, and what I had done againſt the Rebels (tho' leſs ſpeedy than I could have wiſh'd) and many noble and worthy Perſons promis'd to appear for me: yet all I knew was too little to balance with the Power of *Livia*.———I left the Camp, giving out I was going to *Rome*; but thinking it not ſafe to venture myſelf there, and beſides poſſeſs'd with a longing Deſire of ſeeing *Herennia*, I reſolv'd to come here, and paſs my time in Security and Love, while my Friends were labouring to appeaſe the Indignation of the Emperor—*Cepion* is the only Perſon who knows the Place of my Retirement; he continues in the Camp, whence he acquaints me with what is done againſt me; and a Correſpondent I have at *Lesbos*, lets me know all that paſſes at *Rome*.

But now to the buſineſs of my Love, which is of infinitely more conſequence to me than all that can happen from *Tiberius*'s Malice, or the Anger of *Auguſtus*. The Reception I met with from *Roſalina* at my firſt Arrival in *Thalaſſie*, was anſwerable to what I might have expected from *Herennia*, and her Behaviour in every thing the ſame as when ſhe was among the *Getes*; but within theſe few days I have found an alteration in her, the meaning of which ſtrangely ſurprizes me——I have three or four times found her employ'd in reading amorous Verſes; ſhe only laughs when I deſire to know the Author, and refuſes to tell me his Name.———She has always ſome Secret to impart to *Junia*, which

I am not to be let into.——The day before yeſterday, ſhe let fall her Pocket-Book, which was fill'd with the Complaints of a Perſon compell'd to love——ſhe caught me reading them, and perceiv'd the Pain I was in; but, ſmiling at my Uneaſineſs, ſhe began to rally on the Paſſion of Jealouſy, and ſpitefully told me, that the Aſſurance of being belov'd, made a Lover inſolent; but that ſhe was overjoy'd to find I ſtill was in doubt of being ſo. When I intreated her to tell me whence ſhe had thoſe paſſionate Verſes, which I continually found about her, ſhe ſaid ſhe could not do it without rendring herſelf unworthy of my eſteem.———When I went yeſterday to tell her and *Junia* what the Muſicians had inform'd me concerning the Concert of Muſick, ſhe look'd earneſtly on the other Lady with an Air which had ſomething very particular in it———and but this morning I overheard them laughing at my miſtake; and *Junia* cry'd, Aye, *Roſalina*, *Lentulus* little thinks the Myſtery there is in that Concert. I am betray'd, I make no doubt of it; but, alas! am altogether unable on whom to fix her Inconſtancy——I know no one in this Iſland whom Reaſon points out to me as a Rival——*Tiſiennus* is of an ambitious melancholy Nature, incapable of the Effects of Love; *Hortenſius* is an avow'd Enemy to that Paſſion; and *Ovid*, whom elſe I ſhould ſuſpect more than all the World beſides, is but juſt arriv'd: the other Inhabitants of the Iſland are buſied in Affairs of a quite different nature, or at leaſt are not worthy her Eſteem——yet ſtill ſome one or other

other there is whom ſhe loves.——I have a Rival, and think it no inconſiderable part of my Misfortune, that I know not where to find him.

Thus ended the ſorrowful *Lentulus* the Hiſtory he had promis'd; but as much in the dark as he was, and the Perſons he complain'd to, of the Truth of this Adventure, I believe the Reader will find it no difficult matter to perceive that thoſe Verſes which had given him ſo much cauſe for Jealouſy, were only ſome which *Junia* had wrote on the Force of her Paſſion for *Ovid*; no Names being inſerted, might very well occaſion ſuch a Miſtake; and inſtead of thinking they were compoſed by a Woman on the Man ſhe could not help loving, he took them for the Addreſſes of a Lover to his Miſtreſs; and who could that Miſtreſs be but his *Roſalina*, becauſe he found them in her poſſeſſion?—The Vanity of *Ovid*, on the other ſide, his uſual Succeſs in acquiring Love, the Certainty he had that one of thoſe Ladies was poſſeſs'd with that Paſſion for him, and the many Circumſtances which confirm'd him in the opinion, that it was rather *Roſalina* than *Junia*, ſerv'd to continue his Miſtake, and render'd the Jealouſy of *Lentulus* very pleaſing to him; taking a ſecret delight in the Complaints of his Rival, there was not a malicious Demand that he did not make him——I would have you, *ſaid he*, be certain that ſhe loves another, before you give way to Thoughts ſo injurious to your Repoſe.—Have you no more Circumſtances than theſe to confirm your Suſpicions?

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One more I have, *reply'd the Soul-tormented* Lentulus; I met her this morning coming out of a Labyrinth, which is in truth one of the moſt pleaſant Places in the Iſland, but which I believe you have not yet had time to ſee: ſhe had that Book in her Hand, wherein I have ſo often found her reading. I ask'd her what it was, but inſtead of giving me any direct anſwer, ſhe told me it was a Myſtery of Love, which was not for me to underſtand; and ſo tripping ſuddenly away with a Smile, which had nothing in it of Tenderneſs, left me to aſſure myſelf ſhe had Buſineſs on her hands of a more important, or at leaſt more pleaſing nature, than to make me eaſy. But, *ſaid* Ovid, did you never find her apt to entertain a Chimerical Paſſion? Hiſtory informs us, that a Woman fell in love with *Alexander the Great*, only on hearing of his Fame, and ſacrificed her Husband's Honour to that Frenzy.—Men are made as the Antients were, and the ſame Weakneſſes may prevail now, as in the Days of *Alexander*. *Herennia*, *reply'd* Lentulus, is of a more ſolid Temper———I never could accuſe her of any of thoſe Foibles ſo common to her Sex—ſhe conſiders not even her own Beauty, takes no care of it, and laughs at thoſe who make it their whole buſineſs to adorn themſelves———and tho' once I believ'd ſhe lov'd me to a great degree, ſhe expreſs'd it not in thoſe little Fondneſſes which Women commonly make uſe of, when they would expreſs a Paſſion——a Soul of ſuch a Diſpoſition, therefore, can hardly be brought to receive any irregular Impreſſion.——But now

I think of it, *continued he*, I remember a few days ago she told me it was possible to entertain such a Passion you speak of, and that she knew an Instance of it.——Oh Gods! *cry'd he, lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven*, should she herself be that Instance she mention'd——but sure it cannot be; a Woman who could so vigorously defend herself from the Attacks of *Tiberius*, the Son of an Empress, and one of the most lovely Princes of his Time, can never yield her Heart to a Panegyrist whom she never saw.

The sudden coming in of *Tisiennus Gallus* hindred the malicious *Ovid* from prosecuting this Conversation; and *Lentulus* endeavour'd, as much as possible, to recover those Disorders which it had involved him in: None of these three Noble *Romans* had held much correspondence with *Tisiennus* at *Rome*; but People under the same Misfortunes are well enough pleas'd with the Society of each other. He had been misinform'd as to the Cause of *Ovid*'s Disgrace and Banishment; and believing it had been only on *Terentia*'s account, rejoiced at the Chagrin it must have brought on *Mecenas*, who having discover'd the Conspiracy of *Marcus Lepidus*, in which *Tisiennus* was concern'd, it was with a deadly Hate he regarded that great Favourite, and never express'd so much Satisfaction, as when he thought he had an opportunity of ridiculing him; and taking hold on this, began to bemoan in a satyrical manner his having such a faithless Wife——It is glorious, *said he*, to share every thing with one's Master; and I lament not his Misfortune, that *Terentia* is

the

the Favourite of *Auguſtus*; but as for the influence which *Craſſus*, *Ovid*, and ſome others, have had over her, I muſt confeſs it is not to be endur'd——'tis enough to put all the Philoſophy of this wonderful Man to the teſt, and I am ſurpriz'd that he, whoſe Power is ſo unlimited, that there is ſcarce any thing he cannot accompliſh, does not erect a new Tribunal for puniſhing the Breach of the matrimonial Vow.——This piece of Raillery was whimſical from *Tiſiennus*, the Virtues of whoſe Wife were known to *Ovid*, and by his means to *Hortenſius*; the former of them, whoſe regard to *Terentia* made him reſent every thing that reflected on her, anſwer'd him in this manner: Thoſe Husbands, *ſaid he*, whe have unchaſte Wives, will think themſelves much obliged to you, for thus lamenting their Misfortune; but one ought to be very ſure of the Fidelity of one's own Wife, before one commented on another's—I dare ſay, if you were not perfectly convinced of the Vertue of *Sulpitia*, you would not thus attack *Terentia*. I muſt own, indeed, *ſaid* Tiſiennus, that I am out of the reach of any return that way——*Sulpitia* (I thank Heaven) is above all Temptations of that kind——but were I in the ſame Circumſtances with mine, that *Mecenas* is with his Wife, I ſhould ſtiil laugh at him—This prodigious Man, who ſeems to have a Spy in the Heart of every one he hears of, and detects Conſpiracies juſt on the point of being executed againſt *Cæſar*, long before the Perſons employ'd in them, have a thought of forming them——this all-ſeeing Man is blind

to what is daily acted againſt himſelf—he ſleeps, when he ſhould be awake to watch his own Honour, but never ſlumbers on the Affairs of *Illyria*. That is, *reply'd* Hortenſius, becauſe he knows that 'tis in vain to pretend to hinder any Woman from what ſhe is reſolved to do——the Cares of *Mecenas* for the War of *Illyria*, may be attended with Succeſs; but, had he as many Spies as *Argus* had Eyes, it would be in vain to guard the Virtue of a Wife determin'd to be frail. I am not of your opinion, *reſum'd* Tiſiennus, a Husband's Watchfulneſs contributes very much to a Wife's Conduct——'tis the ſame thing as between a Parent and a Child—— when a Father keeps a ſtrict hand over the Actions of his Son, and prevents his holding any Converſation with looſe People, and alſo ſhows him only good Examples, he cannot well fall into thoſe Inadvertencies we ſo commonly deplore. Here are then, *ſaid* Ovid, the Reaſons that have rendred the Wife of *Tiſiennus* ſo very rigid——I always thought the Virtue of *Sulpitia* was natural to her; but now I find 'tis all owing to her having ſo excellent a Husband. *Hortenſius* was ſo well pleas'd with this Anſwer of *Ovid*'s, that he could hardly contain himſelf from laughing out; and fearing, if the Converſation ſhould continue, ſomething would be added too keenly ſmart, propoſed taking a walk in a fine Garden, which he had lately beautified and made up.. Altho' *Thalaſſie* was not ſo well inhabited as the other Iſlands in the *Egean* Sea, yet it wanted not for Conveniencies of all ſorts, both for Neceſſity and Pleaſure;

ſure; and *Hortenſius* had hired Workmen from *Lesbos*, to make every thing as agreeably as poſſible to him during his Baniſhment—— his Houſe was pleaſantly ſituated, neat, adorn'd with ſeveral fine Walks, and had every thing handſome about it. While they were employ'd in obſerving the Beauties of the Gardens and Wilderneſs, *Roſalina*, who naturally lov'd Company, propoſed to *Junia* the making a Viſit to *Hortenſius* and *Ovid*. That young Lady, conſcious of the Delight it would be to her, bluſh'd, and was ſeiz'd all over with a ſoft Confuſion; but *Roſalina* ſaying ſhe would take the Freedom of the Viſit on herſelf, and taking the unwilling willing Daughter of *Lepidus* by the one hand, and *Addiamante* by the other, they all three went to the Houſe of *Hortenſius*, which was not above a Bow-ſhot off where *Roſalina* liv'd. *Hortenſius* being with his Friends in a particular private Place in the Wilderneſs, the Servants did not think of going there; and imagin'd, becauſe they found them not in the Gardens, that they had gone out at a back Gate toward the Lake: ſo ſhowing the Ladies into a fine Parlour, left them to entertain each other, till the return of their Maſter, which they knew would not be long. As Chance would have it, they had ſufficient to compenſate for the want of more Company; a Cabinet belonging to *Ovid*, happening to ſtand in the Room where they were, by Accident was left unlock'd, which *Roſalina* immediately perceiving, open'd, and ſoon took an Inventory of what it contain'd—— The firſt thing ſhe call'd *Julia* to behold, was

Picture of the Princeſs *Julia*, where ſhe was painted as a *Venus* making Chains of her Hair, to bind a great number of Hearts, which a little *Cupid* ſeem'd to preſent her with——this Picture was carefully put up in a fine Caſe, in which, on the other ſide, was a Place for Letters: The curious *Roſalina* taking out one, read the Contents to her Companions, which were as follows.

To *OVID*.

WHILE I was ignorant of the nature of your Deſires, I knew not how to receive or to reject them——I thought you offer'd me only tranſitory Compliments, without any real Sincerity, which any Woman might accept, without endangering her Heart, they being often uſed as Remedies againſt Love, inſtead of inſpiring it——but I find I wrong'd you and my own Charms——Continue therefore to offer up your Adorations to the Princeſs, entertain her with long Diſcourſes on the Violence of your Paſſion, make Verſes in her Praiſe; I ſhall never complain of my Lot, while I receive Proofs *of your Inclination, which are to me more convincing than a thouſand* Words——*I ſhall be on the Empreſs's Side this Evening, from thence I ſhall expect you to conduct me, where we ſhall have an opportunity to conſult what is beſt for both of us. Adieu.*

Here is a fine Letter, indeed, *ſaid* Roſalina; I find *Ovid* has not his Character of Inconſtancy without ſome grounds——here is ſomething elſe too, *continued ſhe, taking out a*

little

little Piece of Paper, in which were written theſe Lines :

When once the Fort by Stratagem is gain'd,
An Entrance we for ever may command ;
Nor will coy Virtue ſtand to guard the Door,
When we within have rifled all the Store.

This is the true Nature of Mankind, indeed, *ſaid* Roſalina, *as ſoon as ſhe had done reading*, they firſt betray our Sex, then make us guilty, and at laſt miſerable. I muſt confeſs, *anſwer'd* Junia, that that curſed Sex is the Bane of our Peace ; but let them be never ſo bad, we have a ſecret Inclination towards them ; Experience teaches us in vain to be wiſer——the Examples of ſo many Women being undone, does not hinder us from falling into the Snares prepar'd for us ; and we think it a much leſs Misfortune to be deceiv'd, than not to ſee thoſe Deceivers.

While theſe Ladies were entertaining themſelves in this manner, on a ſudden they heard a noiſe in the Hall, which inducing them to believe that *Hortenſius* and his Company were return'd, they put all the Papers again into the Cabinet, and ſhut it as it was before, to avoid their Curioſity being diſcovered. It was indeed *Hortenſius*, *Ovid*, and *Tiſiennus*, who were come in ; but this ſmall Company was diminiſhed by the Abſence of the jealous *Lentulus : Ovid* rejoiced at it in his Soul, he ſaid a thouſand fine things to the Ladies, and entertain'd them with an eloquent Diſcourſe on the Force of Neceſſity. If, *ſaid he*, the Daughter of *Lepidus* was at *Rome*,

Rome, in the Splendor in which the Family of that great Man once liv'd in, and if *Rosalina* had her unequal'd Merits favour'd by Fortune, it would not be the Company of *Hortensius*, *Ovid*, or *Tisiennus*, that would be capable of diverting them——*Junia* would with pleasure behold her Father distributing Crowns, and dividing Provinces among those he thought worthy of them; and *Rosalina* would be employ'd in subduing Monarchs, and giving Laws to Kings. I know not, *said* Junia, what opinion *Rosalina* is of, but for my part, I take more real pleasure in seeing the famous *Ovid*, than in all those pompous Ideas wherein you flatter me—— I never had the Experience of the Grandeur of *Lepidus*, being born since his Retreat—— I know nothing of the Intereſt and Power of my Family, but by report; but this I am sure of, that, be it never so great, I should then have been of the same mind as now, and thought nothing too much to sacrifice to the Delight of hearing you. Alas! Madam, *answer'd he*, you have now undone me by an Excess of Goodness——you have for ever clos'd my Mouth——I dare not look on you, nor entertain you any longer, lest you should believe me vain enough to imagine there was really something in my Conversation not displeasing to you——I'll promise you, *said* Rosalina, that what *Junia* says, is not Flattery——she has always wish'd to see you, and has lamented the Fall of her Father's House, more because it made her despair of that Happiness, than for any other Reason.

Ovid

Ovid was a little ſtartled at this Diſcourſe of *Roſalina*'s, he remembred theſe to be the very words he had overheard at his firſt coming into the Iſland; and was now beginning more than ever to be at a loſs on which of theſe beautiful Objects to fix them: *Junia* and *Roſalina* were both of them of *Roman* Extraction, both lamented the Ruin of their Families, and both might have had their reſidence at *Rome*, if the Deſtinies of their Fathers had not baniſh'd them—— He remain'd for a moment or two in a pauſe, but getting out of his Reſvery———Now I think of it, Madam, *ſaid he*, there is nothing new in what you tell me; for my Familiar inform'd me ſome time ſince, that there was one of the moſt beautiful Women in the World had entertain'd a Kindneſs for me, without ever ſeeing me, earneſtly deſired to commence an Acquaintance with me, and was as much concern'd for me as you appear to be; but, if my Genius inform'd me right, it was not to the admirable *Junia* I was ſo far indebted. As *Ovid* ſpoke this, he turn'd his Eyes full on *Roſalina*'s, hoping to diſcover by her Countenance, whether it was ſhe who had thoſe favourable thoughts of him, or the other; but perceiving no alteration there, he look'd again on *Junia*, who reply'd to what he had ſaid in this manner: Your Genius, *ſaid ſhe*, has ſo many things to acquaint you with, that 'tis not to be wondred at, if he ſometimes confounds one thing with another; for, unleſs Report is extremely out, Princeſſes, *Senators* Daughters and Wives —— *Courtizans*——Ladies of Honour—

nour——and ſimple Shepherdeſſes, have at once been the Objects of your Love—How could your Familiar then, in ſuch a confuſed Number, keep any order in his Account?

While *Ovid* was thus entertaining himſelf with the Ladies, *Hortenſius* was gone to give orders to his Domeſticks to prepare a Collation for theſe illuſtrious Gueſts; and *Tiſiennus* was buſy'd in reading *Homer*'s *Odyſſes*, which he found lying on the Table: He was not ſo deeply engaged, however, but that happening to caſt his eyes toward the Cabinet, which he knew to be *Ovid*'s, he ſaw a Paper about half out, the Ladies having been ſo haſty in thruſting them in, this happen'd in the hurry not to be ſhut down: Men have their Curioſities as well as Women, and perceiving no body obſerved him, he walked ſoftly to that part of the Room where the Cabinet ſtood, and eaſily drew out the Paper——he went aſide with it, imagining it had been a Letter from *Terentia* to *Ovid*, and thinking he ſhould now have a rare Opportunity of revenging himſelf on *Mecenas*—— no Superſcription being on it, he was confirm'd that it was a Letter of Gallantry, and put it in his Pocket, with a reſolution of reading it when he got home. He had hardly put it up, when *Hortenſius* came in; he had prepared a noble Entertainment, which was to be ſerv'd in a Gallery joining to *Ovid*'s Chamber—He conducted the Company into it ſome time before Supper, and they paſs'd ſome time very agreeably in viewing the Pictures, moſt of which contain'd the Acts of the *Grecian* Heroes before the Walls of

of *Troy*———but there was one which was placed in a Corner by itſelf, which more than any attracted the Eyes of this Aſſembly—it repreſented the Triumph of *Ulyſſes* over *Ajax* about the Arms of *Achilles*. The Painter had ſhow'd ſo great a Maſter-piece of Art in the Figures of thoſe two Men, that, by looking in their Faces, you might read what paſs'd in the Minds of their Originals.——— From praiſing the Piece, they began to fall into a diſcourſe on the Subjects from which this admirable Deſign was taken: Theſe are the Heroes, *ſaid* Ovid, that the Antients have celebrated for Demi-Gods; but we muſt own, that it was happy for them that they were born before our Time———there are very few of them that would now receive the Honours which our Forefathers beſtow'd upon them. The Title of Deities was eaſily purchaſed in thoſe Days, *added* Hortenſius; to loſe their Senſes for frivolous Occaſions, or the exerciſing that Valour againſt themſelves, which they ought to have exerciſed againſt their Enemies, are Actions which have entitled ſome of them to a Throne among the Stars. There is one, *ſaid* Tiſiennus, *pointing to a Picture of* Cymon, who had nothing to do, but to make the world admire him; his Bravery, his Virtue, and his Magnanimity, were look'd upon as Wonders in the Age he liv'd in. And do you think, *ſaid* Ovid, that all theſe Glories which are attributed to him, were really ſuch as Hiſtory repreſents them to us? Thoſe who wrote them were his Countrymen, and

is therefore rather to be look'd on as Oratory than Truth———but to ſpeak ſeriouſly, let us conſider what *Greece* then was ———it was divided into ten or twelve Monarchies, and five or ſix Republicks——— the taking of one City was look'd upon as ſubduing a whole State; and if a Man went into the neighbouring Countries, and won a Village, they ordain'd Triumphs for him, and ſtiled him a Conqueror——their Virtue likewiſe has been ſet forth by the ſame Hyperboles, and may be comprehended in the ſame manner. *Epaminondas* was cited before the Senate, for giving the Government of *Mycene* to *Caliſthenes*, a young Man whom he lov'd too well; and yet he is reckon'd the moſt Virtuous among the *Grecians*. The Laws of *Sparta*, for which *Lycurgus* is ſo much famed, allow more Liberty than the greateſt Libertine in *Rome* ever took. For there, if an old Man has a young Wife, ſhe is permitted to have a Gallant, and the Husband is obliged to own all the Children they get. You are talking of the Laws of *Sparta*, *ſaid* Tiſiennus, but this is a Cuſtom that was never receiv'd by any wiſe People. But what I tell you of them is true, *reſumed* Ovid, *ſmiling*: and the only Reaſon why I think them wiſer than we, is this laudable Cuſtom. While they were talking, the Collation came up. Now let us put a ſtop, *ſaid* Hortenſius, to this rigid Commentator, or he will find fault with us all. In ſpeaking theſe words, he placed the Ladies at Table; and *Ovid*, having ſeen them

them ſeated, took care to draw his Chair directly oppoſite to *Roſalina* and *Junia*, in hope to diſcover ſomething farther by their Looks, which of theſe two beautiful Perſons it was, who was ſo much in love with him.

THE EXILES OF THE *Court of* AUGUSTUS.

PART II.

TISIENNUS thought every Moment an Age till he had an Opportunity of reading the Letter he had taken from the Box of *Ovid.* After he had ſtole from the Company, he went out at the Back-Door, which open'd towards a Lake; and imagining himſelf there ſecure from Interruption, he began to open the Paper, with a malicious Pleaſure, as

as not doubting but he ſhould find ſufficient Teſtimony in the Contents of what he had alledg'd againſt the Virtue of *Terentia*——— but with how terrible a Conſternation was he ſtruck———how did his whole Soul kindle into Rage, when he immediately knew it to be written by the Hand of *Sulpitia*———Scarce cou'd he at firſt believe his Senſes, but ſtood rubbing his Eyes, as tho' he had a Miſt before them, or was but half awake—He read the fatal Scroll many times over, before he cou'd perſuade himſelf, that what he ſaw was real. This was the very Letter which *Junia* and *Roſalina* had been diverting themſelves with, tho' they little imagin'd whence it come; and there was not a word in it, which did not ſerve to confirm *Tiſiennus* in the worſt News which he could have heard———the Diſtinction which it made mention of concerning the Loves which *Ovid* profeſs'd to *Julia* and *Sulpitia*, very much aggravated the Crime the latter was guilty of. O the infamous Creature! *cry'd the now undeceiv'd Husband*, ſhe *chuſes* that Part of Love, which other Women but *ſuffer* in compliance to the Deſires of the impatient Lover. ——*Ovid* had not the leaſt pains in gaining her———the Act is all her own———then calling to mind the part he had been playing ſome moments paſt before *Ovid*, who he now found was his Wife's Darling; he remembred the malicious Joy which had ſparkled in his Eyes, when he was applying to *Mecenas* what might have been more juſtly apply'd to himſelf; and while he was vindicating the Vertue of *Sulpitia* before one who had

had it ſo much in his power to have prov'd the contrary——He doubted not but he ſhould be hereafter the Theme of Satire, whenever that Poet had a mind to exerciſe his Wit that way——the Raillery which he had offer'd to *Mecenas*, ſo aptly turn'd upon himſelf——all came freſh into his Mind; and burſting out into the extremeſt Fury —— He ſhall die, *cry'd he to himſelf*, the curſed Inſtrument of my Shame ſhall die!——*Lentulus* having been retir'd in that ſolitary Place to indulge his melancholy Contemplations, heard theſe words which iſſued from the Mouth of the exaſperated Husband, and knowing his Voice, ſtepp'd from behind a Grove of *Myrtles* which had ſeparated them, and coming up to him, Who is it you would kill, *Tiſiennus? ſaid he to him*, and what Enemies have you in this Iſland? or have you receiv'd any News from *Rome* which has perplex'd you?—The Confuſion *Tiſiennus* was in at ſight of him, was little inferior to the Rage he conceiv'd at the Infidelity of his Wife; but willing to conceal his Diſgrace as long as poſſible,——I was thinking, *ſaid he, in a ſtammering Accent, which all his Reſolution in this Surprize could not recover*, of a Paſſage in *Homer*'s *Iliads*, which that Poet puts into the mouth of *Menelaus*, when he diſcover'd that his Wife had left his Court thro' the Inſinuations of *Paris*——the Story made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my Mind, that I could not forbear repeating the Expreſſion of that injur'd Husband. The Misfortune of *Menelaus, reply'd* Lentulus *ſmiling*, muſt indeed have had a wonderful Effect on you, to occaſion

caſion Emotions ſuch as are viſible in your Countenance——but it agrees with what you frequently ſay of *Mecenas*, and proves how generouſly you ſympathize with all abuſed Husbands. The ſtruggling Indignation which labour'd in the Soul of *Tiſiennus*, riſing more violent at this Expreſſion, which, tho' unmeant, ſeem'd to him the ſevereſt Raillery, grew now too high to be controll'd; and finding it impoſſible to be any longer Maſter of his Actions, he flung ſuddenly away, and left *Lentulus* in the greateſt Amazement imaginable at his Behaviour——he had not been preſent when *Ovid* related the Hiſtory of his Adventures, and knowing nothing of the Conduct of *Sulpitia*, was not able to dive into the Cauſe of her Husband's Chagrin.——He was going to *Hortenſius*'s, to ask if any thing extraordinary had happen'd ſince he went from him and *Ovid*; but meeting ſome of his Servants in the way, was inform'd of ſomething which obliged him to turn back, and go home in great haſte; where let us leave him for a time, and ſee what the reſt of this illuſtrious Company are employing themſelves in.

Nothing could be more fortunate for *Ovid* than the Abſence of *Lentulus*; by it he had the Opportunity of leading *Roſalina*, who, with her Companion *Addiamante*, went into a Walk of *Firr-Trees*; and after he had told her every thing that had happen'd to him ſince he came into the Iſland, and all that he attributed to her, even to what he had overheard, and what had paſs'd concerning the Verſes in the Labyrinth; he endeavour'd to per-

perſuade her that he was charm'd with her at firſt ſight, and began to make the moſt paſſionate Declaration imaginable of Love to her. She now perceiv'd the Error he was involv'd in, and that a nearer Acquaintance with them had not undeceiv'd him by the difference of their Voices, but that he miſtook the words which *Junia* ſpoke for her's; and never was Confuſion greater than that ſhe was in, to find herſelf thus addreſs'd: but reflecting in her mind, that ſhe could no way get rid of his Importunities, but either by betraying to him the Secret of her Friend, or betraying him to her Lover, ſhe thought the leaſt Evil of the three was to liſten to his Sollicitations, and turn 'em into a little Diverſion: and perceiving he grew pretty preſſing for a Confirmation of that Paſſion he imagin'd ſhe had for him; I think, *ſaid ſhe*, that you ought to be contented with the Progreſs you have made——you have been here but ſix or ſeven Days, and are ſenſible you have one in the Iſland who tenderly wiſhes your Proſperity——you have made amorous Verſes, which have been read by the Perſon who, writing firſt herſelf, inſpired you to return that Anſwer——and you may go farther yet, you may venture to aſſure yourſelf, that nothing, except a Proof of their Sincerity, could better pleaſe, than did thoſe Verſes——what can you deſire more? ——Time muſt give the finiſhing Stroke to the reſt. We are only to have recourſe to Time, *cry'd* Ovid, when the Purchaſe of a Heart muſt be long Services, and Perſeverance: but when Sympathy has been ſo kind

to ſave us that pains, the firſt Moment of ſeeing one another, ought to put an end to all Scruples. But how, *reſum'd* Roſalina, can any one be certain of the real Paſſion of a Man ſuch as *Ovid* ?——your whole Life is but one continu'd Series of Amours——you have travel'd from the Purple to the Crook—what Preſervative then muſt one make uſe of, not to be among the Number of thoſe who *have* been, but *are* no more belov'd ? even *Julia* herſelf wanted a Charm to hold that ever-roving Heart. Love, *ſaid that famous* Roman, expreſſes itſelf but by halves before Witneſſes———allow to mine the Liberty of pleading in private, and you will find my Tranſports too extraordinary for you to doubt of their Sincerity———As for the great Number of my Intrigues, they are to be imputed to Chance, or the Inconſtancy of thoſe Women I have made choice of———but ſuppoſing that my Inclinations have been indeed too apt to wander, 'tis in your power to limit their Courſe, and not only fix them ever yours, but alſo raiſe 'em to a height which the firſt Princeſs in the World was not diſſatisfy'd to accept———and ſo far will it be from leſſening your Glory, to reign Sovereign Miſtreſs of thoſe Affections which have been elſewhere devoted, that it will be the greater Triumph of your Charms, and teſtify your power of pleaſing to be ſuperior to all others of your Sex.

Roſalina was about to make ſome reply to this Diſcourſe, when the Appearance of *Junia* and *Hortenſius* at the other end of the Walk, ſav'd her that trouble, and broke off

a Converſation which ſhe was far from having a deſire to continue. *Junia*, who was not perfectly eaſy that *Ovid* was ſo long in the Company of her fair Friend, had led *Hortenſius* thither on purpoſe to interrupt them; and coming up to the Place where they were ſtanding to receive her, Think you, *ſaid ſhe to* Roſalina, that Fortune has brought *Ovid* into this Iſland only for your ſake?——— Share the Pleaſure with others who wiſh him equally as well, nor think it unreaſonable that we expect as well as you the Benefits of his Society. One eaſily forgets every thing, *anſwer'd* Roſalina, when one is in the Company of *Ovid*——but I am naturally a Lover of Juſtice, and preſently do my Duty, when reminded of it———and now, *continu'd ſhe, ſmiling*, I deliver you up that great Man more gay and agreeable than I receiv'd him.

Theſe laſt words very much ſtrengthen'd the Hopes which *Ovid* had conceiv'd; he thought on them a thouſand times, and always conſtruing them to his advantage, form'd from them the moſt rapturous Idea an amorous Heart can be poſſeſs'd of, in an aſcertain'd Expectation of one time or other enjoying all the darling Object can beſtow—*Roſalina* was indeed very beautiful, and flattering himſelf that he was infinitely belov'd by her, he ſoon forgot the Pleaſures of *Auguſtus*'s Court. The Confidence which *Lentulus* had repoſed in him, in telling him all the Paſſages of his Paſſion for that Lady, now and then gave ſome little check to his Tranſports, but it was quickly over; *Friendſhip*, as it was the weaker Paſſion, ſoon gave

way to *Love*; and that Love furniſh'd him with Excuſes to abſolve himſelf for what he acted in relation to it —— he knew that he was belov'd in *Thalaſſie* before he was acquainted with the Paſſion of *Lentulus*——it was not with deſign that he became his Rival, but only by the Influence of his Stars——it was his Reputation alone which had gain'd him the Affections of this Lady, and it would be unjuſt to her, and cruel to himſelf, to ſacrifice his Good-fortune to a Point of Honour, which would injure his own Inclinations, without any Advantage to his Friend.——It was with theſe and the like Arguments he entirely ſatisfy'd all the Scruples of his Generoſity; and wholly taking up his thoughts with the means by which he ſhould gain the entire Poſſeſſion of *Roſalina*, he baniſh'd all other Conſiderations as Enemies to his Peace.

But, to return, the Converſation between this amiable Company was too agreeable to be ſuddenly broke off——one or other of them ſtill found ſome new Theme for Entertainment; and it growing late, *Hortenſius* prevail'd on the Ladies to take up their lodging for that Night in his Houſe, it being very large and commodious.——This Invitation was no ſmall pleaſure to *Ovid*; he intended, after they were retired to the Apartment allotted for them, to ſteal privately to them, and paſs ſome part of the Night with more Gallantry than the reſerv'd Behaviour of *Hortenſius* would allow him to do when he was preſent; but as he was going thro' a Gallery which led to their Cham-

ber,

ber, he was met by that Gentleman, who with his Arms acroſs, and Head reclined, was walking there in a melancholy and dejected manner: *Ovid*, who had in his Nature an uncommon ſhare of Curioſity, could not find him in this Poſture without being extremely deſirous of knowing the Occaſion; and ſacrificing his other Inclinations to this, inſtead of attempting to paſs by him unſeen, as 'tis probable he might have done while he was thus buried in Thought, he came up to him, and giving him a little blow on the Shoulder, Ha, *Hortenſius! ſaid he*, is it you that I find in this Poſture?—is the Deſire of Solitude, folded Arms, and burſting Sighs, the Teſtimonies of Indifference? I fear you have all along deceiv'd me by an Affectation of Severity, and that at laſt I ſhall diſcover a Lover in the Perſon of my Friend. *Hortenſius* ſeem'd at firſt a little aſhamed of having been caught in that manner, but putting a great deal of confidence in the Diſcretion of *Ovid*, he was leſs troubled than if he had been accoſted by any other Man; and, after ſome few preparatory Expreſſions on the Force of Love, he at laſt confeſs'd that his Melancholy, nay, his very Auſterity, were the Effects of that Paſſion. By this Acknowledgment, *ſaid* Ovid, you have eas'd me of a Suſpence which I proteſt to you was at ſome times very uneaſy to me ——— I could not tell how to think, that, merely out of a Diſlike to Marriage, you ſhould prefer Baniſhment and Diſgrace to Grandeur, and all the Advantages of an Emperor's Favour, with one of the moſt beautiful and virtuous

Ladies

Ladies in all *Rome* to be your Wife——had it been for the endeavouring to ſupport the Rights and Liberties of your Country, or for any known and worthy Action, you had incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of *Ceſar*, and run into this voluntary Exile, each *Roman* Spirit would have applauded your Nobleneſs of Soul, and Contempt of Greatneſs; but as the Reaſons of your Retreat are not known to the World, it looks like Humour, like Madneſs, and few there are will juſtify it. I can eaſily juſtify myſelf, *reply'd* Hortenſius, and more eſpecially to one who knows what it is to love. And where, *interrupted* Ovid, could you find a Woman with more Charms than that very *Aurelia* whom *Auguſtus* had made choice of for you? There is a Riddle in the Fate of ſome People, *ſaid* Hortenſius, which makes their moſt noble Actions appear contemptible——gay and ſerene do ſome Mens Lives glide on, without any pains to acquire it; Applauſe ſtill follows them, and whatever they do or ſay, is look'd on as Heroick; while others, whoſe only Aim is Glory, and do nothing but what renders them deſerving Admiration, linger out their Days in an unproſperous State, and either are untalk'd of, or deſpis'd—ſo ſtrange and arbitrary a Power is Deſtiny——hear then the Myſtery of mine expounded, and judge if *Hortenſius* merits to be the Wretch he is: In ſpeaking theſe words, he led *Ovid* to a Couch at the upper-end of a Gallery, where, both being ſeated, he began the Particulars of his Adventures in this manner.

The History of HORTENSIUS.

YOU are not to learn, *said he*, that *Aurelia* is the Woman whom I should have receiv'd as a Wife at the hands of *Cæsar*, nor that her Aunt, from whose Care she receiv'd her Education, was of the Family of the *Hortenses*; this Alliance render'd me familiar with *Aurelia* from my Infancy; but this Intimacy was so far from producing an Antipathy, (as all *Rome* imagines) that on my side it created the most strong and violent Inclination; and so nice, indeed, and delicate was the Passion with which I languish'd for that lovely Maid, that the excessive Purity of it has been the only Ruin of my own Hopes——I was satisfy'd, that, had I made the least Declaration of my Wishes, all the Friends of *Aurelia* would willingly have given their Consent to make me blest —— nay, I also had some reason to believe, by the Friendship and Confidence with which she treated me, that she herself at that time would not have proved refractory to my Desires——but, alas! this Whim, this romantick Chimæra of overstrain'd Generosity possessing me, I could not think of marrying her, till I had in some measure merited her———I was for purchasing her Favour by my Assiduities and long Services; and I know not, fierce as my Passion

Paſſion was, if I could have thought the gratification of it a Bleſſing, if indebted for it to any leſs tranſporting Motive, than an equal Inclination in her to give it me——— my Behaviour to her, however, was ſuch as, by any who had made it their buſineſs to diſcern, might eaſily have been perceiv'd to be wholly influenced by Love——the Charmer of my Soul, as moſt concern'd, was certainly moſt ſenſible of it; I had a thouſand Reaſons to believe ſhe both ſaw and approv'd my Flame; and the Condeſcenſions ſhe made me were ſuch, as at laſt encouraged me to hope the happy Moment was arriv'd, in which I might declare my long-hid Secret, without danger of a Repulſe.———To that end I went one day to viſit her, and being told ſhe was in the Gardens of *Lucullus*, had the boldneſs to follow her to that Place——— I travers'd the Alleys and delightful Paths ſeveral times over, without being able to find her; and at laſt deſpairing of that Happineſs, and doubting that I had been deceiv'd in my Information, was returning home, when, under the Foot of a Tree, I ſaw a little Pocket-Book; the Diamond Claſps, and Cypher of her Name on the outſide, gave me to know it belong'd to the Lady I had been in ſearch of; and immediately opening it with that eager Curioſity common to thoſe who love, found in one of the Leaves of it theſe Verſes written:

Why, if't be lawful to expoſtulate
With Heaven's Decrees, or cavil with our Fate?

Why

Why was I born too high to own Grief's Smart,
Yet doom'd to feel it in the tend'reſt Part?
Beneath a Load of Secret Woes I faint,
Deny'd the Eaſe of Pity or Complaint:
Oh! that from ſome ignoble Race I'd ſprung,
No cruel Forms had then debar'd my Tongue;
Free had the Dictates of my Soul explain'd,
Nor by the Phantom, Glory, been reſtrain'd:
The ungrateful Youth, the Author of my Pain,
Would then be ſhunn'd by every tender Swain;
While each kind Maid would take me to her Breaſt,
And huſh my Sorrows with her Songs to reſt.
Now, doubly wretched, mock'd with Pomp and State,
By ſo much more unhappy as I'm great:
While my Deſpair I from the Croud conceal,
With added Force I all its Tortures feel:
Death only can my Peace of Mind procure,
For hopeleſs Love admits no other Cure.

'Tis impoſſible to tell you the Diſorder I felt at reading theſe Lines, tho' I could not at that time account with Reaſon for it—— the gay Humour of that Lady with whom *Aurelia* liv'd, and her own Quality and Accompliſhments, drew a great Number of the young Courtiers daily to their Houſe; but I knew of none who had declar'd a Paſſion for her: beſides, the Opinion which all the world had of her Beauty, and the general Admiration which was paid her, kept me from believing, that if ſhe had given hints of a Kindneſs for any one, that there was any danger of meeting a Repulſe: I could not therefore apply thoſe Verſes to her, and yet

I could not keep myſelf from being uneaſy at them; and I may truly ſay, that the firſt moment of my ſeeing them, was the laſt of my Tranquillity.

The Gardens, in which this Adventure had unluckily befallen me, terminated in a Wood of Cypreſs-Trees and Myrtles; thither did my ill Stars conduct me; I deſign'd to paſs ſome little time in Contemplation, which a Solitude ſuch as that was proper to indulge: but ſcarce had I ſet my foot in it, when I heard Perſons talking; ſtopping a moment, I preſently diſcover'd the well-known Accents of *Aurelia*'s Voice——Judge if it were poſſible for me at that Juncture to over-rule the Dictates of jealous Curioſity—I had not the power to withdraw one ſtep from the Place I was in; but liſt'ning attentively, heard *Aurelia* make this reply to ſomething her Companion had ſaid to her: Thoſe, *ſaid ſhe*, who place ſuch Power in Vertue, neither know the Effects of that, nor of Love; Virtue may curb the Paſſions, but cannot extinguiſh them———it kept me from revealing the Tenderneſs I feel, but is infinitely too weak to remove it from my Breaſt———it hinders me from reſenting, in the manner my Pride would inſtigate, the Indifference with which I am treated by the dear Ingrate, but cannot prevent me from revenging on myſelf in bitter Agonies of Mind the Folly of my hopeleſs Flame.

O Gods! *purſued* Hortenſius, how is it poſſible for me to deſcribe the mingled Grief and Aſtoniſhment I was in, at Sounds ſo ſtabbing to my Soul; but certainly the Pangs

which

which at that dreadful Inſtant invaded my whole Frame, were ſuch as never any Mortal but myſelf ſuſtain'd with Life——yet did I endure them without being guilty of any Extravagance which might have betray'd me to a Diſcovery —— cloſe in my ſtruggling Breaſt I ſtifled the riſing Anguiſh, nor gave one Sigh the liberty to eſcape me, till the whole fatal Myſtery was unravell'd, which in a little time it was in this manner: The Perſon to whom *Aurelia* had been talking, was *Helvidia*, the Neice of *Mecenas*, as I preſently after diſtinguiſh'd by her Voice: Is it poſſible, *that young Beauty anſwering her*, that a Woman of your fine Senſe can be charm'd with the outward Perfections of any Man? *Cepion*, I muſt confeſs, is amiable enough, but I thought that Love was a Paſſion which firſt gain'd entrance at the Ears; we ſhould firſt, methinks, be lov'd before we love; Gratitude ſhould begin what Inclination ſhould conclude——I might conſider a Man as an agreeable Companion, nay, might admire thoſe things in him which ſeem'd worthy of it, but ſhould never have a thought of loving him, till his Addreſſes and Aſſiduity engaged me to it. Alas! *reſum'd* Aurelia, how little are you acquainted with the reſiſtleſs Power of Love! at firſt he ſteals by unperceiv'd degrees into our Hearts, makes every Faculty ſubſervient to his Will, then reigns a very Tyrant there——I did no more than what you ſay by *Cepion*; long did I gaze with wonder on his Charms, nor once ſuſpected the dangerous Race I run, and that the ſweet Infection was every Hour

increasing. The Maxims you just now laid down serv'd to encourage the growing Evil; for, not suspecting I could love, where Love was never proffer'd, I gave way to the Temptation, and became quite lost in the destructive Passion, before I knew that I had entertain'd it——Think, my dear *Ovid!* you who are so well acquainted with the Force of that almighty Passion which rules my trembling Heart, think what I endur'd in this Discovery——I was no longer able to contain myself, but in the utmost Agony of Soul tearing my Hair and Face, I burst out into this Exclamation: Oh Heavens! *cry'd I*, is it possible that *Aurelia* should ever speak such words, or that *Hortensius* can live after having heard them! The Emphasis with which I utter'd this, brought the Ladies from the Place where they had been sitting: I leave you to judge the Confusion *Aurelia* was in, but her usual Haughtiness getting the better of her other Passions; Imprudent, and too curious Man! *said she to me, in a great Rage*, you have pry'd into a Secret, the knowledge of which shall cost you dear, at least if *Aurelia* has the power to punish your Indiscretion——In speaking this, she took *Helvidia* by the Arm, and walk'd some Paces from me; but then, as if she had forgot something, she turn'd back, and with a Voice and Eyes which express'd the utmost Indignation, Come no more to my Apartment, *cry'd she*, and if you would not render yourself more hateful to me than you already are, every where take care to shun my Presence, nor dare to hope the pleasure of making me a se-

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cond time bluſh at the Folly you have diſcovered in me. It was in vain for me to attempt to ſay any thing to mitigate the Fury ſhe was in, and without permitting me to utter one Syllable, ſhe flung away, leaving me in a Condition ſo truly deplorable, as none but thoſe involv'd in the ſame fatal Labyrinth of Misfortunes can conceive. I had ſcarce recover'd myſelf from the firſt Emotions of my Surprize and Grief, and had thrown myſelf on the Ground to indulge them, when *Cepion* approach'd me, and with the freedom which a long Intimacy authorizes, What does *Hortenſius* here, *ſaid he*, in this melancholy Poſture? are you in diſgrace with your Miſtreſs? or do you only counterfeit a Chagrin, to prevent the Envy of your leſs fortunate Acquaintance? The ſight of a Man, who ſince the knowledge that he was my Rival, was become odious, and the words he ſpoke, which I could look on as no other than an Inſult, put me beyond all Patience: I had once or twice my Hand on my Sword, with an intention to revenge myſelf; but the Conſideration of *Aurelia*, and the Fears that her Reputation might ſuffer in our Quarrel, prevented me; and I contented myſelf with ſaying, You do well, *Cepion*, to railly the Perſon you have injur'd; there would be ſomething wanting to your Happineſs, if, after you had robb'd me of *Aurelia*'s Heart, you had not alſo the pleaſure of inſulting my Misfortune. What means *Hortenſius*, *reply'd he gravely*; I rob you of *Aurelia*! Yes, *interrupted I fiercely*, you are the happy Man who has it in his power to railly the deſpis'd

Hor-

Hortenſius——you alone boaſt the Secret to pleaſe the nice *Aurelia*: But, *continu'd I ſpitefully*, the Conqueſt is too eaſy to be much gloried in. The Conqueſt, *anſwer'd he, with a cool Air*, is glorious enough to thoſe deſirous of it; and, doubtleſs, if what you ſay were true, I ſhould have many to envy my acquiring it: *Aurelia* has Charms for all that behold her, but I am unworthy the Impreſſions ſhe is capable of making——he that would deſerve that beautiful Lady, muſt have a Heart all devoted to her; he muſt have no other Object of his Affection and Deſires, and ſeveral other Qualifications which ſuit not with my roving Temper——Love is a Paſſion which I look on as the Foil of a brave Man's Honour; and the moſt angelick Face that Nature ever framed, would fail of taking up my Thoughts any farther than in a leiſure Hour for Amuſement. You feign an Inſenſibility, *ſaid I*, which I am not credulous enough to believe; the Complaints which *Aurelia* makes of your Ingratitude, are owing more to her Exceſs of Paſſion, than your Indifference——I know it is impoſſible to be belov'd by her, without returning it; and if you deſerve the Reproaches ſhe lays on you on that ſcore, 'tis only in not openly avowing an Inclination (which you cannot help feeling) in the face of the world, even tho' you had a thouſand Rivals more formidable than *Hortenſius*. Indeed, *anſwer'd* Cepion, if I were poſſeſs'd of ſuch a one, I think it wo ul not be in the power of any Man to oblige me to deny it; but, *continued he ſmiling*, if I did not know that it is one of the Proofs of Love

to

to act in an irregular manner, I ſhould be very much amazed at your Proceeding: You take as much pains to convince me I am belov'd by your Miſtreſs, as you ſhould do to perſuade me to the contrary, if there were really any danger of my Rivalſhip.

Theſe words made me look back with ſhame on the indiſcreet Part I had acted, and think indeed that I had behaved like a Man who had little uſe of his Reaſon: the vexation I was in, depriv'd me of the power of making any reply to what he ſaid, and pretending that I had buſineſs with *Paulus Emilius*, who happen'd that moment to paſs through that Alley of the Wood where *Cepion* and I were talking, I withdrew from him abruptly, and, very much out of humour with *Aurelia*, with *Cepion*, and with myſelf, went home.

I had forgot to tell you, that tho' I always hated to apply myſelf for any thing to Favourites, as Courtiers ordinarily do, yet I conſtantly had made my court to *Agrippa*; I obſerv'd in him a Diſpoſition and Behaviour very different from that which is common in thoſe who have the Emperor's ear, and thought it my duty to do all I could to teſtify how much I honour'd him: he was pleas'd to accept of my Devoirs, and I am very well aſſured he accounted me among the number of his Friends, and I receiv'd at this time a convincing Proof of it: I was, as I already related, at home, alone, and plung'd in the extremeſt melancholy that could be, when one came to me, and told me the Emperor wanted to ſpeak with me. The Commands of

Cæſar,

Cæsar, you know, admit of no delay, and I was obliged to throw off my Discontent as much as possible, to wait on him. He receiv'd me in his Closet, and after he had said a great many handsome things on my Birth and Kindred, and the number of great Men which had descended from our Race; I consider, *added he*, that Fortune has treated you, as she ordinarily does People of a distinguish'd Merit; she thinks you so rich in yourself, that she need not bestow any thing upon you———there are several Families in *Rome* much inferior to yours, who have rais'd themselves either by their Money or Cabals, to the highest pitch of Grandeur: it is therefore my Duty, as a good Prince, to do something to remedy this Injustice——— the *Prætor* who govern'd *Egypt* is lately dead, that Government shall be yours from this moment, as an Earnest of what I intend to do for you for the future. I was just going to throw myself at his feet, to thank him for so unexpected a Favour, when he prevented me, by saying, Hold, *Hortensius!* this is not the only, nor perhaps the most valuable Present in your esteem that I shall now make you———I am indeed accountable for my Actions to none but the Gods, but Princes who chuse to rule rather by Love than Fear, endeavour to satisfy even the meanest of their Subjects: I believe there are none of my Courtiers more deserving of this Employment which I am about to bestow on you, than yourself; but few there are who judge with that Justice they ought to do; and most Men are of that greedy Nature, that they think

think whatever is given to another, is a Robbery from them——I will therefore endeavour to put a ſtop to any Murmurs which may be made, by colouring this Gift with the Kindneſs which I owe to Kindred; *Aurelia* is Niece to the Mother of the great *Julius*, I am therefore obliged to take the care of beſtowing her on myſelf; I think I cannot diſcharge it better than to give her to you in Marriage: thus will you become of my Alliance, and none will dare to wonder, that I wiſh to make you great——*Aurelia*, therefore, and the Government of *Egypt*, is yours ——thank *Agrippa* both for the one and the other, ſince it is he who reminded me what the *Hortenſes* formerly were, and what alſo is owing to your perſonal Merit.

Think what a ſurprize this Propoſition put me into; had it been made but a few Hours before, I ſhould have eſteemed myſelf the moſt bleſt of all Mankind: but as I now was too well acquainted with *Aurelia*'s Inclinations, and lov'd her with a Paſſion too nice, too delicate, to ſuffer me to taſte a Happineſs in that which muſt be the contrary to her, I was almoſt diſtracted in what manner I ſhould reply—I fell on my Knees, however, and return'd my thanks to the Emperor in Terms as expreſſive and ſuitable to the Obligations he conferr'd on me, as my Confuſion would permit; but when he again repeated his Grant, I told him that I knew not how far *Aurelia* would condeſcend to approve the Favours he beſtow'd on me, and that tho' I look'd on the Poſſeſſion of that amiable Lady, as the ſupremeſt Bleſſing

Heaven could beſtow on its moſt darling Favourite, yet ſhould I be far from preſuming on the Indulgence of my Emperor ſo much, as to conſent he ſhould go about to force the Inclinations of a Perſon ſo nearly ally'd to him by Blood. The manner in which I ſpoke this, ſufficiently teſtify'd, that I made not this objection either out of diſlike to *Aurelia*, or contempt of the Favours which *Auguſtus* ſeem'd willing to beſtow on me; and, far from being diſpleas'd at it, he commended my Humility and Prudence, but bid me take no care what *Aurelia* ſhould think of the Choice he had made for her, for he would undertake to obtain her Conſent; and for that purpoſe went immediately to the Empreſs's Chamber. —— As I was coming out of the Emperor's Cloſet, I met *Cepion*: Well, *ſaid he*, do you ſtill look on me as your Rival? You are now, I am told, going to be eas'd of all your Fears in the entire Poſſeſſion of your ador'd *Aurelia*: and had not our Conference to-day been broken off by your abrupt Departure, I could then have told you what you are now aſſured of by the Emperor himſelf: and as little as you imagine me your Friend, may boaſt, that you are partly indebted to me for the Happineſs you are about to enjoy——I was laſt Night at *Agrippa*'s, who inform'd me what the Emperor deſign'd to do for you as to the Government of *Egypt*; but I made him acquainted with your Paſſion for *Aurelia*, and that if he wiſh'd to ſee you compleatly bleſt, he muſt alſo gratify your *Love* as well as your *Ambition*——this has he communicated to *Cæſar*, the Succeſs you

you know. Judge then if ſuch a Propoſal could be made by any one who pretended a Right in *Aurelia*'s Affections? All that you have done, *anſwer'd I*, or all that the Emperor has been ſo good to promiſe, does not hinder you from being my Rival, nor any way contribute to my Happineſs; *Aurelia* herſelf has the ſole power of beſtowing it on me; and ſince I cannot marry her with her Inclinations, never will conſent to force them: your more prevailing Merit deprives me of that Hope, and you are ſtill my Rival, tho' what you have done convinces me you deſire not to be ſo.

You are not in your right Senſes, certainly, *reſum'd he*, or you would not thus forego your Happineſs for a Chimæra, which I know not how gain'd entrance in your Imagination. ——Tho' I ſecretly pride myſelf in the little regard I pay to Women, I would not willingly paſs among them for an Inſenſible; and if you continue in this wild Notion of *Aurelia*'s having an inclination for me, and communicate it to any one, I ſhall be accounted the moſt ſtupid Creature living, for taking no greater advantages of the Favour! I beſeech you therefore, in juſtice to that Lady's Reputation of Diſcretion, and that which I would willingly acquire of Tenderneſs, as well as for your own Soul's Peace, baniſh this cauſeleſs Jealouſy, and be aſſur'd, no Man in *Cæſar*'s Court will ſee your Nuptials with leſs Envy, and more ſincere good Wiſhes for your Proſperity, than this *Cepion*, whom you have ſo much ſuſpected.

I was prevented from the Neceſſity of making any reply to theſe words, by a great number of my Acquaintance, who hearing I was in the Palace, came crowding about me, to congratulate me. The Emperor had talk'd publickly that Day at Table of the Charge he intended for me, and of my Marriage with *Aurelia*, and every body believ'd them as things concluded on: But I leave you to judge the Confuſion I was in at the receiving Compliments for the Shadow of a Bleſſing, the Reality of which I knew was far from me. But, alas! the Secret of my Misfortune was known only to myſelf, and the cold and indifferent manner in which I ſeem'd to reliſh theſe Favours, ſurpriz'd the whole World——Some People I met with, who, by way of Advice, told me I was not thankful enough to Heaven for the Bleſſings it was about to beſtow on me.——I was, all the time I ſtay'd at Court, expos'd to theſe kind of Perſecutions; and as I was going to retire from them, a Slave of *Aurelia*'s came to tell me that Lady deſir'd to ſpeak with me. I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at this Summons, ſhe having ſo lately charg'd me to appear no more before her, but delay'd not a moment my Obedience to it.——As ſoon as I approach'd her, You have done, *ſaid ſhe*, the moſt generous Action that ever was perform'd by Man; and I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of Women, if I did not acknowledge it by all the Retributions in my power——Had you a thouſand times hazarded your Life in my Service, you could not have given me ſo ſincere a Proof of your Affection as you have done

done this Day——Had you accepted the Offer *Cæſar* made you, how wretched muſt I have been!——but in generouſly giving up that Power he gave you over my Heart, you have left me time to reflect what is beſt for me to do—Alas! I know too well what 'tis I ought to do in requital of ſuch a diſintereſted Paſſion, and even curſe myſelf for the Ingratitude I am guilty of——Help me to overcome the Infatuation I labour under! Retrieve my Soul from the Chains of that too lovely Inſenſible!——Deſpiſe me not for that which is not the Effect of my Will, but my too ſevere Stars!——Continue to love me, and to give me Teſtimonies of it!——Who knows what Changes a little time may bring forth?—Reaſon may once more reſume her Empire o'er my Mind, and I at laſt be happy in being Your's. The Agony with which ſhe pronounced theſe words, left me no room to doubt but they were ſincere; and I could not help pitying the Paſſion ſhe had for *Cepion*, even tho' it was the Ruin of my own Hopes.——I conſider'd her as wretched as myſelf, and could almoſt have wiſh'd he had return'd her Tenderneſs: So entirely free from any ſelfiſh Views is true Affection! I could anſwer to what ſhe ſaid only by my Looks and Sighs; but they, indeed, ſerv'd to expreſs what paſs'd within my Boſom much better than any Words could do.——Nothing ever was more touching than this Interview; there was the moſt tender Concern, to all appearance, in her Behaviour, and the moſt real one in mine.——At length we agreed, that I ſhould neither wholly refuſe, nor receive

ceive the Offers of the Emperor; but that by my evading what he propos'd, ſhe ſhould have time for an Endeavour to conſent to what ſhe call'd her Duty. I aſſur'd her with the moſt faithful and unſuſpecting Heart, that I would do ſo; and we parted, tho' not as Lovers, yet as Perſons who thought each other the moſt worthy of regard.

Determin'd to make good my Promiſe, I went from her to *Agrippa*, deſiring him by all the Friendſhip he had for me, to prevail on the Emperor to give the Government he deſign'd for me to ſome Perſon more worthy of his Favour; for that I thought myſelf incapable of managing ſo great a Truſt, in the manner that would be expected from me. Never did I ſee a Man more ſurpriz'd than was *Agrippa* at theſe words; not all his Wiſdom, and perfect Knowledge of Men and Things, could enable him to gueſs the Meaning of ſo ſtrange a Requeſt. You do not know ſure what you are ſaying, *reply'd he*, the Government of *Egypt* is the beſt in the Emperor's Gift; it is ſought after by all the Courtiers of *Rome*: and as for your Inability of filling it up in a faſhion becoming of the Poſt, we all know that *Hortenſius* wrongs himſelf by ſuch a hidden Character. From what hidden Cauſe then can theſe Excuſes proceed? Ambition, and the Love of Power, is incident to all Men of your Age, who know the Advantages of Greatneſs——— But if dull and taſteleſs this way, which I never can believe, are you inſenſible of Beauty alſo?———Have you forgot that the Government

vernment of *Egypt* entitles you to the moſt lovely and vertuous Lady of the Empire? and who, by her own Accompliſhments, and near Alliance to *Cæſar*, is the Deſire of all the neighbouring Princes? *Aurelia*, *ſaid I*, can never be for me——but, without debating whether I am in the wrong or not, I beg, my Lord, that as your Goodneſs was the Occaſion of this obliging Notice from *Cæſar*, that the ſame favourable Diſpoſition toward me, may find ſome Excuſe to oblige him to withdraw it. Diſcontented as he was at my Behaviour, he promis'd to do as I would have him; telling me at the ſame time, that he would never endeavour to confer a Favour on any Man againſt his Will.

I very well ſaw that I had greatly diſobliged the beſt of Friends: But to what Extremes will not Love tranſport the Heart! I was highly ſatisfy'd in being the Author of my own Ruin, ſince by it I procur'd Peace to her who was a thouſand times dearer to me, than any Conſiderations of myſelf could be.

As I was coming out of the Palace of *Agrippa*, I met News which was agreeable enough to me at this time; it was, that the *Prætor* who commanded in *Egypt* was not really dead, but that labouring under a long Fit of Sickneſs, in which he was given over by his Phyſicians, had occaſion'd that Report. This ſav'd *Agrippa* the trouble of making any excuſe for my refuſing to accept that Commiſſion, and gave *Aurelia* time for an Endeavour of conquering that Inclination, ſo prejudicial to my Hopes, and her own Repoſe.

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Believing all ſhe had told me as the moſt ſacred Truth, I omitting nothing which could convince her of my conſtant Zeal to ſerve her; and indeed *Cepion* himſelf, by his Behaviour, ſeem'd to aid my Wiſhes: he often ſaid ſuch things before *Aurelia* concerning the Weakneſs of Women who lov'd without hope of a Return, as perſuaded me ſhe would in a little time be brought to hate this ingrateful Triumpher. Thanks to the Gods! *cry'd he one Day, ſpeaking of* Mark Antony *and* Cleopatra, that I am not of a Diſpoſition which can render me liable to be expos'd in ſuch a manner to Poſterity———I can admire the Beauties of a fine Woman, without any Diſturbance to my own Repoſe, and could forſake the lovelieſt, fondeſt, moſt engaging of her Sex, when I found a Correſpondence with her prejudicial to my Intereſt, or my Glory———the Ladies are pretty well convinced of this Truth, and take no pains to engage me, which indeed is very happy for us both; the Perſecution of an undeſired Affection would be troubleſome to me, and the manner in which I ſhould receive it, a mortal Diſappointment to them. One would think, that by continually talking in this manner before *Aurelia*, who, if by no other way than from my Jealouſy, he was convinced lov'd him, he did it on purpoſe to affront her; it ſeem'd ſo to me at that time, before a dreadful Diſcovery happen'd to convince me he had other Reaſons for it.

But to go on with the Hiſtory of my Misfortune gradually; this manner of proceeding appear'd to have effected all I wiſh'd: I

am beginning; *ſaid* Aurelia *to me one Day*, to deſpiſe the Vanity of *Cepion* as much as ever I admir'd his Perſon———Did ever any Man behave in that vain-glorious manner? ——His Inſolency to our Sex deſerves nothing but our utmoſt Contempt.———Oh! *Hortenſius*, *continu'd ſhe*, *with the moſt ſeeming Sincerity*, had I no other Obligations to you, than opening my Eyes to ſee the Follies of this ſelf-ſufficient, this audacious Man, that of itſelf would merit more than my utmoſt Regard, and I ſhould die indebted to you—You have redeem'd my Glory and my Peace, and it will be the future Eſtabliſhment of them both to make you happy.

It was with the utmoſt Tranſport I heard theſe words; but finding ſhe could ſtill talk of nothing but *Cepion*, Ah Madam! *ſaid I*, to wean yourſelf entirely from this deſtructive Paſſion, you ſhould talk of him as little as poſſible———though you now mention only his Faults, yet the Concern with which you think of thoſe Faults, denotes there is yet a ſtock of Tenderneſs in your Soul, which, on his leaſt Repentance, would riſe, to the Ruin of *Hortenſius*. Think not ſo meanly, *anſwer'd ſhe*, either of my Gratitude or Reſolution——I do not however blame your Jealouſy, but bluſh I ever gave you cauſe for it; and 'tis to retrieve the Irregularities in my paſt Conduct, that I ſhall be doubly cautious for the future.

I began now to think my Condition rather to be envy'd than pitied; *Aurelia* behav'd for ſome Days both to *Cepion* and myſelf in ſuch a manner, as made me believe ſhe was en-

tirely cur'd of her Paſſion for him; and that if ſhe had not entertain'd thoſe Emotions for me, which might properly be call'd Love, yet it was a Friendſhip which very much reſembled it. But, alas! this Dawn of Joy was immediately o'erclouded, and thoſe ſpringing Hopes which were then juſt beginning to flouriſh in my Soul, ſerv'd only to make me more accurſt, when the cold Blaſts of ſudden Deſpair nipp'd all their growing Buds, and turn'd 'em all into a Wild of Deſolation.

When I thought *Aurelia* had entirely vanquiſh'd her Affection, a ſudden Caprice in her Temper changed her Behaviour to him; and, without vouchſafing to give me any Reaſon for it, ſhe ſcarce ever ſuffer'd him from her Apartment; whole Evenings has he been ſhut up with her and the Neice of *Mecenas*, when I have been deny'd Acceſs——— I complain'd to her of it, but ſhe never gave me any other Anſwer to it, than that ſhe was the ſole Miſtreſs of her own Actions, and took it ill to be examin'd. Judge, my dear *Ovid*, what I could think of ſo ſtrange an Alteration! The Diſpoſition of *Cepion* too ſeem'd wholly the Reverſe of what it was; he no longer affected the Character of Inſenſibility, he became the moſt complaiſant Man about the Court to all the Ladies, but to *Aurelia* in particular he paid an extraordinary Homage: In fine, there was nothing in the Behaviour of either of them, but what ſerv'd to convince me that I was undone; that *Cepion* had at laſt been ſenſible of her Charms, and that

ſhe

ſhe thought his late Addreſſes of more value than my long Services. Diſtracted with my Deſpair, and ſtung with the moſt poynant Griefs, I form'd a Reſolution to leave *Rome*, and go where I might never hear the Names of *Aurelia* or *Cepion* more; yet unable to put it in execution till I was more convinc'd, I obſerv'd all their Motions with the ſtricteſt Eye, and indeed had every day Proofs too ſufficient to leave for doubt, that my moſt dreaded Suſpicions had but too juſt a ground; but one above the reſt ſerv'd to put an end to all the little Efforts which my Tenderneſs for that ungrateful Woman made in her favour.

As I was coming one Night from the Houſe of *Paulus Æmilius*, which you know ſtands in a pretty unfrequented Place, I thought I ſaw, by Moonlight, a Slave belonging to *Aurelia* croſs the Corner of a Walk before me; I ſtop'd to ſee which way he went, and preſently perceiv'd a Man, who had been walking among the Trees, come haſtily towards him; and, after ſome words, which I could not diſtinguiſh, they went together the Path which leads to the Back-Door of *Mecenas*'s Gardens: There I ſaw them enter, and the ſpeed they made, not giving them leave to obſerve any body had follow'd, I ſlipt ſoftly after them; that part you know being very dark even in Day-time, by the thickneſs of the Trees, it was impoſſible for me to be diſcover'd: We were ſcarce within the Walk, when I heard *Cepion*'s Voice, for it was no other whom the Slave conducted. My dear Friend, *ſaid he*, how much am I obliged to your Fidelity and

Zeal! beſides the Liberty which *Aurelia* has promis'd to give you, there is nothing in my power which you ſhall not readily command. They kept on walking pretty haſtily, till they came to the end of the Alley; and then, Are you ſure, *ſaid he to the Slave*, that you remember where you left her? Yes, my Lord, *anſwer'd he*, ſhe waits for you in the Room at the end of the great Terraſs, which is border'd with the fine yellow Flowers lately brought from *Spain*. I ſtopp'd at hearing theſe words, for fear of being betray'd by the Moon, being now come into a Place where her Beams had full room to diſplay their Luſtre; and as ſoon as I thought they might be entred, went to the Place where the Slave directed, and which I knew full well. Could Grief have kill'd any one, I had not ſure outliv'd this dreadful Rencounter: I got unperceiv'd to the gilded Wicket which ſhuts in this pleaſant Bower, and liſt'ned attentively to what thoſe within it ſaid. But Oh! excuſe me, if I forbear to tell you what I heard, or the Condition into which it threw me, my Indignation now riſes at the curs'd Remembrance—I was reſolv'd to interrupt theſe Lovers, and had certainly bathed my Hands in the Blood of my too happy Rival, had not my Sword in drawing out entangled itſelf among the Leaves, which, in my diſengaging myſelf from, made a ruſtling noiſe, which gave thoſe I had intended to ſurprize notice that ſomebody was near: *Cepion* jump'd from a Window down into the Road, whence it was impoſſible for me to follow him, from where

I was——In the ſudden Emotions of my Rage, I attempted it however, and ran immediately to that ſide of the Garden where the Wall is, thinking to get over it, and purſue him; but finding no part low enough to make ſuch an Attempt practicable, I gave it over, and return'd to the *Terraſs*, but I found the Lady was in this time got away, and eſcaped my Reproaches. I went to her Apartment, reſolving not to be deny'd Admittance on any Excuſe whatever, being ready almoſt to burſt with ſtifled Jealouſy and diſappointed Rage; but I was inform'd, not only by her Women and Pages, but alſo by all the Houſe, that ſhe was gone ſome time to *Helvidia*'s, where ſhe deſign'd to ſtay all night.

You, Oh *Ovid!* who are Maſter of the Art of Love, may eaſily conceive what it is impoſſible for me to expreſs: As I have told you the Circumſtances, you will not be ſurpriz'd to hear that Reaſon left me——that there was nothing in my Thoughts but Fury and Deſpair——that I form'd a thouſand wild and direful Reſolutions——that Hell, or ſomething more terrible than we believe even of that, was in my Boſom.——I went not to Bed all Night, and in the Morning *Agrippa*, who did me the honour of a Viſit, found me in Agonies ſuch as thoſe which in the Hour of Death ſeize on the guilty Soul——the Sight of him augmented my Diſorders, by reminding me of the Folly of my miſtaſten Fondneſs, which had influenced me to talk to him after the manner I had lately done, for the

ſake

ſake of ſo ungrateful, ſo perfidious a Woman: Concealing however as much as was poſſible what 'twas I felt, and pretending it was only to ſome Diſtemper of the Body, that the unuſual Paleneſs of my Countenance was owing, I receiv'd him with as much Compoſure as I could: I know not, *ſaid he*, which way any longer to oppoſe the Emperor's Pleaſure; our *Prætor* is now really dead, and laſt Night *Aurelia* gave him to underſtand by *Terentia*, that ſhe is willing to comply with his Deſires concerning you. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you how much I was amaz'd at the latter part of this Information: Does *Aurelia* conſent to marry me, my Lord? *cry'd I.* Yes, *reply'd he*, and expreſſes as much Impatience for this Union, as Decency and the Modeſty of her Sex will admit of. I hope, therefore, you are by this time cured of that Caprice which made you an Enemy to your own Happineſs. No, my Lord, *reſum'd I, very gravely*, *Aurelia* never can be the Wife of *Hortenſius*, nor will I ever thank her for the Condeſcenſion ſhe has made—— Some Infatuation doubtleſs has poſſeſs'd you, *interrupted he, with a mixture of Surprize and Anger*———What is there to be wiſh'd for, or admir'd in Womankind, which *Aurelia* poſſeſſes not?—Has ſhe not Youth, Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and Birth?—Beſide, the Emperor gives her to you with his own Hand, and in Dowry with her the beſt Employment in the Empire; and you cannot, without incurring his moſt ſevere Diſpleaſure, refuſe the Favours he confers on you. I have nothing to object, *anſwer'd I, with a Toue more peeviſh than became*

me,

me, againſt the Merits of *Aurelia*, nor ſhall I ever think of the Goodneſs of *Cæſar* but with the utmoſt Gratitude———but there are Reaſons of more force than Intereſt, or even of Love, which render me uncapable of profiting by the Inclination he ſeems to have to make me happy———I cannot without an Offence to Honour receive———Here was I juſt about to repeat the ſhameful Secret I had the Night before diſcover'd of the Levity of *Aurelia*; but as I was beginning to repeat the words, an unſeaſonable Tenderneſs for that ungrateful Woman ſtopp'd the flying Breath, and turn'd it into Sighs. It was in vain that the generous *Agrippa* bad me ſpeak all my thoughts without reſerve, I choſe rather to accuſe myſelf than her, and only telling him that I knew not what I was about to ſay———and that I had been thinking of ſome other thing, made him in good earneſt believe me to be mad. I am ſorry, *ſaid he*, that it was my Fortune to recommend you to the Emperor, as a Perſon worthy of ſuch ſignal Obligations; but ſince I have, muſt leave it to yourſelf to make your own Excuſe to him for acting in a manner, as if you thought nothing in his power worthy your Acceptance: for my part, I will concern myſelf no farther in the Affair.

I will tell him, *anſwer'd I*, that Love ſhould be reciprocal, and that I have a natural Averſion to Marriage, and to Womankind. You may act hereafter, *reſum'd he coldly*, in every thing as you pleaſe——I ſhall not preſume to interfere in the Affairs of a Man who dares affront a Lady ſo nearly ally'd to

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Cæsar—but I would not have you, after this Proceeding is known, expect the Friendship of any whose Good-will to you was occasion'd by an Opinion of your Wisdom or Virtue. He flung from me with these words, giving me no opportunity of a farther Conversation.

The Affair was immediately blaz'd about the Court, all my Friends reprimanded me in much the same manner as *Agrippa* had done; and I could see a malicious pleasure in the Faces of those whom I knew to be my Enemies. Being undetermin'd in what manner to palliate my Refusal of his Favours, I shunn'd the Presence of the Emperor all that Day, and the next receiv'd a Letter from *Aurelia*, in which she reproach'd my Caprice, as she call'd it, in Terms such as had like to have made me forfeit all the Respect I had for her, and related the Reasons I had for avoiding a Woman so perfidious. I sent her no other Answer, than that I would never see her more, if possible, and that nothing could be a greater Concern to me, than that there was a Man of her Humour in the World. This Story being told the Emperor by halves, and in the worst light, he became extremely incens'd against me, and order'd his Guards to seize and conduct me out of his Dominions, with an express Command never to enter them again, on forfeit of my Life.

Behold the whole Reasons which drew on me my Misfortune, and occasion'd the world to look on me as indifferent, and insensible of

of Beauty's Power——but, my dear *Ovid!* how muſt I bluſh to own my Weakneſs —— in ſpite of all I have ſuffer'd, in ſpite of the known Levity, Ingratitude, and Perfidiouſneſs of *Aurelia*, ſtill does my Heart confeſs her Charms, refuſes to forget her Beauty, and thoſe tranſporting Softneſſes the Opinion of her Virtues once inſpir'd me with——— I hate, yet love her ſtill——How wretched therefore is my State! My Soul, divided between the Extremes of both, permits me not a moment's peace——To add to my Misfortunes, the Man whom to avoid I would fly to the extremeſt Verge of Earth, nay leap the Precipice to ſhun his ſight, comes to torment me here ——— *Cepion*, the deteſted happy *Cepion*, not content to triumph over me in *Rome*, purſues me to *Thalaſſie*——there is on Earth no Aſylum, no Place of Reſt for loſt *Hortenſius:* I muſt now be continually expos'd to the ſight of the only Man I hate, or be obliged to quit this Solitude, which is ſo dear to me, and which I have embelliſh'd ſo much to my own Fancy, that I ſhould leave it with the greateſt regret imaginable.

I know no part of your Story more vexatious than this, *ſaid* Ovid, *perceiving he had left off ſpeaking*, but I am very much amazed to hear of his Arrival——pray how long has he been here? or how are you aſcertain'd of it? He came this Night, *anſwer'd* Hortenſius, and lies at the Houſe of *Lentulus*, which was the Cauſe that he came not back to us——a Servant of mine, who knows him

well, saw them together, and inform'd me of it.

So much of the Night was taken up in the Story of *Hortensius*, that *Ovid* had no opportunity to prosecute the Design which had brought him into the Gallery, and he pass'd the remainder of it in the Chamber of that disconsolate *Roman*, whom all the Arguments he could make use of, had not the power to reconcile to his Fate. Early in the morning they conducted the Ladies home, and at their return found *Lentulus* and *Cepion* with him, waiting to see them. At the first sight of this hated Rival, *Hortensius* finding he could not master his Disorders, and unwilling to break the Rules of Hospitality, flung himself into *Ovid*'s Chamber, they being in a Room which had a Passage to it, and shut the Door after him. *Lentulus*, entirely lov'd *Cepion*, he had acquainted him with some important things relating to his Safety, which was the Reason of his coming to *Thalassie*. He was struck to the Soul at the Behaviour of *Hortensius*, and not being able to dive into the meaning of it, What have we done, *said he to* Ovid, which can occasion this Treatment from *Hortensius? Cepion* can best resolve that Question, *answer'd he*, who doubtless is but too sensible of the Misfortunes he has caus'd to him. I swear, *cry'd* Cepion, *very much amazed*, I am both innocent and ignorant of any Injury offer'd to him——— I came with *Lentulus* to visit him and you, and am highly concern'd my Presence should work Effects so contrary to what I expected. ——He once indeed imagin'd me to be his Rival

Rival in a certain Place, and I thought I had forgot nothing which might convince him of his Error; and he has ſince teſtify'd ſo great an Indifference, or rather Diſlike of the Lady in queſtion, that I cannot impute his Antipathy to me to proceed from that Head. If one was to enquire no farther, *reſum'd* Ovid, one would believe *Hortenſius* greatly in the wrong; but I muſt take the liberty to acquaint you, that I am let into the whole Secret of this Affair, and know you ſet things in a light which makes them appear quite different from what they are in reality——— You are handſome *Cepion*, *continu'd he with a Smile*, and you have improved the Advantages of Nature to the Ruin of *Hortenſius*'s Hopes———He is no Stranger, nor has let me be ſuch to your nocturnal Adventure in the Gardens of *Mecenas*———the private Conference you had with a Lady in the Bower at the end of the Terraſs, is, I think, a ſufficient Reaſon for him to avoid the Preſence of a Man ſo much happier than himſelf. *Cepion* ſeem'd thunderſtruck at theſe Reproaches, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, in token of Amazement, he cry'd out, Good Gods! what do I hear! What, *continu'd he, after a pauſe, and looking ſtedfaſtly on* Ovid, does *Hortenſius* know that Story of the Terraſs? He knows it ſo well, *anſwer'd he*, that he was witneſs of it, and the noiſe he made was the occaſion of your jumping over the Wall———Being, by what he heard, perfectly convinced of your Happineſs, he choſe, rather than diſturb it, to endure all that *Cæſar*'s Diſpleaſure could in-

flict, and generouſly refus'd the proffer'd Hand of one of the fineſt Women in the World, becauſe her Heart had been the Prize of your more prevailing Merit. *Cepion* at theſe words advanced toward the Door where he had ſeen *Hortenſius* go in; Suffer me to diſabuſe, *ſaid he*, this worthy *Roman*, before I make any anſwer to your Railleries ——Hear me, *purſued he, raiſing his Voice high enough to be intelligible to him within*, You have made yourſelf wretched by the moſt unjuſt Suſpicion that ever enter'd in a jealous Mind——*Aurelia* is far from being guilty of what you ſeem to accuſe her; ſhe loves with Tenderneſs the cruel *Hortenſius*, and bore your late Slights and Refuſal of her in a manner which deſerves your Adoration. *Ovid* imagin'd that *Hortenſius* would not be diſpleas'd to hear what *Cepion* had to ſay on this Affair, and therefore join'd with him in entreating he would open the Door, which he at laſt did, tho' with a Sullenneſs which teſtify'd he gave little credit to what *Cepion* had ſaid: He was no ſooner enter'd, than *Ovid* happening to ſtand near a Window, he fancy'd he ſaw a Page of *Roſalina*'s walking backwards and forwards under it; gueſſing that either ſhe was not far off herſelf, or that the Boy came on ſome Errand from her, he had no patience to ſtay for the clearing up of the Buſineſs between *Hortenſius* and *Cepion*; and thinking it enough that *Lentulus* ſhould be preſent at it, he ſtole ſoftly out of the Room, and went directly to the Graſs-plat where he had ſeen the Page, but he came a moment too late, the Perſon he came

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in ſearch of was juſt gone; but imagining that he might overtake him, and learn ſome News of his Miſtreſs, in purſuing him, as he thought, he rambled ſo far, till he came within ſight of her Houſe: being there, he had not the power of returning without making her a Viſit; but not finding her at home, and being told ſhe was gone to take the Air in a Wood near the Sea-ſide, he ran thither, being willing to take the opportunity of entertaining her alone in that unfrequented Place———he wander'd up and down in it a conſiderable time, but not being able to find her, was about to return to learn the Iſſue of that Conference *Cepion* and *Hortenſius* were about to have together when he left them: but he had not gone many Paces before his Ears were ſurprized with the moſt terrible Shrieks he had ever heard in his whole Life; it ſeem'd a Woman's Voice, and to come from that ſide of the Wood which borders on the Sea: He ran thither with all imaginable ſpeed, and perceiv'd a young Lady, beautiful as the riſing Morn, ſtruggling with all her force to get from a Man, whoſe ſuperior Strength with-held her. She juſt got looſe as *Ovid* approach'd the Place, and took her flight through the Thickets with prodigious Swiftneſs: Our *Roman* Adventurer taking her Purſuer by the Arm, cry'd out to him, Whoever you are, who would offer violence to a Perſon of that Sex, which it is the Duty of every Man of Honour to protect; know you have choſe a very improper Place to execute your baſe Deſign: this Iſland is fill'd with Perſons of too much

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Generoſity to ſuffer an Injury to the Fair to go unpuniſh'd.——The Man to whom theſe words were addreſs'd, made no other anſwer to them than a deep Sigh, and immediately fell motionleſs on the Earth; which making *Ovid* more nearly obſerve him, he imagin'd by his Paleneſs, and ſome Marks of Blood on his Clothes, that he had been dangerouſly wounded, and was fallen into a Swoon. Mov'd by Compaſſion, in ſpite of the ill Opinion which what he had ſeen had given him of this Stranger, he ran to the Sea-Side to fetch Water to recover him; but before he could reach half way thither, he ſaw two Men engaged in a moſt terrible Combat, in which one fell dead at the other's feet before *Ovid* could come near enough to interpoſe; he who was the Conqueror appear'd ſo lovely and ſo graceful, that he took him for ſomething more than Human, but he had no opportunity of expreſſing it; for the other no ſooner ſaw his Antagoniſt fall, than he ran into the Wood with a haſte which denoted he had ſomething very extraordinary in view: The Amazement which *Ovid* was in, hinder'd not his pious Intention, he made the beſt of his way to the Shore, where he found a little Bark with one Man in it, who ſeem'd to wait there for ſome Perſons; he ask'd him if he could give him any thing to carry ſome Water in, to a Perſon who was juſt expiring at the entrance of the Wood: but the Fellow was incapable of anſwering, and made ſigns that he was both deaf and dumb; *Ovid* then gave him to underſtand by Motions what it was he requir'd,

quir'd, and the Man pluck'd a Cup out of his Pocket, which having fill'd with Water, he follow'd *Ovid* to the Place. They join'd in their Endeavours to reſtore the wounded Perſon to his Senſes; but what they took but for a Fainting, prov'd a real Death. The dumb Man made a dreadful howling, and expreſs'd the utmoſt Concern when he perceiv'd it; on which *Ovid* pointed to the other whom he had ſeen fall, and leaving him with the Bodies, ran into the Wood, in hope of meeting either the Lady, or that charming Combatant, whoſe ſight had ſo much ſurprized him: He had not gone far before he ſaw them both, but in Poſtures very different from thoſe in which they had appear'd before; that Confuſion, that Affright which had ſat on all the Features of the fair Fugitive, was now exchanged for Looks of Scorn and angry Pride——that noble Fierceneſs, and commanding Aſpect which ſo well became the lovely Stranger, when triumphant over his vanquiſh'd Foe, was now converted to low Submiſſions and a beſeeching Air; with Sighs, with Tears he follow'd the obdurate Charmer, while ſhe, regardleſs of his Grief, flung from him, and, ſeeming fatigued with her late Flight, ſat down at the foot of a Tree; which giving *Ovid* the opportunity of approaching her, Madam, *ſaid he, as he drew near*, whatever Adventure may have brought you here, I beg you will not be alarm'd at any thing; you will find in this Iſland Perſons both able and willing to defend you from any future Inſults, and to conduct you to what Place ſoever

ſoever you ſhall command. I am obliged to your Generoſity, *anſwer'd the Lady*, but I have nothing now to fear; and tho' the Perſecution I now undergo, is more vexatious than that I have been deliver'd from, I do not think I need fling myſelf on the *Romans* for Protection. No, fair *Agarithia*, *reply'd the Stranger*, you need not indeed employ any other Weapons than your Eyes to deſtroy the unhappy *Herrenius*. The Name of *Herrenius* making *Ovid* look ſtedfaſtly on him, he now perceiv'd the Cauſe of that Admiration he had paid him at firſt ſight, and that there was ſomething ſo like *Roſalina* in him, that, but for a little more Sternneſs becoming of his Sex, they ſcarce were to be known aſunder. Are you not, *ſaid he*, a Grandſon of that *Herrenius*, who follow'd *Sertorius* into *Spain*, when oppreſs'd by the Tyranny of *Scylla?* Yes, *reply'd he*. Do you know *Lentulus*, *reſum'd* Ovid, who commanded the Troops in the late War againſt the *Getes?* I have reaſon to know him, ſaid *Herrenius*, *with a deep Sigh*, he had a great ſhare in the firſt Misfortunes of my Life. You are in a Country then, *added* Ovid, where you will find Acquaintance; if you will permit me, I will conduct you to a Houſe where there are Perſons whom you will not be ſorry to ſee. The Stranger made a Bow of thankful Aſſent to this obliging Offer, and *Ovid* intreated the Lady to accompany them, aſſuring her ſhe ſhould meet with ſome of her own Sex, whoſe Converſation would be agreeable to her. She conſented to it, and gave him her hand to conduct

duct her; *Herrenius* would likewiſe have aſſiſted her to walk, but ſhe puſh'd him from her with diſdain——Preſume not to touch me, Traitor, *ſaid ſhe*, I have already granted too much for my Eaſe, or for my Glory; but think not I will ever look on you again, but with that Contempt and Hatred your Perfidiouſneſs deſerves. Cruel *Agarithia! anſwer'd he*, cannot my Tears, and the Blood I have ſhed for you, nor the Hazard of my Life this Day againſt your Enemies, blot out the Memory of one Fault, which alſo was occaſion'd only by a belief you were no more. You ought to have been aſcertain'd of my Death, *reſum'd ſhe fiercely*, before you had entertain'd a ſecond Paſſion; but you were glad of that Pretence, you rejoic'd to be eas'd of the Fear of my Reproaches.——Be witneſs for me, Heaven! *cry'd he, lifting up his Hands and Eyes*, with how much Agony of Soul I lamented that imaginary Woe; and if afterwards I liſtned to the Inſinuations of the firſt Princeſs in the Univerſe, it cannot ſure be thought by any, but the inexorable *Agarithia*, ſo unpardonable a Levity. The Title of the firſt Princeſs in the Univerſe, made *Ovid* turn pale; he thought that Epithet could only belong to the Daughter of *Auguſtus*: He would willingly have clear'd his Doubts, by asking who he meant; but fearing it might be look'd on as a Breach of that Civility he had promis'd, contented himſelf, till Time ſhould reveal the whole Affair.

While *Ovid* was thus engaged in the Wood, he had little apprehenſions of what

was acting againſt him at home; the Page whoſe walking under the Window occaſion'd his coming out, went not towards the Wood, as he imagin'd, but came round to the Fore-door of *Hortenſius*'s Houſe: and happening to be ſeen by *Lentulus*, that jealous Lover immediately ran down to him, and partly by Bribes, and partly by Threatnings, obliged him to relate the Buſineſs which had brought him there; which was no other than a Letter from his Miſtreſs to *Ovid*. He took it from him with the utmoſt impatience, and the ſudden Rage he was in, ſtifling all other Conſiderations, making him break the Seal, he found in it theſe Lines.

YOUR Lover of Thalaſſie *condeſcends to grant you that Interview you ſeem ſo much to deſire——— Come this Evening into the Labyrinth in the middle of the Wood; you cannot forget the Place, becauſe it is the ſame where you once ſo agreeably employ'd your Muſe——— Fail not to be there———every thing ſhall be order'd for your enjoying a ſecret and uninterrupted Converſation with*

Yours.

Neither the Name of *Herrenia* nor *Roſalind* was ſubſcribed to this Letter; but *Lentulus* made no doubt that it was ſhe who wrote it. He very well remember'd the Verſes that he had found there, and had no room to imagine but they were the ſame here mention'd; beſides, ſhe was the Perſon whom

whom he had ſeen there that Day: Every thing in fine ſerv'd to confirm the Suggeſtions of his Jealouſy. A thouſand times he call'd her ungrateful and perfidious, and vow'd the ſevereſt Revenge on *Ovid.*——The ſurprize he was in to find he was that ſecret Rival he had ſo long endeavour'd to diſcover, together with the Rage of diſappointed Love, made him utterly forgetful of every thing which related not to this Affair; and having no patience to return to the Company, retir'd to indulge the various and diſturb'd Ideas which took poſſeſſion of his Soul, leaving *Cepion* and the Lover of *Aurelia* to enjoy one another's Converſation without Controll.

When that long diſcontented Lover found that *Lentulus* and *Ovid* had both quitted the Room, he imagin'd that it was done with deſign, and that *Cepion* having communicated ſomething to *Lentulus*, which was improper for the other to be told, he had retir'd on purpoſe to make *Ovid* do ſo too; and tho' he expected not to hear any thing which could calm the Tempeſt in his Mind, or make him think more favourably of *Aurelia*, yet he reſolv'd to liſten with patience to what his Rival ſeem'd deſirous of delivering. Well, *Cepion*, *ſaid he*, is it to triumph over, or commiſerate the Misfortunes of a Man leſs worthy than yourſelf, that you make me this Viſit; when I know to which of theſe Motives I am indebted for the ſight of you, I ſhall the better know in what manner to return the Favour. Were I as you imagine, *anſwer'd he*, the Lover of *Aurelia*, your

Condition would excite only my Envy: but as that Lady, beautiful as she is, had never any Charms for me, I must indeed pity those unjust Suspicions which have render'd both her and yourself unhappy. Your feign'd Indifference, *resum'd* Hortensius, has been but too much detected for me to give any credit to words like those; and if to receive me a second time into that belief, be the buness of your coming, I must inform you, in justice to my own Discernment, that I am not now to be impos'd on. I do not pretend to it, *said* Cepion, and confess, that when I boasted an Insensibility of Beauty, I was far from speaking the Dictates of my Soul——I have lov'd almost since I was capable of knowing what the Passion meant, and it was doubtless that Prepossession which defended my Heart not only against the Charms of *Aurelia*, but also that Kindness which I acknowledge she once had for me. Hear me therefore with temper, *continued he*, while I relate to you sincerely the Disposition of my Heart, and who it is who alone had ever any influence over it.

Tho' *Hortensius* could not bring him himself to make any reply to those words, yet his Silence, and the attentive Air he put on, making the other believe he expected the Performance of his Promise, he began his History in this manner.

The History of CEPION.

IF those, *said he*, who gave credit to my Pretences, were surprized at the little Susceptibility I expres's'd of Love, I was as much at their want of Penetration: Who could see me with the fair Niece of *Mecenas*, and yet not see that I ador'd her? It was a Flame which I thought would break out in spite of all my Caution to conceal it——— to such a degree of Passion did I love *Helvidia*, that I wonder'd all Men did not the same; and was sometimes ready to think, that when any of my Acquaintance profes's'd a Tenderness for another, it was no more than affected, and put on as a Disguise, for the same Reason as I pretended Insensibility. You are not ignorant that no Person dar'd publickly to avow a Love for that Lady, her Beauty gave an umbrage to *Terentia*, and the influence she has over all the Actions of *Mecenas*, obliged him to a design of putting her among the Vestals. My Niece (*said that great Man, when one of my Friends, without naming me, endeavour'd to sound his Inclinations on that score*) is not design'd for Marriage; and those who would persuade her to it, would not much oblige me in so doing. You very much surprize me, *reply'd the Person to whom he was talking*, most Favourites are pleas'd with making Alliances where-

with

with to ſtrengthen their Intereſt, if by any Accident that they have with the Prince ſhould fail. My Maxims are not like thoſe of ordinary Favourites, *reſum'd he*, I deſire no other Fruits of *Cæſar*'s Good-will, than the bare Pleaſure of flattering myſelf with it: and as I deſire no Advantage by any Alliance, whoever thinks to obtain it by me, will find himſelf miſtaken; and to convince the World of it, I ſhall remove *Helvidia*, who is the only Lady under my Care, among the Veſtals.

This Reſolution of *Mecenas* being publick, none dar'd to profeſs a Paſſion which they knew would not only be fruitleſs, but alſo render them obnoxious to one who had ſo much the power of prejudicing them in other things. The lovely Maid, with all her ſtock of Charms, remain'd unheeded, while *Terentia*, like the Sun of Beauty, attracted the Devoirs of all the World. What Woman, conſcious of ſuperior Merit, can bear to ſee herſelf thus treated? As little Vanity as *Helvidia* has, the aſſuming Power of her Aunt render'd her diſdainful of the Injury, and inſpir'd her with a juſt Contempt for all thoſe who had declar'd a Paſſion for her, and on the Knowledge of the Humour of *Mecenas* had withdrawn it. As I was one day entertaining her with mine, How, *Cepion*, *ſaid ſhe*, do you differ from all the Courtiers of *Auguſtus*'s Court?——Can you continue to love a Woman whom *Terentia* and *Mecenas* will have treated only with Indifference. The Tyranny of *Mecenas*, *anſwer'd I*, may deprive a Lover of all Hopes of obtaining any

any Rewaad of his Paſſion, but can never oblige him who is truly ſo, to change his Inclination——that *Love* is weak, which can ſubſiſt only on *Hope*, but *Cepion* in glorious *Deſpair* will prove himſelf not altogether unworthy of the Impreſſion he has receiv'd—That you are not to be poſſeſs'd, renders you not leſs lovely, tho' your Adorers more unhappy; and I prefer the State of Martyrdom to Apoſtacy. This Declaration, and the firm Perſeverance ſhe perceiv'd in me, had more effect on her than 'tis poſſible the greateſt Services might elſe have had; ſhe not only permitted me to love her, but alſo gave me all the Returns I could deſire, and infinitely more than I expected. But all was managed with the greateſt Secreſy; and, as ſhe told me ſhe could not give me a greater Proof of her Affection, than her forbidding me to make any ſhow of mine, which would have been the way infallibly to have loſt me———*Mecenas* would have been enraged at the publick Diſobedience of his Will; he had the entire diſpoſal of her, and would immediately have forbid her accepting my Viſits. On this I took up the Character of Indifference; and becauſe it was not allow'd me to declare myſelf as I would do to her, I counterfeited a Contempt of all. *Aurelia* was at this time extremely intimate with *Helvidia*, but not enough to be made her Confidant in this Affair, nor any Perſon living; ſhe often ſaid, that to be Miſtreſs of her Secret, ſhe muſt keep it lock'd in her own Breaſt: and as it happen'd, it had indeed been dangerous to have reveal'd it to her;

her; ſhe had at that time entertain'd thoughts of me, which I was far from deſiring to create, or had the leaſt ſuſpicion of——*Helvidia* diſcover'd it, and amaz'd me with the News, but having the opportunity of ſeeing her more frequently at the Apartment of *Aurelia*, than it was convenient for me to do at the Houſe of *Mecenas*, I forbore not my Viſits; and my being there ſo much, 'tis probable, flatter'd her into a belief that I came on her account, and increas'd the growing Kindneſs ſhe had for me: She at laſt condeſcended to reveal it to *Helvidia*; and that Lady told me, that it was with the utmoſt Rendings of Soul that ſhe now began to perceive I took no advantage of the Advances ſhe made me; that ſhe had imagin'd my Indifference had been but feign'd, but that ſhe now no longer doubted the Reality of it, and curs'd herſelf for loving a Man ſo ſtupid and ingrateful. I would have you therefore, *ſaid that charming Woman*, behave to her with ſomething more regard; ſpeak to her with more Softneſs, and let your Eyes wear a Tenderneſs which I would not for the Univerſe your Heart ſhould feel for any other than myſelf. Alas! Madam, *anſwer'd I*, 'tis as much as all the Stock of Diſſimulation I am Maſter of can do, to feign an Inſenſibility of your Charms: How can I then perform the double Task of concealing what I feel for you, and counterfeiting what I am far from being ſenſible of for her? But there is an abſolute Neceſſity for it, *reſum'd ſhe*, we have occaſion for her Lodgings, we here

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can ſee each other with more ſecurity and freedom than in any other Place; and to that exceſs is now her Love and Rage arriv'd, that ſhe will certainly baniſh you her Preſence, and by that means we ſhall be depriv'd of the Bleſſing we now enjoy. It was in vain I repreſented to her how unworthy of a Man of Honour it was to deceive a Lady in this manner; ſhe would take no denial, and, in obedience to her, I was compell'd to treat *Aurelia* with more Complaiſance. In a few days after I had began to alter my Behaviour, the Emperor went to *Tuſculum*; and as *Mecenas* and *Terentia* always attended him, *Helvidia* was obliged to go there too. During the Time of his Abſence, I never waited on *Aurelia* once; had I been poſſeſſed of a leſs violent Paſſion for *Helvidia*, I might perhaps have affected one for the other with leſs difficulty: but when the Heart is once truly engaged, all the Faculties are too much taken up to admit Hypocriſy. When the real Object of my Deſires was preſent, it was but directing what I thought of her to another Perſon; but in her Abſence the Inſpiration was wanting, I could neither ſpeak nor look like one that lov'd or like'd; and the very thoughts that 'twas expected from me, would have render'd me leſs capable. I could not for that reaſon prevail with myſelf to go either to her Apartment, or to any other Place where there was a probability of meeting her. But one Evening happening to be with ſome Ladies on the Banks of the *Tiber*, Chance, or Deſign, brought her thither alſo;

and on her first Approach I easily read in her Countenance how little she was satisfied with my Proceeding.——Some of the Company were reproaching me in a gay manner for the Coldness of my Constitution; and she answer'd with an affected Derision, that it was lucky for me that I was of that Disposition, since she believ'd there were very few Women to whom a different Behaviour would be acceptable: I told her I was perfectly contented with my Lot, and we continued to picque each other in this manner, till what was begun in Raillery, ended in a kind of Rudeness——I offer'd my Hand, however, to lead her to her Coach, but she withdrew from it with an Air the most imperious she could assume; and I return'd to the Ladies, who I found exceedingly amazed that I had treated in such a manner a Woman of *Aurelia*'s Character, and who had the Honour to be so nearly allied to the Emperor. I excused myself by saying she gave the first Blow, and so the Conversation broke off.

About a Week after this had happened, the Emperor return'd, and with him the Treasure of my Soul; the first time I had the Blessing of seeing her, she complain'd to me of the little Observance I had paid to her Commands, told me that she had found *Aurelia* in a Condition such as merited her utmost Compassion; and that if I would oblige her, I must act in a fashion such as might restore her to a greater degree of Tranquillity. When I came to *Rome, said she,* taking the Privilege of our Friendship, I

ran

ran to her Closet, being told she was there shut up alone; I found her on a Couch, her Eyes flowing with Tears, and every Feature wild and distorted with her inward Agonies. What is the meaning of all this, *cry'd I*, (both griev'd and surpriz'd to see her in a Posture so different from what I expected.) It is the effect of the worst Influence of my Stars, *reply'd she*; I have been treated in such a manner by the ungrateful *Cepion*, that I blush to think I have liv'd to bear it, and could tear out my Soul for still continuing to harbour one tender Thought for a Wretch so unworthy of the Favour. She then related to me all that had pass'd between us, and being really touch'd with the most tender Compassion for her unhappy Rival, by turns commanded and entreated that I would have the same, and once more act the Lover's Part. What, Madam, *said I*, can I judge of your urging me in this manner, but that you are weary of my Affections, and would transfer the power you have over me to *Aurelia!* No, *answer'd she, with an enchanting Sweetness*, your Heart shall ever be dear to me, you engross all my Love; but you must allow a little room for Friendship: I pity *Aurelia*, and would have you, without wronging the Passion you have for me, flatter that of her's a little. That is the way to increase it, *resum'd I*, and make her still more miserable, when she shall find it all a feint. Time, *said she*, may work a contrary Effect from what you think, nor is there any need of carrying things to the extremest Point; it is not likely her Affairs

will long remain in the State they are at preſent; the Emperor will doubtleſs provide a Husband for her, ſhe muſt *per* force ſubmit to his Command, being wholly at his Diſpoſe, and you are then eas'd at once: or put the caſe ſhe ſhould for a long time live ſingle, it is my Lot you know to do ſo too; and as you have ſworn never to marry any other Woman, you may without much difficulty carry on a real Amour with me, and a pretended one with her. I muſt confeſs theſe Arguments were of very little force with me; and I made uſe of as many as I could muſter up to oppoſe them, and make her ſenſible of the Dangers to which this Act of Pity would expoſe us: But all I could ſay was ineffectual, ſhe was determin'd to be obey'd; and as refractory as I was, I was obliged to comply. She carry'd me with her the next Day to *Aurelia*'s Apartment, and told her that ſhe had found me the moſt concern'd and afflicted Man in the world at the apprehenſions of having offended her, and made Apologies for me in ſo handſome a manner, that the other might very well conſent to pardon me without incurring the Cenſure of being of too forgiving a Diſpoſition.

Thus was I perſecuted till the time in which you had that long Conference with the Emperor concerning *Aurelia*; and now you may be convinced I did not deceive you, when I ſaid no Man in *Rome* would more ſincerely congratulate your Marriage with that Lady: I was ſo heartily weary of acting the Part *Helvidia* had enjoin'd me, that

I would have given all the World to have been freed from it. I was daily complaining to her of it, and she assured me she took no less pains to cure *Aurelia* of her Passion, than she had done to persuade me to counterfeit one. It was by her means that she heard how generously you had declin'd the Offers of *Cæsar*; she was with *Terentia* when the Emperor told her of it, and came immediately with the News to *Aurelia*. What, *said that surpriz'd Lady*, is it not enough that I am compell'd by my hard Fate to love where I ought rather to hate, but that I must likewise hate where most my Love is due. These Words were accompany'd with a Torrent of Tears, and *Helvidia* taking advantage of this favourable Disposition toward you; If, *said she*, you could but for a moment resume your Reason, how little Cause would you find for these Complaints! The Love and Generosity of *Hortensius* you are convinced of by this Behaviour; if you refuse to marry him, you may perhaps be condemn'd to some one less worthy of you— You cannot hope, *continued, she*, that *Cepion* will ever be his Choice; the great Employments which he who becomes your Husband must fill up, require a Man of more Experience. Since then a violence must be done some time or other to your Inclinations, is it not better for you to attempt it in favour of one who loves you for yourself, not for the Advantages your Interest with *Cæsar* brings with you? Go on, my dear *Helvidia*, *reply'd the other, in an Accent wholly compos'd of Softness*; go on, and lay before me

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all that I owe to the Generoſity of this worthy *Roman*——awake with kind Remonſtrances the ſleeping Faculties of my forgetful Soul——ſhow me how ungrateful I have been——and, if poſſible, inſpire me with Sentiments, ſuch as may be for the Advantage of his Happineſs, and my own Glory.

As *Cepion* was in this part of his Story, *Ovid* came in, and preſented the two Strangers to *Hortenſius*, who tho' not well pleas'd at the Interruption of what he was ſo much intereſted to hear, receiv'd them with a chearful Courteſy, which gave them no cauſe to doubt their welcome. I know not, *ſaid* Ovid, if in the whole Courſe of the various Adventures of my Life, I ever felt more Surprize than at the ſight of theſe two lovely Perſons; but here is one, *continued he*, *taking* Herrenius *by the Hand*, who has ſomething more than the Graces of his Form to recommend him to us: Behold that *Herrenius*, whoſe Captivity and threatned Death, made the beautiful *Herrenia* forego her Sex's Fears, and clad in ſhining Armour, ſearch for Revenge on *Lentulus* in the middle of his Army. Theſe words making *Cepion* look on him with more attention than he had done at his firſt Entrance, he immediately knew him, and there paſt between them many Marks of a former Acquaintance and Amity. The firſt Civilities being paſt, the three *Romans* thought it would be proper to find out *Lentulus*, that he might ſhare in the Happineſs of this meeting; and *Hortenſius* would

would needs take on himſelf the Office of ſearching for his Friend.

I ought to bluſh, *ſaid* Herrenius *to* Cepion, when I ſee three of the nobleſt of the *Romans*, and withal remember how I deprived them of a Priſoner, made ſo in a fair War, and who had ſo handſomely been treated by them, that had any other Motive than that he has to plead, induced him to leave them, muſt have made him guilty of the utmoſt Ingratitude——Here ſtands, *continued he, pointing to the beautiful Stranger*, the too charming Cauſe——here is the Enchantment which drew me from your Camp—my firſt Fetters compell'd me to break my ſecond, and again follow that Maſter whoſe Chains I wore before I was ſubjected by the *Romans*. You depend too much on my Diſcretion, *reply'd the Lady*, when you believe the Preſence of theſe Strangers, who I know to be all *Romans*, will prevent me from anſwering to this Declaration, which I can look on no otherwiſe than as an Inſult——No, *purſued ſhe, with a viſible Indignation in her Eyes*, I will proclaim aloud all that abuſed Tenderneſs and injur'd Innocence can dictate to my Tongue; and tranſgreſſing *Modeſty*, as thou haſt violated *Faith*, make known thy Perjury, thy baſe Ingratitude——nor will my *Weakneſs* appear leſs pardonable than thy *Inſolence*, when I confeſs that I, a *Woman*, have been deceiv'd by Love, and the betraying Wiles of falſe *Herrenius*; and at the ſame time reveal, that he, *Herrenius*, a *Roman*, and Subject born to *Ceſar*, has dar'd to make a Property of his Emperor, and bring

bring dishonour into the very Family of *Augustus*. These words, like so many Darts of Fire, shot into the Soul of the jealous *Ovid*; but concealing his Disquiet as artfully as he could, and desirous of knowing more of what already was so tormenting to him; I am better acquainted with Love-Affairs than you are, *said he to* Herrenius, the Ladies are not to be conquer'd by Argument, they are in general quicker at *Repartees*, and never fail of getting the better when the Dispute is with the Man who loves, that Passion being denoted by no greater Symptom than an Incapacity of reasoning——permit me therefore to plead your Cause to this offended Charmer, who being a Person wholly indifferent, may perhaps be listned to with more Moderation, and consequently be more successful in convincing her that you are less guilty than she seems, at present, inclinable to believe. In speaking these words, he took *Agarithia* by the Hand, who making no opposition, Conduct me where you please, *reply'd she*, I shall rejoice to be deliver'd from the Presence of that Traitor. There pass'd no more between them after that than a respectful Bow, which *Ovid* made to her, as he led her toward a Terrass which overlook'd the Sea, where he hoped to get from her a full Account of that which he both long'd and fear'd to be assur'd of. But they were no sooner gone, than *Herrenius*, being inform'd by *Cepion* that the Person who led her was the famous *Ovid*, follow'd them with all speed, and being come up to them, You are too well vers'd in the

the Art of Love not to be fear'd, *ſaid he to* Ovid; nor dare I truſt the fair Enemy with relating the Crime with which her Rage accuſes me, and which I confeſs myſelf in ſome meaſure guilty of; permit me therefore to give you a faithful Account both of my Faults, and the Circumſtances by which I was led to commit them. What you propoſe, *anſwer'd* Ovid, is too reaſonable not to be comply'd with, nor muſt the charming *Agarithia* refuſe her Conſent, if ſhe expects me to be her Friend in the Deciſion of this Affair. I know no Converſation with which we can entertain ourſelves ſo well till the return of *Hortenſius* and *Lentulus*, *ſaid* Cepion, at leaſt it will be the moſt agreeable of any to me, who take a particular Intereſt in the Welfare of this worthy *Roman*, and perceive him too much devoted to thoſe lovely Eyes, to find any room in his Soul for Satisfaction, while he beholds their Beams ſparkle with Indignation. *Herennius* return'd this Compliment with a Grace peculiar to himſelf, and finding the beautiful Cauſe of his Diſquiet made no anſwer in objection to this Requeſt, prepar'd himſelf to do as he was deſir'd; and they all being ſeated on a fine green Bank, beneath the Shade of ſome Sicamore-Trees, began the Repetition of his Adventures in theſe Terms:

The History of HERENNIUS *and* AGARITHIA.

THIS beautiful Lady, *said he, pointing to* Agarithia, is of the Island of *Lesbos*, descended in a direct Line from the first Princes of *Greece*. I learn'd all my Exercises in the chief City of that Island where the Father of *Agarithia* ordinarily had his Residence; there I became acquainted with her, and as it is hard for any one to behold her, without being charm'd, my young and unexperienced Heart was subdued at the first sight. The Nobility of her Race were not favour'd by the Smiles of Fortune, and the Smallness of her Estate was of great advantage to my Desires, in influencing her Parents to oblige her to receive my Addresses with less Coyness than otherwise perhaps she would have done. In fine, our Marriage was in a short time concluded on, and there was nothing remaining to delay the Consummation of it, but my making out what I had told them concerning my Family and Fortune. To this end I took a Voyage, carrying one of the Kindred of *Agarithia* with me, to the Frontiers of the *Getes*, where lay that little Estate of mine which the Misfortunes of our House had left me; but at my Arrival fell into an Indisposition which took

took from me the power of returning to *Lesbos* ſo ſoon as my Impatiencies would have made me: But as the Father of my Charmer had been fully convinced, that all I had ſaid was Truth, he was reſolved to diſpenſe with the Ceremony of my coming to fetch *Agarithia*; and giving her into the Charge of that Kinſman who had accompanied me, they ſet out for the Kingdom of the *Getes*: which Condeſcenſion I being appriz'd of, would no longer be confin'd by the Phyſicians Fears; but, ſtruggling with my Weakneſs, embark'd in a Veſſel which happen'd to ſet ſail for *Lesbos*, in hope of meeting the obliging Fair, and give her this little Teſtimony of my Conſtancy and Gratitude. But, alas! how dreadful was my Diſappointment, when a Ship appearing on the Sea at ſome little diſtance from us, with her Cables cut, her Maſts torn down, and all the Signs of a moſt terrible Diſtreſs; we ſent our Long-Boat out to enquire the Cauſe, which returning to us with three or four wounded Men, we learn'd from them, that they had been boarded by a *Roman* Veſſel, who had kill'd moſt of their Company, and taken all the Paſſengers Priſoners, who were to be carry'd to *Rome*, diſhonour'd with the Name of Slaves, and furniſh out the Triumph of ſome great Man, whoſe Chariot-Wheels they were to follow; and that among the Number of thoſe unhappy Perſons, was the lovely *Agarithia*. I leave you to gueſs the Condition I was in at the recital of this fatal News; I return'd to the Land of the *Getes*, with ſcarce ſo much Remains of Reaſon as

to prevent my being taken for a Perſon ſeiz'd with the moſt violent Frenzy: I diſpos'd of the beſt Part of my Patrimony, and tho' not fully recover'd of my Indiſpoſition, took a Journey towards *Rome*, and hearing where the Overſeer of the Slaves was, ſent to him about the Ranſom of *Agarithia*; but he return'd for anſwer, that that Lady was too beautiful to be ranſom'd, and was deſign'd as a Preſent for the Emperor.——This piece of Cruelty made me quite deſperate; I put myſelf at the head of thoſe *Getes* who had revolted, and forgetting that I was a *Roman*, perform'd ſuch Exploits againſt the Army of *Lentulus*, as render'd famous the Name of *Roſaline*, (which I then bore, and which had been the real one of my Grandfather by my Mother's ſide) Love and Vengeance enabling me to do things almoſt paſt belief, no Undertaking appearing too difficult or too dangerous: I was at laſt taken Priſoner, and deſtin'd to be one of thoſe memorable Examples by which *Lentulus* thought to overcome the Stubbornneſs of the Rebels: You have doubtleſs heard by what means I was preſerv'd from this Misfortune; for *Lentulus*, who is indeed of a magnanimous and generous Diſpoſition, took this Occaſion to give me the Name of my Anceſtors, to hinder me from taking that of a *Gladiator*, which I was about to do: He offer'd me a handſome Employment in the Army; and had I only been a *Rebel*, he would have bound me for ever to his Intereſt: but I was a *Lover*, and that Character made me reſolve to die, or ſnatch my Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs from the Slavery to which ſhe was decreed. I durſt not however communicate the leaſt hint of my Paſſion to *Lentulus*, fearing the Tenderneſs my Siſter had for me, might make her engage him to oblige my ſtay among them: I therefore ſtole privately away, and one while travelling by Sea, and at other times by Land, according as it was convenient, I at laſt came to the famous City of *Rome*. The Slaves were not yet arriv'd, they travell'd but ſlow, becauſe they would not fatigue them, nor impair their Beauty; and this gave me very great Conſolation: I had Relations in *Italy*, to whom I deſign'd to make myſelf known; the Name of *Herennius* I found was not quite forgotten among the true *Romans*; and I depended, that on diſcovery of my Family, and Contract with *Agarithia*, I ſhould obtain her Freedom from the Juſtice and Goodneſs of *Auguſtus*. I was entertaining myſelf with theſe pleaſing Ideas, while I was in the Road which leads from *Rome* to *Tuſculum*, being told that was the Way the Slaves were to paſs; when I perceiv'd coming from the City a magnificent Chariot, with Guards ſurrounding it; and ſtopping ſhort to take a view what Perſons it contain'd, a young and beautiful Lady putting her Head out of it, caſt her eyes upon me; and looking at me for ſome time, and lifting up her Hands in token of Amazement, cry'd out to a Lady who ſat by her, loud enough for me to hear her, Sure that is the Original of my Picture. With theſe words ſhe commanded the Charioteer to ſtop, and beckoning me to come near, asked me

me who I was. I am a *Roman*, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, tho' a Stranger to my Country. Of what Profeſſion are you, *reſum'd ſhe?* By Right of Birth, *ſaid I*, a *Roman* Knight, but by the Cruelty of Fortune a Wanderer, and expect no end of my unhappy Adventures, till Death ſhall fix me in a laſting Tranquillity. A Gentleman who commanded the Guard prevented my ſaying more at that time, by humbly entreating ſhe would go on, leſt ſhe ſhould incur the Emperor's Diſpleaſure, by not making haſte to *Tuſculum*; on which ſhe made a ſign for them to paſs forward, after having favour'd me with an obliging Bow, accompany'd with a Smile, which diſclos'd ten thouſand Graces. Full of Aſtoniſhment, I enquir'd of ſome of the Attendants who follow'd the Chariot on foot, who that Lady was, with whom I had been talking. Who is ſhe! *ſaid one of them, ſurpriz'd at my Ignorance*; do you not know the Emperor's Daughter, the Princeſs *Julia*, whoſe Beauty is the talk of the whole World?

You know this Princeſs, *ſaid* Herennius, *purſuing his Narration*, both of you have been Witneſs of her Charms, nor are Strangers to that agreeable Sweetneſs with which all her Words and Actions are accompany'd. What Parity can there be, *cry'd I to myſelf*, between the firſt Princeſs in the World, and a Stranger of a mean Appearance, preſs'd down by the Weight of his Misfortunes? Why did ſhe ſtop me? for what hidden Reaſon did ſhe take notice of a Man who ſeems ſo little worthy her Obſervation? ——What Picture can it be ſhe men-

mention'd, and occaſion'd ſuch an Exclamation as that which the firſt View of me occaſion'd? While I was arguing with myſelf in this manner, ſcarce being able to think what had paſs'd was any more than a Dream, I met ſome People, of whom enquiring at what diſtance were the Slaves who were to be carry'd to *Rome*, I was inform'd that thoſe unhappy Perſons were conducted another way. This unexpected News obliging me to turn back, I took up my lodging at an Inn; where I heard that the Princeſs *Julia* had been ſent by the Emperor to *Tuſculum*, on the account of a little Quarrel between her and Prince *Marcellus*, whom *Auguſtus* intended for her Husband, and who by the whole Empire was already look'd on as ſuch; but that afterward that Prince had thrown himſelf at the Emperor's feet to obtain her return; on which ſhe was to come back the next day. I could not hear this, without becoming guilty of an Infidelity, for which I have ſince heartily condemn'd myſelf; Ambition, Curioſity, or Caprice, I know not to which to aſcribe it; for ſure I am, it was not Love which excited in me a Deſire of ſeeing this Princeſs, and knowing her Reaſon for the particular Grace ſhe had been pleas'd to confer on me: I made what haſte I could to *Rome* the next morning, and as ſoon as I had put myſelf in an Equipage fit to appear before her, went to the Palace, where I arriv'd the very moment that Prince *Marcellus* was giving her his hand, in order to conduct her to her Apartment: a great number of Courtiers fol-

lowing them, I mingled with the Croud; ſhe ſoon perceiv'd me, and made me the ſame condeſcending Complaiſance ſhe had done when on the Road to *Tuſculum*. The great Concourſe, with which ſhe was ſurrounded, hinder'd me from paying my Compliments to her at this time any more than at an humble diſtance. But ſoon after I became acquainted with one of her Officers, who promis'd me an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her in private whenever I would: nor was he leſs kind than he had promis'd; a few days after, he came to me, and told me ſhe was then walking on the Borders of the *Tiber*, attended only by two of her Maids of Honour, and that if I deſir'd an Interview, I could not chuſe a fitter Seaſon. I delay'd going no longer, than to make him thoſe Retributions ſo extraordinary a Civility requir'd; and found her in that Solitude he had deſcribed. She perceiv'd me while I was at a good diſtance from her, and walk'd forwards to meet me, with theſe words: I think, *ſaid ſhe, in the moſt obliging Accent*, that you are that *Roman* Knight I ſaw ſome few days ſince in my Journey to *Tuſculum*? Yes, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, I am the Man, who, charm'd with your divine Goodneſs, would willingly devote all my future moments to the acknowledgment of it. I doubt not of your Gratitude, *reſum'd ſhe ſmiling*, Inſenſibility is ſeldom the Inhabitant of a Form like your's. She made me many other Compliments, which doubtleſs were excited by no other Motive than that Complaiſance and Affability which is ordinary to her; but

which

which would look like the higheſt Vanity in me to repeat. After ſome little Converſation of things indifferent, ſhe obliged me to relate the Hiſtory of my Life, which having obey'd her in, with all the exactneſs I was able, ſhe ſeem'd extremely mov'd at it; and, ſpeaking of my Siſter's Adventures, and the means ſhe had taken to procure my Liberty; I could never endure Bravery in Women, *ſaid ſhe*; that is the Property of the other Sex, and always thought it ill placed in ours, let what colour ſoever be put upon it: but yet the Enterprize of *Herennia* appears ſo truly heroick, that I not only excuſe, but very much applaud her Courage and Reſolution: I am charm'd with her Behaviour, and will ſerve you in every thing in my power for the ſake of that agreeable Unknown.———Here ſhe ſtop'd, ſeeing Prince *Marcellus* coming toward us; and as I was taking my leave, I have time now, *ſaid ſhe*, to add no more than that I would have you come to me to-morrow.

This Exceſs of Goodneſs from the greateſt Woman in the Univerſe to a Man without Friends, Support, or Recommendation, fill'd my whole Soul with Admiration.——— I confeſs, and have often, too ſincerely for my own Intereſt, confeſs'd to the reſenting *Agarithia*, that I was charm'd and dazzled with the Beauties and Condeſcenſion of that incomparable Princeſs; but I appeal to Love, and to thoſe Powers which only know the Heart, if at that time I had any view in introducing myſelf to her, but that of delivering *Agarithia* by her means: But I had

ſad reaſon that ſame day to fear the delightful Schemes I had form'd in my Mind for that Purpoſe, were wholly fruitleſs: a Perſon who came from thoſe who had the care of the Priſoners, brought word, that thoſe of them who appear'd moſt deſerving, were put into a Ship by themſelves, and by ſtreſs of Weather were caſt away, and that thoſe who were coming to *Rome* were only the inferior ſort: I ask'd preſently if a young *Grecian* Lady, call'd *Agarithia*, were among the Number; to which they anſwer'd, that they knew not the Names of any of the Perſons, but that if ſhe was a Woman of Diſtinction, ſhe was certainly loſt. The Grief with which I was ſeiz'd at this Information, is not to be conceiv'd; and when in a few days after it was confirm'd, I was about to lay violent hands on my own Life; nothing could have prevented me from ſearching in another World that adorable Object which I believ'd was no longer to be found in this, but the remembrance that I had a Sifter, whoſe Tenderneſs to me I had experienced, and who I ought not to deprive of a Brother, who might ſome time or other be of ſervice to her.

In the Condition I now was, all Conſideration of the Princeſs *Julia* was loſt; and I thought of nothing but returning to *Herennia*. I went out one day with a reſolution of finding ſome Conveniency to take a Voyage to her; but happening to paſs by the *Pantheon*, I ſaw the lovely Daughter of *Auguſtus* coming out of it; ſhe perceiv'd me almoſt as ſoon as I had caſt my eyes on her, and or-

order'd ſome of her Attendants to call me: How happen'd it, *ſaid ſhe*, that you did not come to me as I commanded you to do? Madam, *anſwer'd I, burſting into a Flood of ungovernable Grief*, I have now no occaſion for the Protection your Goodneſs offer'd me; *Agarithia*, for whoſe ſake alone Life and Liberty were Bleſſings, is now no more; and I have devoted all the remainder of my wretched Days to a Melancholy, which would ill become the Gallantry of the Court of *Rome*. Is it poſſible, *reſum'd ſhe*, that you can ſo deeply regret the Loſs of a Perſon whom you look'd on as your Wife? I never heard you had an Affair with *Agarithia* of that nature, which alone has the power, in my opinion, to ſettle a laſting Paſſion in the Heart; you ſaw her——you liked her——demanded her in Marriage——and had her own and Parents Conſent—but all this happen'd with too much eaſe and ſuddenneſs to make thoſe tender Impreſſions properly call'd Love. I confeſs, I thought theſe ſort of Arguments pretty odd, eſpecially from the mouth of a Lady; by our Sex they are indeed too frequently made uſe of, but I always thought it the Intereſt of the other to reaſon in another manner: I forbore, however, giving her any Teſtimonies of my Surprize, and made her only ſuch anſwers as were conformable to the real Grief I was in; at which ſhe ſeem'd not perfectly pleas'd; and interrupting me in the middle of my Declarations of that indelible Affection I muſt for ever feel for even the remembrance of *Agarithia*: Well, well, *cry'd ſhe*, we'll al-

low you to think of her with pity, but cannot be ſo unjuſt to you, as not to do every thing in our power to alleviate a Melancholy which would be ineffectual to retrieve her, and deprive the World of ſo great an Ornament to it as *Herennius*. I muſt have you continue in *Rome*, (*purſued ſhe, with a Perſuaſion in her Voice, which I could not have been Man without feeling the Effects of, thrill even to my inmoſt Soul*) it looks as if Heaven had deſign'd you for my particular Care, when I met you on my way to *Tuſculum*; our Court abounds with Ladies, with whom you may amuſe yourſelf, and in time the Idea of *Agarithia* will give place to new and more attainable Deſires——you know not how far Fortune and your own Deſerts may influence the Heart of ſome Beauty not leſs worthy of your Love than the deceas'd Charmer you ſo much lament. Alas! Madam, *anſwer'd I*, thoſe are Hopes which are far diſtant from my View. I will not ſuffer you to go, however, *added ſhe*, till you have made the tryal; you ſhall increaſe the Number of thoſe Knights who are receiv'd into my Train without any mercenary Reward; and, when enter'd into my Service, leave the thoughts of your future Fortune to my Care. What could I do, what could I alledge againſt an Offer ſo obliging, ſo vaſtly condeſcending! Ingratitude I had been taught to look on as the worſt and moſt diſhonourable of all the Vices which taint Humanity, and thought, without being guilty of it to a very high degree, I could not refuſe the Attendance ſhe requir'd: I therefore

fore obey'd; and tho' it was at firſt with a kind of unwilling Willingneſs, yet being become part of a Family in which an eternal Gaiety went round in one continued Circle, in a little time my Melancholy began to abate; and I gave way to the Pleaſures which every where met my Eyes and Ears.

One day happening to be in the Princeſs's Cloſet when there was no other Company with her than a Lady, whoſe Name is *Sulpitia*, and who is her chief Favourite, I ſaw a Picture lying on the Table, on which caſting my eyes, I perceiv'd at the firſt View that it was my own, and the ſame which, having ſome little skill in Painting, I had drawn myſelf at *Lesbos*, and made a preſent of to *Agarithia* at the time I addreſs'd her. Never was any Surprize ſuperior to that I felt at the ſight of this Picture, not being able to imagine by what means it was brought there. She preſently obſerving the Alteration in my Countenance, I find, *ſaid ſhe*, you know this Pourtraicture, and I imagin'd, the firſt time I ſaw you, that you muſt be acquainted with it. Nothing can be more certain, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, than that it was drawn for my Reſemblance; but by what Accident it has obtain'd the Honour of ſo glorious a Repoſitory, is an Enigma which I am not at preſent able to comprehend. If the Perſon who brought it hither, *ſaid* Sulpitia *laughing*, could have foreſeen the effect it would have had, he would have taken care to have eternally conceal'd it. The Princeſs bluſh'd extremely at this Diſcourſe of *Sulpitia*'s, and turning away her

her Head in a kind of Reſentment, Will you never have done talking of a Man, *ſaid ſhe to her*, who has already created but too much Diſtaſte between us?——Was it not enough that his Preſence was fatal to our Friendſhip? muſt he in Abſence alſo triumph? Alas! my Princeſs, *reply'd that Lady*, if my Converſation to-day offends you, it will be from a different Cauſe than the laſt; and indeed 'tis impoſſible to think how Love ſometimes diſappoints the Lover's Prudence: Here is the Picture of a beautiful Youth leaning his Hand upon a *Cupid*'s Shoulder, while the little Deity is buſily employ'd in ſticking his Breaſt thick over with his Shafts; a Man the moſt perfectly vers'd in Love of any in the World gave you this Picture, conjuring you, as often as you ſaw it, to remember the Force of that Paſſion. You have comply'd with his Deſires, and having now before you the Original, are not well pleas'd to be told of the Effects. You will be always carrying your Reflections to their full length, *cry'd the Princeſs, clapping her Hands upon her Mouth*, let us talk no more of what this Picture has produced, nor of the Effects it has had, nor of the Man who gave it.

Herennius was interrupted in this part of his Diſcourſe by a Slave belonging to *Ovid*; this Boy came running on the Terraſs: Oh ye juſt Gods, *cry'd he*, I thank you that the dreadful News is falſe! What is it you are talking of, *ſaid* Ovid? and what excuſe is there for diſturbing us in ſo abrupt a manner?

ner? My Lord, *reply'd he*, I am not yet recover'd from my Fright——I was walking along the Shore to a Place where I had heard the clashing of Swords, and meeting *Tisienus* in the way, Go, *said he*, bury your Master, who has now receiv'd the just Reward of all his Crimes. I was perfectly stupefy'd at these words, and tho' I saw him walk hastily away as soon as he had spoke them, yet had I not the power to follow him for an Explanation. The moment Grief and Surprize would give me leave, I ran to the House of *Hortensius*, and being inform'd that you were on the Terrass, in company of the beautiful Strangers, came hither, where, thanks to Heaven, I find you in a Condition very different from that which I was made to fear you were. *Cepion* and *Ovid* look'd one upon the other while the Servant was speaking, imagining there must be something extraordinary, which had occasion'd *Tisienus* to make this Report, but found themselves at a loss to guess what it could be, when *Hortensius* approaching hastily the Place they were in, eas'd them of part of their Perplexity, by telling them, that having been in search of *Lentulus*, he had met that noble *Roman* carry'd between his weeping Servants into his House, in all appearance either dead or dying. This News cover'd all who heard it with Grief and Amazement; *Cepion* flew like Lightning to see the last of one he lov'd so well, and all the Company following with all imaginable speed, they met at the Court-yard of *Lentulus*'s House, *Adiamante*, *Herennia*, and the beautiful Daughter of *Lepidus*.

pidus. Young *Herennius* knew his Sister immediately by the light of the Flambeaux, and running to her with open Arms, *Herennia!* my dear Sister, *said he to her*, how unexpected a Blessing is it to meet you in this Island! She seem'd at first strangely surpriz'd at his Behaviour, but soon calling him to mind, and the Name of Sister confirming her that it was indeed no other than *Herennius*; Oh my for ever-dear, long-lost Brother, *cry'd she, throwing herself upon his Bosom, and at the same time bedewing his Face with her Tears*; in what a sad Condition do you find me! It was not in her power to utter more, the mingled Passions of Grief and Joy took from her the Use of Speech. The Tenderness he knew she had for *Lentulus*, made him not wonder at the Concern he saw her in; and deferring any farther Marks of his Satisfaction in seeing her, they all went together into the Chamber of *Lentulus*, who they found on a Couch surrounded by his Servants and a skilful Surgeon, who he had brought with him from the Army: He was just recover'd from a Swoon, occasion'd by the great Quantity of Blood he had lost. His Wounds being search'd, there appear'd one a little above the Heart, which seem'd to have been given him by a Dagger; *Herennia* stood by while it was binding up, and judging by the Countenance of the Surgeon that it was extremely dangerous, if not mortal, sent forth a great shriek, and had like to have fainted in *Adiamante*'s Arms. *Lentulus* feebly turning his Eyes toward the Place whence the Cry came, perceiv'd *Herennia*,

rennia, rather dead than alive. Alas! Madam, *ſaid he, in a weak and ſcarce intelligible Voice*, is it for me, or the Diſappointment of your Aſſignation, that theſe precious Tears are ſhed. This Reproach redoubled the Affliction of that Lady, and turning to *Junia*, Behold now, *ſaid ſhe*, what you have coſt me; when I was told by the Slave, that my Letter to *Ovid* had paſs'd through the hands of *Lentulus*, I apprehended ſome fatal Conſequence would enſue: but tell me, *continued ſhe, tenderly looking on* Lentulus, had I not Intereſt enough in your Heart to counterbalance a weak and ſmall appearance of Infidelity?——What have I done?——what have I ſaid, ſince I have known you, which could make you think me capable of altering my firſt Reſolutions, and deviating from the Promiſe I made of never loving ought of Mankind but *Lentulus? Ovid* having heard himſelf named when ſhe was upbraiding *Junia*, drew near, and was beginning to enquire of *Herennia* the Subject of their Diſcourſe; but that diſconſolate Lady turning her Head another way, and puſhing him from her, I beg you would not ſpeak to me, *ſaid ſhe*, you are the Cauſe of all my Woes, and the ſight of you increaſes them. Ask *Junia* what you want to be reſolv'd in, and ſhe will tell you.

The Surgeon, perceiving theſe Diſcourſes diſturb'd his Patient, deſir'd they would forbear; on which all this noble Company retired into another Room, impatiently waiting the Succeſs of ſome Preſcriptions which the Man of Art had order'd for their wounded Friend.

THE EXILES OF THE *Court of* AUGUSTUS.

PART III.

IT was not only in the Iſland of *Thalaſſie* that *Ovid* had caus'd ſo many Revolutions, the Court of *Auguſtus* ſeem'd alſo to be govern'd by his Genius, and nothing acted there without his having a part in it.

The Emperor having for ſome days been wholly taken up with his Reſentment againſt his Daughter, had not time to think of the

Duel between *Craſſus* and *Ovid*; but afterwards reflecting ſeriouſly upon it, and conſidering the Time and Place where it was fought, he imagin'd it could be no other than the raſh Effects of Love and Jealouſy; and preſently believing that the Charms of *Julia* had influenced both theſe Knights with the ſame Paſſion, he was no leſs enraged at the Preſumption of *Craſſus* than he had been with that of *Ovid*, and ſent immediately to have him ſeiz'd with all his Papers, which latter he ordered to be brought before him: But tho' on peruſal of them, he found nothing of that which he expected, yet he learn'd from them ſeveral things concerning other Affairs, in particular one which for ſome time fill'd him with the utmoſt Inquietude. Among a great number of amorous Verſes inſcribed to the *Nameleſs Divinity*, he found ſome which convinced him that it was not *Julia* but *Terentia* was meant by that Title; and if he was before incens'd at the belief that he had dar'd to lift his eyes ſo high as his Daughter, he was infinitely more ſo, to think he had done it to a Perſon whom all the World look'd on as the Miſtreſs of his Sovereign. To confound this Royal Searcher the more, he found the Fragments of a Letter written in a Character to which he was wholly a Stranger, and contain'd the following Lines:

OMit nothing in your power to cure your Friend of this unavailing Paſſion: The Heart of Terentia *is fill'd with an Object which can never be eras'd. I dare not truſt his Name*

to

to Paper; but let it ſuffice, that tho' it is not the Perſon you imagine, it is one whoſe Merits are too great to ſuffer the Tenderneſs ſhe has for him to be eſteem'd a Weakneſs———Fate *itſelf takes the part of this illuſtrious Lover; and the united Charms of all Mankind beſide, would be ineffectual to move her to one relenting Sigh.*

Never were the Pangs of Jealouſy more inſupportable, more terrible to be borne, than thoſe which invaded the Soul of *Auguſtus* at reading this: He could not apply the Character of this Favourite-Lover to himſelf, becauſe his Paſſion for *Terentia* was no longer a Myſtery; nor would the Perſon who wrote that Letter have had occaſion to conceal his Name, or ſeem'd to fear any Danger of the Diſcovery.

He went down, deſigning to indulge his Diſcontent, and ruminate on this Affair in the Palace-Gardens; but happening to meet *Agrippa* there, who, both on the account of his many Victories abroad, and prudent Management at home, was juſtly dear to his Eſteem; he bid him follow him into a Grove of Jeſſamins, where being ſeated, after a ſhort ſpace of ſilence, *Agrippa, ſaid he,* have you never yet been ſenſible of the Power of Beauty? may one believe you are in reality as indifferent to the Ladies as you profeſs yourſelf? So unlook'd for a Demand very much ſurpriz'd the Perſon to whom it was made, and being willing to wave the Diſcourſe, My Lord, *reply'd he,* I ſhould with juſtice incur the Diſpleaſure of

that

that Sex more than I have already done, if I affected to treat them with leſs Reſpect than my Heart is inclinable to feel——— but the Cares of Empire, *continued he*, take up too much of your Mind to leave a vacancy for Converſations ſuch as theſe——— *Judea* and *Cappadocia* ask for Kings at your hands, the *Armenians* complain of the Severity of their Rulers, and we learn from the *Parthian* Ambaſſadors, that things are carry'd on at that Court with the utmoſt Miſmanagement. Let us leave Matters of State to another time, *interrupted the Emperor haſtily*, I have at preſent ſomething which touches me more nearly; *Terentia* is falſe to the Tenderneſſes ſhe profeſſes——ſome new Favourite, who perhaps has no other Merit than Variety, has made this ungrateful Woman forget what ſhe owes to the Maſter of the Univerſe.———I am ſenſibly afflicted at her Inconſtancy, would fain find ſome Friend to whom I might impart that Weight of Anguiſh which oppreſſes me, and ſhould be glad to know you were enough ſuſceptible of the ſoftning Paſſion to make a worthy Confidant in an Affair ſuch as this. I need not, my Lord, *ſaid* Agrippa, be acquainted with that Paſſion, to be truly ſenſible of any Uneaſineſs which happens to my Royal Maſter; but permit me, with Submiſſion, Sir, to ſay, that I am almoſt certain your Suſpicion is an infinite injuſtice to the Wife of *Mecenas*. No, my Lord, *purſued he with the greateſt earneſtneſs*, *Terentia* never lov'd any one but *Cæſar*; and all Appearances which would perſuade you to the con-

contrary, are deceitful, and wrong her Virtue as they do your Peace. Read this Paper, *reſumed the Emperor, giving into his hands the Fragments of the Letter he had found*, and judge when you have done, if I am guilty of injuring *Terentia*, or not.

Agrippa redden'd extremely at the ſight of this Letter, and pondering with himſelf for ſome time what anſwer he ſhould make, at laſt took up the reſolution of dealing as clearly as poſſible in this Affair. I may, perhaps, my Royal Lord, *ſaid he*, forfeit that Favour with which you have ſo profuſely honour'd me, by what I am going to relate: Your Heart, both as a Sovereign and a Lover, muſt be dangerous to touch, nor can it be done without the utmoſt hazard; but I would die ten thouſand Deaths, rather than ſuffer you to continue one moment in this Perplexity, when it is in my power to eaſe you of it. Hear me, therefore, Sacred Sir, with patience, when I again aſſure you, that *Terentia* is true as Heaven itſelf; and that you may be convinced I am acquainted with the whole Affair, know, it was no other than myſelf whom *Craſſus* was deſir'd in this Letter to cure of my unavailing Paſſion. You! *cry'd the Emperor*; are you alſo my Rival? Far be ſuch an impious Preſumption from my Soul, *reply'd* Agrippa, *proſtrating himſelf upon the Earth, in low Submiſſion*; nor will my Love appear unjuſtify'd, when you ſhall know the Steps I took to preſerve myſelf from even a Wiſh to ſin againſt you in the manner you make mention of: Therefore, as I have related my Crime,

I hope from the Goodneſs of *Cæſar* to have his ear for my Defence alſo.

This Story too much concern'd the Emperor, not to make him impatient for the recital of it, and raiſing him from the Earth, he made him ſit down by him on a Seat which was placed in the Grove, and then commanded him to begin what he had to ſay, and to be as particular as poſſible in his Narration; which the other aſſuring him he would, thus ſatisfied the jealous Curioſity of his Emperor.

The Hiſtory of AGRIPPA.

I Will not pretend, *ſaid this worthy* Roman, to juſtify before your Majeſty the Paſſion I had for the Wife of *Mecenas*; he is one of my moſt intimate Friends, he deſerves the eſteem of all who know him, and had he no other Qualification than the Favour with which he is honour'd by you, that alone would be ſufficient to make him be reverenced by the whole Empire: But alas! where are the Reaſons which can maſter Love? how ineffectual are all Arguments to tame Deſire, or rob Beauty of its Force? *Terentia* has Charms from which nothing but the knowledge that *Cæſar*'s Approbation of them had made it Sacrilege for any other to invade, can defend the Heart; and of that I was intirely ignorant, when firſt this fatal Fire took poſſeſſion of my Soul.

I confeſs I thought myſelf ſo guilty to my Friend, that I took all imaginable care to keep the Secret cloſe lodg'd within my own Breaſt, making no one the Confidant of my Crime, till the Penetration of *Ovid* diſcover'd it in ſpite of all my Caution: We were walking one day on the Banks of the *Tiber*, where he was repeating ſome Verſes to me he had lately made; *Terentia*, who with ſome other Ladies had choſen that Place for an Evening-Walk, happen'd to paſs by us: at ſight of her, the amorous Bard left off his Poetry, and fell into a Proſe Exclamation on her Beauty: Heavens! *cry'd he*, what different Graces join to adorn that lovely Woman!——What a commanding Air! what Majeſty! yet with what Sweetneſs is her every Motion accompany'd! Can any thing be more beautiful than her Mouth! more dazzling than her Eyes! Like thoſe unhappy Wretches whom ſome prevailing Agitations have driven into Madneſs, avoiding all Diſcourſes on the Cauſe, conceal their Malady: So I, not talking of *Terentia*, had artifice enough to diſguiſe the Influence of her Charms; but thus animated by the words of *Ovid*, it grew too mighty for reſtraint, diſdain'd the Boundaries my Prudence had ſet on it, and ſhow'd itſelf a thouſand ways to the diligent Obſerver. You praiſe her but by halves, *cry'd I*, how infinitely ſhort of what ſhe is do you deſcribe her! There is ſomething in *Terentia* above the reach of all but Imagination—— ſomething ſo irreſiſtibly enchanting, ſo divine, that we can no more than adore, and

wonder at her Charms; to ſpeak 'em is impoſſible, and he that would attempt it, but diſcovers his own Inability, and injures her ſuperior Worth—O *Ovid! continued I*, thou, ſo well skill'd in all the Eloquence of Love, did e'er the God inſpire the Voice with ſofter, ſweeter Harmony, than that which hangs on every Accent utter'd by *Terentia*, even in her moſt ordinary Converſation!—— Is not the moſt common Phraſe made rich by her pronouncing it! How does her Wit at once tranſport and confound our greateſt Orators! How different is ſhe in every thing from other Women! how free from all their Foibles! and how far ſurpaſſing in thoſe Perfections which they think a Privilege for Vanity! What a new Life does her all-chearing Preſence bring along with it! What Heart ſo dull that feels not a ſudden Spring of Joy when ſhe appears, or can reſume its Gloom till ſhe departs! With what unmeaning, unaffected Glances we throw our eyes on other Objects, but with what Zeal and Stedfaſtneſs do we rivet them on her! *Terentia* alone makes Life, or Light, or Sight, a Bleſſing. I know not how long I ſhould have run on in theſe wild Hyperboles, if *Ovid* had not interrupted me in this manner. Enough, enough, *ſaid he laughing*, I need no more to convince me that I was not deceiv'd in my Conjectures, when I imagin'd that ſuch a Man as *Agrippa* could not have the opportunity of entertaining every day the Wife of *Mecenas*, without being touch'd with her Charms. You carry things too far, *Ovid*, *reply'd I*, *aſhamed*

aſhamed and vexed at having thus betray'd myſelf to his notice; when I look on *Terentia* as the Wife of *Mecenas*, that Thought puts a ſtop to the influence which elſe, 'tis poſſible, ſhe might obtain over me. That thought, in my opinion, *reſum'd* Ovid, ſhould rather add more Vigour to your Wiſhes; *Mecenas* is one of the moſt accompliſh'd Men of the Age, he marry'd *Terentia* meerly through Inclination; he continues to love, and is extremely belov'd by her: What then could afford ſo nice and delicate a Pleaſure, as to be able to ſupplant ſuch a Man in her Affections? Ambition here joins the ſofter Paſſion, and both together, methinks, ſeem too powerful an Excitement to be reſiſted, where a juſt Conſciouſneſs of one's own Worth gives room to hope Succeſs. I have often been ſurprized, that *Auguſtus* never had a deſire to prove this Satisfaction, and cannot help believing he is kept from it by any other Reaſon, than that the Cares of State leave him no liberty to think of it as another Man would do. Let us talk of the Emperor, *ſaid I, willing to put an end to this Diſcourſe*, no otherwiſe than we do of the Gods, that is, without making any prophane Application; the Emperor's Inclinations all anſwer to the Ideas of thoſe Heroick Virtues he is maſter of: but what ſeems Praiſe on a Subject, takes another Character when apply'd to a Prince; therefore, to be ſure of being in the right, we muſt never ſpeak of him but in general Terms.

Ovid had too much complaiſance to continue a Converſation which he found I was

not pleas'd with; we talked of other Affairs, and then parted: but what he ſaid to me, had made ſuch an impreſſion on my Mind, that I could not get rid of it. The great Merit of *Mecenas*, which had hitherto ſerv'd as a Bridle to curb my Paſſion, now ſerv'd to ſpur it on; and I wanted nothing but an Opportunity to acquaint *Terentia* with the power ſhe had over me, and to make her an offering of my Heart. The next day enſuing that in which I had held this Diſcourſe with *Ovid*, I ſurpriz'd her careſſing her Husband, he being juſt going out of doors as I came in; the ſight of her Tenderneſs for him gave me a diſquiet which I was ſcarce able to conceal, and half in raillery and half in earneſt, made her ſome little reproaches on her diſcovering ſo much Paſſion for him. You know not what you ſay, *Agrippa*, *reply'd ſhe*, a Woman is ſo unhappy in being obliged to feign a Tenderneſs for a Husband ſhe does not love, that ſhe ought, for her own eaſe, if no more, to endeavour to create in herſelf a real one for him. What neceſſity is there, Madam, *reſum'd I*, to diſſemble Love for a Husband? We ſee Ladies that are diſcreet confine all the Affection they have for a Man of that Character to a Complaiſance. To a Complaiſance! *cry'd out* Terentia; think you there is no more owing to the Marriage-Tye than Civility without Love? ——— What, muſt we thus paſs our Lives with Husbands, receive their Endearments with a cold Indifference, ſeem unaffected with every thing they ſay or do, and repay their Fond-

Fondneſs with Contempt and Sullenneſs?—— No, no, *Agrippa*, that Thought ſtrikes me with the utmoſt Horror; a Woman muſt love her Husband, or prepare to undergo the worſt Puniſhment a generous Soul can ſuffer. But ſtill, Madam, *ſaid I*, there is a Medium between theſe two Extremes; a Woman ought to eſteem what is praiſe-worthy in a Husband, nay, ought to love him too, but then it ſhould be with that ſort of Love as we regard a faithful Friend; and that commonly leaves a vacancy in the Heart, which moſt Ladies fill up with the Idea of a prudent Lover: by this Rule, therefore, you may love your Husband without being fond of him, allow him ſomething more than that Complaiſance alone which ſeems ſo terrible to you, and at the ſame time not rob the Man who adores you of any part of that Gratitude you owe his Paſſion: I ſpeak only of the *Heart*, Madam, *purſued I, perceiving ſhe grew uneaſy at my Diſcourſe*, and when our Ideas are confin'd to that alone, one may give 'em, without any danger, a vaſt extent.

Some Ladies coming in that moment, put a ſtop to our further Converſation on this Subject; but two days after, *Terentia* gave me to underſtand at the Princeſs *Julia*'s, that ſhe had thought of it. They were praiſing me there for having reconciled the Princeſs *Scribonia* to the Empreſs. That Affair did not coſt me much trouble, *ſaid I*; a little Advice, which that Princeſs did me the honour to take, ſoon brought it about. Your Advice, indeed, *anſwer'd* Terentia, carries

carries a great force with it, and it ſeems as if Heaven gave a peculiar Succeſs to every thing you attempt that way. Can I depend on that, Madam, *reſum'd I, looking ſtedfaſtly on her*, and is it poſſible that all my Diſcourſes have had that effect you ſpeak of? I know not, *ſaid* Terentia, whether you have taken ſo much pains in every thing as you have done about the Princeſs *Scribonia*; but I find, whether it be by chance or otherwiſe, that your Counſels make great impreſſions on the Hearts of thoſe to whom they are directed. Who would not have thought, my Lord, but that theſe words flatter'd the utmoſt of my preſuming Hopes? But that not being a Place in which it was proper to indulge the preſent Raptures they afforded, I went to give a looſe to Meditation in the Gardens of *Lucullus*, where happening to ſee *Ovid*, who by accident was there, he ask'd me if I had met any Ladies at my entrance; I told him that I had not; and then, in my turn, deſir'd to know the Reaſon of his Demand: Becauſe, *ſaid he*, I juſt now found a Letter in the Citron-Grove, which I think muſt be dropp'd by ſome Lady. In ſpeaking theſe words he gave me a Paper, deſiring me to read it, which I did, and found it contain'd theſe Lines:

THE more I ſtrive, the leſs ground, my dear Tullia, *am I enabled to gain: my Heart is rendred weak by thoſe very Reflections which ought to ſtrengthen it; and if ſome Ladies had not come in yeſterday, and interrupted*

my

my Converſation with Agrippa, *I ſhould have diſcovered to him what I fear will ſoon be no Secret to the whole World——In fine, I can no longer reſiſt my Inclinations; he only propoſes to me an illuſtrious Fall, and hope to keep myſelf ſo far from the Precipice, that there will no room be given for reproaching me with any thing but the nice Taſte of my Soul——but ſhould it be ſeconded with Remorſe of Conſcience, I think even that, dreadful as it is deſcribed, could not be harder to endure, than the Reſiſtance I have already endeavour'd to make.*

I leave you to judge, my Lord, what my thoughts were on reading this Letter; I had ſeen the Writing of *Terentia*, and knew this to be her Hand. Are you, *ſaid* Ovid, *perceiving the trouble I was in*, the Perſon who ſuffers by theſe Strugglings, or are they in your favour? I know not, *ſaid I, being now no longer able to contain myſelf*, but the Perſon who wrote this, is the only Woman I ever did or can love. I do not ask you who ſhe is, *reply'd* Ovid *ſmiling*, you ſhall have the pleaſure of telling me that yourſelf: I have all the Qualifications befitting a Confidant, I underſtand the various Turns of Love, and by what ſubtle means that Paſſion ſteals itſelf into the Soul, how it operates there, and by what Methods it may be improved, or alter'd to another Object; I alſo ſuffer with Lovers in their Afflictions, and am pretty ready at Inventions how to extricate them out of their moſt puzzling Difficulties: What would you wiſh for more in the Perſon

ſon you would truſt? Nothing is more hard than to reſtrain one's ſelf from talking of that which the Heart is full of; being thus preſs'd to it, I diſcover'd to *Ovid* the whole Secret of my Soul, not omitting the leaſt Circumſtance of what paſs'd there, nor of the Converſation I had with *Terentia*, which ſhe hinted at in the Letter to *Tullia*, which we had been reading; as alſo what ſhe ſaid to me afterwards at the Princeſs *Julia*'s. You are as happy as you can wiſh to be, in my opinion, *ſaid* Ovid; but more to convince you that you are ſo, I will get the Certainty of it from *Tullia*, who you ſee is the Confidant of *Terentia*, and with whom I have too great an intimacy to doubt if ſhe will inform me of the Truth of every thing. For Heaven's ſake then, *cry'd I*, find out the Name of this happy Man, for I cannot flatter my fond Hopes ſo far as to believe myſelf the Perſon. *Ovid* would fain have perſuaded me not to diſtruſt my good Fortune; but thoſe Fears which are always the Companions of a true Affection, would not ſuffer me to know even this tranſitory Conſolation of imagining I could be ſo bleſs'd, and began to put Reflection to the torture to think who we had ſeen moſt frequently at the Houſe of *Mecenas*; but not being able to fix on any one, was compel'd to reſt as contented as I could, and leave it to the diſcovery which *Ovid* had promis'd to obtain from the fair Daughter of *Cicero*. I therefore entreated him to ſee her that day, if poſſible, and then left him, being obliged to go and give orders for the Horſe-Race,

which

which I had prepar'd in memory of the Victory you had obtain'd over the Murderers of the great *Julius*.

Terentia, by her Husband's orders, was to give the Prize of this Courſe to him whom the greateſt Ability of promoting your Glory render'd moſt worthy of it. Never did that Divine Creature appear more beautiful than at this time; ſeveral Kings and Princes, who were preſent at this Sight, cry'd out with one accord, that the Wonder of *Rome* was the Wife of *Mecenas*: I had the honour of conducting her home, tranſported with Admiration, Love, and Pleaſure. As I came out of the Houſe, I ſaw *Ovid*, who ſeem'd diſturb'd at meeting me, and would have ſhunn'd me, had I not thrown myſelf in his way, and pluck'd him by the Sleeve as he was attempting to paſs by me; What do I ſee, *cry'd I*, have you any ill News to tell me, that you ſeem loth to be the Bearer? I have neither good nor bad, *anſwer'd he a little peeviſhly*, I am at variance with *Tullia*, and therefore have no opportunity of getting from her the Secret you would be let into. This Variance happens at an ill time, *ſaid I*, and if you really had that regard for me you pretended, you would have managed better with a Perſon whoſe Advice I ſo much wanted at this time. I own I have been to blame, *reſumed he*, which was indeed the reaſon I would have avoided you; but you now know what 'tis to love, and will pardon and pity me, when I tell you that I adore the Daughter of *Cicero*, that I this day have had reaſon to

fear I have leſs influence over her than ſhe had made me hope, and that another has ſupplanted me in her eſteem——you may believe this Thought ſcarce leaves me Maſter of myſelf, and that I am at preſent altogether incapable of being ſerviceable either to myſelf or Friend.

I gave credit to this Excuſe, and curs'd only my own Ill-fortune; but the next day the Empreſs happening to give a Ball, I perceiv'd that *Ovid* and *Tullia* were not ſo much at variance as he had pretended; I ſurpriz'd him making very tender ſigns to her, which ſhe anſwer'd as obligingly. Another time I ſaw her, as ſhe paſs'd by him, pinch him by the Arm, which he ſeem'd to take no notice of, I being at that time near him; but ſoon after, Paſſion was too ſtrong for his Prudence; ſhe took him out to dance with her, and he could not help ſhewing his Thankfulneſs by a paſſionate Geſture. I waited with impatience for the Concluſion of the Entertainment, to complain to him of the Deceit I found he had now put upon me; and as ſoon as it happen'd, I ask'd not your aſſiſtance, *Ovid, ſaid I,* it was a Favour you freely offer'd me; and if you have any Reaſons ſince for renouncing that Promiſe, it had been more generous to have told me ſo, than have ſuffer'd me to depend on a fictitious Expectation; I would eaſily have releas'd you from the Neceſſity of impoſing on me: but I perceive the Motives which have induced you to act in this manner; you have apply'd the Advice you have given me concerning *Terentia* to yourſelf, her

Charms

Charms have had that effect on you which it is ordinary for them to inſpire; you love her, I am certain of it, and that no other reaſon could have prevail'd on you to betray a Friend of my Character. You do me a great deal of honour, my Lord, *ſaid he ſmiling*, to look on me with a jealous eye; but how much ſoever it flatters my Vanity, I ſhould be in the utmoſt deſpair to merit it: for know, *continued he*, ſince you will have the Secret, it is our Emperor who is the happy Man, 'tis he alone who triumphs in the Affection of *Terentia*; I diſcover'd it yeſterday, but diſſembled a Quarrel with *Tullia*, becauſe I was loth to let you know how unhappy you were. Never was Surprize equal to that which theſe words involv'd me in, ſcarce could I truſt my Ears, or the Truth of what I heard: The Emperor! *cry'd I*; does the Emperor love *Terentia?* I know not that, *reply'd he*, but ſure I am, at leaſt if *Tullia*, who is acquainted with all the Secrets of *Terentia*'s Soul, may be believ'd, he alone has Charms which can make her forget thoſe *Mecenas* boaſts———Thus far I am inform'd, that he has never yet made any Declarations to her of an uncommon Tenderneſs; the Conqueſt he has gain'd over her is owing wholly to the great Perfections he is maſter of: But ſee, *purſued he*, what *Tullia* writ to me yeſterday on my deſiring her to inform me what ſhe knew of the Affair; he then ſhow'd me a Letter, the Fragments of which fell into your hands, and is a part of.

Oh ye Gods! what is it you tell me? *cry'd the Emperor, interrupting him*; May I believe you? and is it poſſible that I have all this while myſelf been the Object of my own Jealouſy?

You may judge, my Lord, by what I am going to tell you, *reſum'd* Agrippa, I did not wholly rely on what *Tullia* had ſaid to *Ovid*; and being reſolv'd to have better and clearer Proofs of my Misfortune, I am able to give you ſtronger Proofs of your Happineſs.

I beg of you, Sacred *Cæſar*, to conſider to what a miſerable Condition this Diſcourſe of *Ovid*'s brought me; I look'd upon you as my Maſter and Benefactor, but I look'd on you as my Rival alſo, and as a Rival that was belov'd——The firſt of theſe Conſiderations told me I muſt overcome my Paſſion, and ſubmit every thing to you; but the other falling in with the Weakneſs of Humanity, was ready to make me forget not only every thing I ow'd you, but alſo who you were——I curs'd my Stars a thouſand times, I murmur'd, complain'd of Deſtiny, thought it was for my Ruin alone, you were ſo great, ſo glorious, ſo amiable——I am not now afraid to acknowledge before you theſe Extravagancies, ſince I have overcome them; and by repreſenting to you the Violence of my Paſſion, hope to receive the greater Praiſes for the Performance of that Duty which enabled me to ſubdue it.

Ovid did not leave me all that Night, he was ſenſibly touch'd with my Deſpair, and endeavour'd to bring me into a better Temper, by Diſcourſes and perſuaſive Arguments,

ments, which for the Improvement, as well as Delight of *Rome*, it is to be wiſh'd he had preſerv'd, or at leaſt utter'd them before ſome Perſon more capable of remembring, or benefiting by them, than at that time I was. What, *ſaid he*, do you think to oppoſe a Merit ſuch as the Emperor is Maſter of?———Is it the Coldneſs he ſeems to have for the Beauty of *Terentia* which encourages you? Alas! can you believe his Indifference will long hold out againſt a Tenderneſs which *Terentia* is not able to conceal?———Depend upon it, ſhe will not long be under the Dilemma of loving without being belov'd———perhaps even now while we are talking, the Emperor's Inſenſibility forſakes him; this moment, 'tis poſſible, he may be telling that charming Woman, that ſhe is the only Perſon on Earth worthy of his Love; and your Deſigns upon her, which hitherto have paſs'd for innocent, be now converted into Treaſon, when oppos'd to the Maſter of the Univerſe——— the Heart of *Terentia* muſt now be look'd on as a ſacred Temple, ſince it has receiv'd the Image of *Cæſar*; and the leaſt Step, contrary to that Submiſſion which we all owe to him, would be an unpardonable Crime in ſuch a Man as *Agrippa*.

Ovid was but too truly inſpir'd, you have ſince told me, that it was at the Race you firſt felt the Influence of *Terentia*'s Charms; but being willing to remain as long as poſſible in an Ignorance of what reveal'd would make me more unhappy, I would not rely on any thing he ſaid.

I paſſed this Night in Agitations not to be deſcribed, and being inform'd by Spies, which I kept perpetually about *Terentia*, that ſhe was the next morning to pay her Devotions at that Temple which you permitted me to dedicate to *Neptune*, I went there alſo, tho' I confeſs more to adore the Beauty of that fair Votary, than the God to whoſe Honour it was erected. The Sacrifice was not begun when I came thither, and while it was getting ready, *Terentia* walk'd under the Shade of ſome Trees which you know ſurround that ſtately Edifice. It would be needleſs, *ſaid ſhe to me as ſoon as I came in ſight*, to enquire the Cauſe of *Agrippa*'s coming here ſo early; he knows the Emperor is going a Voyage, and therefore deſigns to offer up his Oriſons to the God of Waters for a favourable Paſſage. True, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, nor do I ſuppoſe you come hither to ask Tempeſts to obſtruct his way. No, *reſum'd ſhe*, I am too much a *Roman*, and too loyal a Subject to make a Requeſt ſo ſacrilegious: And likewiſe too clear-ſighted alſo, *reply'd I*, to conſider *Cæſar* as an indifferent *Roman* would do.

Terentia was ſo much confounded at theſe words, that for ſome time ſhe ſtood ſilent; but at length recovering herſelf, You have more than once, *ſaid ſhe*, entertain'd me with Diſcourſes which appear extremely myſterious; your Counſels againſt that Paſſion which I always thought it part of my Duty to feel for *Mecenas*; your Praiſes, and your Aſſiduities, all ſeem to have ſome ſecret End in them: I am ſometimes apt to flatter myſelf, that what

what you ſay is commiſſion'd by *Auguſtus*—— Tell me the truth, *Agrippa*, *continued ſhe, with an unſpeakable, but moſt enchanting Softneſs in her Voice and Eyes*, can he, thus cover'd o'er with Laurels, in the midſt of Glories, ſuch as never Man but he arriv'd at, or deſerv'd, the Delight of Gods, and Admiration of the wondring World; can he, I ſay, from all this infinite Height look down on the mean Merits which *Terentia* boaſts?—— Fain would I perſuade myſelf 'tis ſo, yet know not how to do it, till confirm'd by you.

I was now in ſo much confuſion in my turn at a queſtion at once ſo killing to my Hopes, and unexpected withal, that inſtead of replying, I ſtood gazing on her with all the Marks of Aſtoniſhment and Grief; but ſhe explaining my Diſorders as ſhe would have it, You are ſurpriz'd, *ſaid ſhe*, to ſee me make this Advance, ſo contrary to my paſt Conduct; but, *Agrippa*, the Paſſion I have for *Cæſar*, has ſomething in it ſo pure, and ſo noble, that without a bluſh I may avow it—— Yes, I confeſs, *purſued ſhe*, that my Heart receiv'd his Image in my tendereſt Years; it has grown up with me, and is ſo truly eſtabliſhed in me, that there is nothing which happens to him, either in War or Love, that I do not fancy myſelf intereſted in—— Is there any thing like this Sympathy in him? Speak, good *Agrippa!* and confirm me in that which I have ſometimes been vain enough to hope.

I own to you, moſt ſacred *Cæſar!* *ſaid* Agrippa, *purſuing his Diſcoueſe*, that tho' ſhe ad-

adjured me in this manner, I had not the power of replying, nor indeed did I well know in what words I ſhould do ſo; and I continued looking intently on her, while ſhe proceeded in theſe, or the like Terms, to enforce as it were ſome Anſwer from me: Why are you ſilent? *ſaid ſhe*, the Innocence and Purity of my Inclinations ought to remove all the Scruples your Virtue might alledge, were they otherwiſe——I love *Cæſar*, it is true, but I love him as a ſuperior Being; and I ſhould think I offended him, did I love him otherwiſe——Delay no longer then to inform me what I languiſh to know, and what I have ſtrangely deceiv'd myſelf, if you have not long ſince had orders to acquaint me with———your ſpeaking Looks make me comprehend almoſt as much as could your words. Thus preſs'd, with much difficulty I at laſt brought out this Reply: Alas! Madam, *cry'd I*, my Eyes I find are bad Interpreters of my Thoughts.

I cannot doubt but ſhe fathomed the Meaning of this Exclamation; ſhe bluſh'd extremely, but the Change of her Countenance ſeem'd rather to proceed from Anger than Shame: ſhe made no anſwer, however, to what I ſaid; but pretending the Sacrifice was ready to begin, went briskly into the Temple, leaving me in a Deſpair which Language would but in vain attempt to expreſs. I thought I had ſeen ſo much Diſdain in her Eyes at leaving me, that I had not the power to follow her; but return'd home to indulge a Chagrin which would not ſuffer any Conſolation. But inſtead of the

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Liberty I expected, I immediately receiv'd your Orders to attend you in your private Closet; it was slowly, I confess, that I obey'd, as if my griev'd Soul foreknew the Business, which, if you remember, my Lord, was to be made the Confidant of your new Passion for *Terentia*: but in the midst of the most burning Anguish that ever yet had possession of an amorous Heart, did I retain my Integrity to you: I told you I was certain that she would answer your Devoirs with equal Tenderness, and was so far from saying any thing which might give a damp to your Desires, that I encouraged you to cherish them, because I found they afforded you a Satisfaction which nothing else could repair the Loss of. The Struggle was, however, too painful to be borne; I entreated your Permission to retire to *Sicily*, on which Departure of mine, the speculative Part of Mankind had various Conjectures; but I return'd not till I found myself perfectly cur'd of my Folly, and full of Resignation to my Fate.

I was often tempted to reveal to you the secret Crime my daring Wishes had been guilty of; but as the Confession would only have been a Confirmation of your Happiness, I forbore it till your Doubts made me think it needful. Behold therefore the Mystery of that Letter which gave you so much Disquiet, and judge whether or not you wrong'd *Terentia*, when you suspected she could be guilty of Unfaithfulness!

The Emperor put an entire confidence in what *Agrippa* had ſaid; but tho' he was perfectly ſatisfy'd about the Fragment he had found, he could not be ſo about the Paſſion of *Craſſus*: the Diſcovery of a Rival, tho' unlov'd, is always vexatious; and tho' in the Verſes which diſcover'd him to be ſuch, he complain'd of Scorn and Cruelty, he could not be aſſur'd that he had till now the ſame Reaſons for Deſpair; *Terentia* might ſince that time have been more complying; and the very Poſſibility, that ſhe might be leſs true than he wiſh'd, made him wretched. He communicated all his Sentiments on this Occaſion to *Agrippa*, who endeavour'd all he could to baniſh them as Traitors to his Peace: he had carefully obſerved all the Behaviour of that Lady ſince firſt he had an intereſt in it; the Love of *Craſſus* had not eſcaped his Penetration, and he told the Emperor, that he was certain he never had met with any thing but Contempt from her. The Emperor, whoſe Paſſion was violent as it was tender, thought himſelf as much obliged to *Agrippa* for this Conſolation, as he did when by ſo many famous Victories he ow'd the Command of the Univerſe to his Arm: he was not wanting in his Acknowledgments, and having diſmiſſed him, went to the Apartment of *Terentia*, to recompence with the Joys of Love the Diſquiets which a contrary Paſſion had created in him; but he found her not at home, ſhe was gone to viſit the Daughter of *Cicero*, who was then at a fine Seat ſhe had at *Tuſculum*.

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Let us leave him therefore for a while in thoſe Impatiencies which attend a Deſire of Reconciliation with a belov'd Object unjuſtly ſuſpected, and ſee how theſe two Ladies, who were ſuch intimate Friends, paſs'd their time together. *Terentia*, who, by ſome words the Emperor had dropp'd, was not ignorant of his Jealouſy, complain'd of him in this manner: How unjuſt are Men, *ſaid ſhe*, the very beſt of them! when once they know the power they have over us, they become either tyrannical or ungrateful. You are ſenſible, my dear *Tullia*, how little reaſon I have ever given *Auguſtus* to doubt my Conſtancy, and that I could eaſily cure him of the Uneaſineſs which Suſpicion breeds, but he would not, by applying to me, give me an Opportunity of vindicating my Innocence; inſtead of that, he order'd *Craſſus* to be ſeiz'd, had all his Papers laid before him, and carefully examin'd them, without ſpeaking a word to me of it; nor ſhould I have known why all this had been done, had I not been inform'd of it by other hands: Were I conſcious of any criminal Complaiſance, how truly wretched ſhould I be! but as I am free from ſuch a Baſeneſs, as the pure Air through which the Sun-Beams paſs, and leave no gloomy Tincture of a Stain behind, I cannot but reſent his cauſeleſs Fears. Ah! my *Terentia*, *reply'd the other*, what is it you complain of? ——what reſent?——Can there be a greater Proof of a violent Affection than Jealouſy? that Paſſion is not Love, which is without it. I confeſs, *reſum'd the beautiful Wife of* Mecenas, that Doubts and Per-

plexities are the inſeparable Attendants of a Tenderneſs ſuch as I would wiſh to find in *Auguſtus*——I will tell you. *continued ſhe*, what it is I mean; I would have him, as he is Emperor, be jealous of his Power, I would have him fearful that my Heart bow'd more to his Greatneſs than to the Merits of his Perſon; and continually diſquieted with this Thought, he ſhould be always ſaying ſomething which might give me an opportunity of convincing him that it is not *Cæſar*, but the *Man*, I love: in this Caſe I would forget nothing that might teſtify the Diſintereſtedneſs of my Soul ——ſtill would I be labouring to aſſure him, that Ambition, or the Pride of being the Favourite of *Auguſtus*, had no ſhare in the Condeſcenſions I made him, yet would I never have him too certain of this Truth—— Theſe are the Fears, theſe are the Doubts which I could wiſh he were poſſeſs'd of, and which keep Deſire continually awake, and will never ſuffer it to fall into that lethargick Negligence which is ſo often the Conſequence of a long Converſation. But alas! he is not thus delicately jealous, he gives himſelf over to Suſpicions injurious to my Virtue, he falls into Extravagancies, without giving me any reaſon for it, and plainly proves he looks upon me as a light, ungrateful, and inconſtant Woman.

You differ widely from my Sentiments, *ſaid* Tullia, I cannot think he conſiders you in this manner; he only trembles, leſt the Merit and Aſſiduity of a new Lover, ſhould draw more Pity from you than he is willing any but himſelf ſhould excite. And as it is to the *Heart* alone that you confine his Pretenſions,

tenſions, the leaſt Troubles you cauſe there, ſeem an Invaſion of his Right: did you extend your Favours more largely, *Auguſtus* would know himſelf ſecure. There are Tokens of Paſſion to be given, after which a Lover cannot ſuſpect his Miſtreſs guilty of Inconſtancy, without the greateſt Injury imaginable; but the Gift of the *Heart* is not of this ſort, there is no real Value of ſuch a Preſent but in the Lover's Mind who thinks he has gain'd it; and as your Complaiſance carries you no greater lengths, he may very well doubt whether or not he is in reality poſſeſs'd of it. Ah! *Tullia, reply'd the other*, I am ſorry to find you have Notions ſo little nice: ſo far is the Gift of the *Heart* from leaving any room for a Lover to doubt, that it is the only thing which ought to make him eaſy———thoſe Marks of Love which come not from the Heart, are the Effects of a Weakneſs which one may have oftner than once; but that Love, whoſe utmoſt Extremes are govern'd by Reaſon, has ſomething in it ſo pure and noble, as will not ſuffer a baſe Action, and would ſcruple a petty Infidelity much more than the moſt indulgent Ladies would a great Crime.

Juſt as *Terentia* had done making theſe Diſtinctions in the Paſſion with which her Soul was ſtrongly poſſeſs'd, a Servant came in to inform the Daughter of *Cicero*, that *Varentillia* and *Fulvia* were arrived from *Rome*, accompany'd by *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Cornelius Gallus* the *Egyptian* Prætor. Tho' *Terentia* had come to *Tuſculum* merely to retire herſelf, and enjoy an uninterrupted Converſation

verſation with *Tullia*, and was at this time not very fitly diſpoſed for Company; yet theſe were Viſitors too illuſtrious not to be agreeably receiv'd: *Fulvia* was Daughter to him who had been the Maſter of *Auguſtus*, and had periſh'd by the Fury of the *Triumvirate*; and the Emperor, willing to make up as much as poſſible her Loſs, had her educated with the Princeſs *Julia*, and treated her with little leſs Tenderneſs than if his own: *Varentillia* was related to her, ſhe had been married to one of the chief of the *Claudian* Family, who have ſince given ſo many Maſters to the Univerſe, and it was thought that ſhe had the firſt Poſſeſſion of *Cæſar*'s Heart. This noble Company were conducted into a magnificent Gallery ſhut in with Portico's, the Ceiling moſt curiouſly inlaid with Agate, Ivory, and Porphyry, and on the Walls this pious Daughter of an illuſtrious Father, had caus'd to be painted thoſe Actions which were moſt remarkable in the Life of *Cicero*; his pleading for *Roſcius*, which obliged him to fly into *Greece*, to ſhun the Fury of *Scylla*; the Applauſes he met with in *Athens*, his glorious Return into his native Country, and how he preſerv'd it from the Attempts of *Catiline*; his Voyage towards *Pompey*; and at laſt his Death, ſo ſhameful to thoſe who were the Cauſers of it.

I could wiſh, *ſaid* Virgil, *looking on the Pictures*, that the Painter had taken ſome hints from my Memorial, he would not then have forgot the Adventure of *Milo*. Indeed the Fault was mine that it was omitted, *reply'd* Tullia, I would not ſuffer it to be put in,

in, becauſe, if I miſtake not that Matter, the Subtilty of *Hortenſius* overcame the Eloquence of *Cicero*. It is true, *reſum'd* Virgil, he did not gain that Cauſe; yet, notwithſtanding, he acquir'd as much Glory by that, as any one Action he ever did. You were not born, Madam, *continued he*, when that Affair happened; you, therefore, undoubtedly may be ignorant of ſome particular Circumſtances of it, which I can relate to you at full, when you think fit; and I am certain you will then agree with me, that *Cicero* never did any thing more worthy of remembrance.

It was alwas a proper time to hear what *Virgil* had to ſay; *Terentia* in a very obliging manner complain'd to him, that it was unkind to the reſt of the Company, that it was only to *Tullia* he would communicate the Recital he nad to make: and *Virgil*, not being ignorant of the Complaiſance which ought to be paid to Monarchs in the Perſons of thoſe they make their Favourites, immediately comply'd with every thing *Terentia* deſir'd; on which they all adjourn'd to a fine Walk at the Upper-end of the Garden, where the mingling Boughs of the cloſe meeting Trees defended them from being incommoded by the Sun. *Virgil* placed himſelf between the four Ladies, *Horace* and *Cornelius Gallus* on each ſide of them; and all being thus in an agreeable Poſition of hearing him, he began the Story he had promis'd them in this manner:

A Memorable Action of CICERO'S.

THE Death of *Cicero, ſaid this juſtly celebrated* Roman, happened ſo lately, that it muſt be remember'd by all who hear me; nor can any one, I think, be ignorant, that *Claudius* being ſurpriz'd in the Houſe of the great *Julius*, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Woman, *Cicero* exerted his Oratory, in publickly cenſuring ſo great a piece of Preſumption: for which, *Claudius*, when afterwards made Conſul, forgot nothing which might retaliate the imagin'd Injury: His long-ſmother'd Rage now broke out with utmoſt Violence; he perſecuted him in his Reputation, and in his Goods, drove him to Baniſhment, and perhaps would farther have purſued his Revenge, had *Milo* not ſtopp'd the Career of it, by giving him a ſudden Death.

It was in his own defence that *Milo* kill'd him, the Fact therefore could not by the Laws of *Rome* be call'd Murder; and to maintain the Juſtice of it, *Cicero* being recall'd from Baniſhment, was employ'd. *Hortenſius*, on the other ſide, was choſen to plead againſt him. At that time there was in *Rome* a beautiful *Athenian*, known by the Name of *Plautia*, with whom that Orator was paſſionately in love; and who, not only by the Force of her Charms, but alſo for her fine Wit, and admirable Reaſoning, was worthy the Empire ſhe maintain'd over his Heart. To her *Hortenſius* communicated the News of his being employ'd againſt *Cicero* in

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the Cauſe of *Milo*, which as ſoon as ſhe had heard, Do you not tremble at the Conſequence? *ſaid ſhe wiſely*; Had you no way to avoid the Shame that muſt attend you in being overcome?———Was there no excuſe to be made, to evade pleading againſt ſuch victorious Eloquence? It is not the firſt time, *reply'd* Hortenſius, *a little nettled with her Doubts*, that I have undertaken to maintain a Cauſe againſt *Cicero*; nor have I always come off with that Diſhonour you ſeem to apprehend: there have been but few remarkable Tryals in which I have not had my ſhare as well as *Cicero*; I pleaded againſt him for *Anthony*, for *Aſienus Pollio*, and for ſeveral others: We were employ'd one againſt the other in the Affair of *Lucius Murena*; and if I may be permitted to ſpeak the Senſe of all *Rome*, at that time he did not get the better of mē. But in all thoſe Caſes, *ſaid* Plautia, you had not to do with the Man who kill'd *Claudius*: to have this Criminal clear'd, you need not doubt but *Cicero* will go even beyond himſelf; the Injuries he has receiv'd from the late Conſul being yet flagrant in his Mind, he will omit nothing which may vindicate the Perſon who rid him of ſo cruel and powerful an Enemy: And if you have any regard for your own Intereſt or Glory, you will be perſuaded to decline appearing in this Cauſe. I cannot, nor ought I to do ſo, *reſum'd he*, I am pitch'd upon to demand Juſtice for the Murder of *Claudius*; I ſhould betray the Truſt repoſed in me, ſhould I be ſilent; and on the other hand, our Profeſſion has this pecu-

liar Advantage in it, that he who gains his Point is certain of Applauſe, and he who loſes it, is not without his Praiſes. If I have the better of *Cicero*, I ſhall acquire a never-dying Fame; and if I miſs my Aim, I run no riſque of being blamed: Honeſty, and our good Intentions, ſtand in the ſtead of Succeſs, and the Orator is never charg'd with the Juſtice or Injuſtice of the Cauſe which he defends. I am not of your opinion, *ſaid* Plautia, there are indeed ſome Qualifications which a Man ought all his Life to be endeavouring to obtain; the labour he takes in it ſhould not deter him from the noble Purſuit; and it is more glorious to ſink under the Weight of the Fatigue, than to ſit down contented without them: But Eloquence is not of this number, nothing can oblige us to follow that Profeſſion; that neither gives us Honeſty, nor juſt Sentiments, nor Reſolution in Events; on the contrary, it too often corrupts the Integrity of the Mind: an Orator, to ſhow his Wit, will ſometimes maintain the moſt unjuſt Cauſe with ſo much Spirit and Energy, that by frequent aſſerting, he is himſelf ready to believe what he would impoſe upon others. It is therefore only a Choice of the Will, and when it turns to the Confuſion of him that undertakes it, it convinces him of Ignorance in himſelf, of the Weakneſs of his Genius, and of a bad Judgment.

This Advice coming from a Perſon he extremely lov'd, made a very great impreſſion on his Mind; he was ſo much influenced by what ſhe ſaid, that when he left her, he went directly to the Houſe of *Cicero*, and find-

finding him at home, You are too worthy a Man, *ſaid he to him*, not to approve of Juſtice before all other Conſiderations: It is, indeed, a very great Advantage to me to be employ'd in a Cauſe where you are on the oppoſite ſide; if I get the better, what an immortal Glory will it be to me? and if I loſe, I ſhall learn by my Defeat to make uſe of thoſe Arms another time, by which I now am foil'd: But *Cicero*, *continued he*, the favourable Succeſs which I might find, would never blot out the Remorſe which would follow the gaining of this Cauſe; *Claudius* was of a vile and wicked Diſpoſition, and made no other uſe of his Authority, than to tyrannize over, and oppreſs thoſe beneath him; not an honeſt Soul in *Rome*, or true Patriot, that rejoices not in his Death: I am ſatisfied alſo that *Milo* kill'd him in his own defence, nor am willing to run the hazard of being puniſh'd for an Act which merits rather to be rewarded; the Error, or the Paſſion of the Judges, might, perhaps, overcome all your fine Reaſoning and Eloquence. Do not, therefore, expoſe *Milo* to the uncertain Iſſue of a Tryal; my Profeſſion obliges me to plead againſt him, and my Honour to do all that is in my power to obtain Sentence againſt him: let us therefore jointly drop this Proceſs, and ſuffer *Milo* to go without either the Praiſe or Blame of the Death of *Claudius*.

The Enemies of *Cicero* would have it, that it was a Motive of Ambition and Vanity which hindred him from accepting this Offer: He had already undertaken to plead,

and, *ſay they*, depending on the happy Succeſs of his Eloquence, would neither loſe his Labour, nor the Fruits he expected to reap by it; but I well know that he had other Reaſons, he fear'd leſt he ſhould be accus'd of Corruption, if in a Cauſe wherein the buſineſs was to clear the Murderer of *Claudius*, the Lawyer employ'd on the ſide of the Deceaſed, ſhould voluntarily hold his peace. He therefore purſued his firſt Intentions, and on the day appointed for the Tryal, went to the *Forum*, where he began to plead. *Hortenſius*, on the other hand, fearing the Prevalence of his well known Oratory, and the Reproaches of *Plautia* if he was overcome, and finding himſelf back'd by the Intereſt of *Cato*, Uncle to *Claudius*, had recourſe to Artifices, which, as *Tullia* remark'd, triumph'd over the Eloquence of *Cicero*. He gave falſe alarms to the Senate, which obliging them to order the Soldiers to be gather'd together to keep the People in awe, thoſe Fellows, being gain'd by *Hortenſius*, were guilty of ſuch Inſolencies, as diſturb'd *Cicero* ſo *à propos*, that *Milo* was not only baniſh'd, and a very large Fine put on him, but alſo found it difficult to eſcape with his Life.

I came juſt then from *Sicily*, where, by the generous Bounty of *Mecenas*, I had been honour'd with an Employment: *Cicero*'s Character was well known to me, and I earneſtly deſir'd to be acquainted with him. *Manlius* did me the favour to introduce me, and it happen'd to be on the very day that he had loſt *Milo*'s Cauſe. Whence come

you?

you? *ſaid he, as ſoon as he knew who I was:* Go and build a Hut on the Ruins of *Mantua!* there keep the Sheep of ſome proud Lord; nay, bury yourſelf quick in the Aſhes of your Country, rather than dwell in pernicious *Rome!* that once Miſtreſs of the World is full of nothing but Injuſtice and Oppreſſion——Uſurpers of Authority now fill the awful Chairs, and the bribe'd *Senate* ſee not but with the eyes of Intereſt.——Fly, therefore, noble Stranger, if thou wouldſt preſerve thy Character of Wiſdom, from ſuch a Place of Treachery and Corruption. *Manlius* knew what had happen'd, and was therefore little ſurpriz'd at his Ill-humour; but willing to bring him off of it, What is this I hear, *Cicero? ſaid he*, Can your Hatred of *Claudius* continue, when the Object of it is no more? and is *Rome* worthy of your Curſes, becauſe it has reveng'd his Death? It is not the Caſe of *Claudius* I now ſpeak of, *anſwer'd* Cicero; for had he been my deareſt Friend, the Puniſhment decreed for him who took his Life, would not have ſeem'd leſs unjuſt in my eyes.

He then briefly related to us the Points on which *Milo*'s Juſtification ſhould have been founded, and that even *Hortenſius*, who pleaded againſt him, very much ſcrupled to pronounce him guilty: Is it not monſtrous, *continued he*, that the Accuſer ſhould declare him innocent, and that *Cato*, by his Authority alone, ſhould doom him as criminal? Not all the Art or Eloquence of *Hortenſius* could prove the Man who kill'd *Claudius* puniſhable by Law; but becauſe the Deceaſed

ceaſed was of the Family of *Cato*, the Senate proceeded againſt him with the utmoſt Severity. Alas! my dear *Manlius*, what a degenerate Age have we the misfortune to live in !———I have juſt ſent *Milo* ſomewhat to help pay the exceſſive Fine they have laid on him———it is my due, indeed, to pay it all, ſince I aſcribe his Ruin only to my having undertaken to plead his Cauſe—had I forbore to appear in it, he had been acquitted——in maintaining his Innocence, I have blacken'd it———I will therefore retire into ſome ſolitary Place, to atone for my raſh Enterprize——I will no more be ſeen in *Rome*, till ſhe is reſtor'd to the ſame State ſhe was in, in our Forefathers Days ; that is in effect to ſay, no more ſhall I re-enter theſe now deteſted Walls—The Vices of the People have ſet all Heaven againſt them, the Divine Powers have withdrawn their Influence, and ſoon do I expect to mourn the Fall of this once envy'd City, with the ſame reaſon as *Virgil* now mourns o'er the Ruins of his native *Mantua.*

Manlius omitted nothing to diſſuade his Friend from the Reſolution he had taken of leaving *Rome* ; I was not ſo well acquainted with him, as to preſume to adviſe ; yet I could not forbear telling him, that the greater number of wicked Men it contain'd, the more was his obligation to ſtay in it. What would indeed become of her, *ſaid I*, ſhould all her worthy Sons take up the ſame reſolution with you ? and to what Miſeries would ſhe not be expos'd ? It is the buſineſs of the *Good* to uphold her againſt the Attempts

tempts of the *Impious*, eſpecially when publickly attack'd; and you will be anſwerable to the Gods, and look'd on as too forgetful of your Country, if any Miſchief happens to her by your Abſence. It was with a vaſt deal of Patience and Candor that he liſten'd to the Remonſtrances I made him, and even condeſcended to honour them with ſome Praiſes. But, beſides that he was immovable when once reſolv'd, he had ſo far incommoded himſelf by his Liberality to *Milo*, that he was under an abſolute neceſſity of retiring into the Country. He made choice of this Houſe for the Place of his Retreat, which was not then what his Care, and that of his worthy Daughter have ſince made it. Alas! I had reaſon to lament, more than I was then aware of, his withdrawing himſelf from *Rome*; and I did ſo, in a manner, as if I had foreknown thoſe ſtrange Incidents decreed for me in the irrevocable Book of Fate.

Thoſe laſt words of *Virgil* increas'd the Attention and Curioſity of thoſe who heard him, and perhaps might have brought forth a ſecond Story, had not the Emperor, and the Princeſs *Julia*, Prince *Marcellus*, and the illuſtrious *Agrippa*, with a great Train of Noblemen and Ladies, appear'd at the lower end of the Walk.

Tullia ran to meet them, and quite confounded at the Honour ſhe receiv'd, teſtify'd her Acknowledgments of it by her Confuſion, much better than ſhe could have done by the moſt ſtudied and eloquent Harangue.

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The Emperor accoſted her in Terms perfectly obliging and gallant, and had not his Impatience of entertaining *Terentia* render'd all that delay'd that Bleſſing a kind of Trouble, he had certainly ſaid much more in anſwer to the Gratitude and Joy ſhe expreſs'd for this Viſit. While he was ſpeaking to *Tullia*, the Wife of *Mecenas* kept her place, and partly through Fear, and partly through Pride, would not ſtir one ſtep to meet him; he ſaw her at a diſtance, and leaving the Princeſs *Julia* to entertain the Daughter of *Cicero*, went to the Place where ſhe was.

The Air of the Country has already very much alter'd you, Madam, *ſaid the Emperor, when he came up to her*, you are not for following Example; and if I had taken pattern by you, I ſhould have left *Rome* in vain, to have ſpoken with you. I know my Duty to my Emperor too well, *anſwer'd ſhe coldly*, to accoſt him before he calls for me. Alas! Madam, *reſum'd he*, the Reſpect with which I am treated as *Cæſar*, is little anſwerable to what you owe me as a Lover——Forget, therefore, that I am Maſter of the Univerſe, and remember that I have given you my Heart, and that you ought to return the Preſent in kind; to make a myſtery of the Paſſion *Craſſus* has for you, was not dealing with me with that Sincerity you had made me hope, or that you have ever found from me. I never look'd on the Reſpects he paid me, *reply'd ſhe*, in any other light than as your Favours to *Mecenas* and myſelf have made it a rule to the whole Empire; and if he has any other View, 'tis certainly beneath

neath my notice, and worthy only of my ſcorn. How eaſily are we perſuaded to what we wiſh! *ſaid the Emperor*; nor are you ignorant of the power you have over me: but as to the Verſes, *continu'd he*, which I found among the Papers of *Craſſus*, were they written for no other Aim than to amuſe himſelf?——did he make no attempt to convince you of his Love and Wit? I aſſure you, my Lord, *reſum'd ſhe*, with the ſame ſincerity as I would anſwer Heaven at my lateſt moments, that I ne'er heard of any Verſes he made on me, much leſs accepted of them——But on what, my Lord, do you build theſe groundleſs Fears?——Have you ever obſerv'd any Levity in my Diſpoſition? any falſe Steps in my Conduct?——Methinks it is impoſſible you can love me, nay, even know me, and entertain thoughts of me ſo contrary to what I am, or to the Principles which alone can merit the Deference you pay me.

Cæſar, whoſe Suſpicions were pretty well over before he ſaw her, and but feign'd a Jealouſy for the pleaſure of hearing her proteſt her Innocence, felt a Satisfaction at the vehemence with which ſhe expreſs'd herſelf, which none but thoſe who love with that delicacy he did, can be ſenſible of; and while he was teſtifying it by all the Demonſtrations he was able, *Agrippa* was retir'd into the Arbor, where, ſome time before, *Terentia* and the Daughter of *Cicero*, had entertain'd one another; he was buſily engaged in reading a Letter which had been put into his Hand on the Road, and which he knew came from

Ovid. *Horace*, who had follow'd him, ſurpriz'd him as he was peruſing it. One may eaſily know, *ſaid that great Man*, that *Tullia* is engaged; if you could have entertain'd her freely, I ſhould not have had the favour of your Company. I underſtand you, my Lord, *reply'd* Horace, nor is this the firſt time you have rally'd me on the Gaiety of my Temper, and the little Stability I am eſteem'd to have in Love-Affairs. A Man who knows you only by publick Report, *reſumed he*, might indeed reproach you for your Inſenſibility; but a Man who has been intimate with *Ovid*, as I have been, knows better what to ſay to you on that head: I am not ignorant of your Triumphs, and am certain you are not leſs a Favourite with the God of Love, than with that other Deity, by whoſe Inſpiration you are enabled to write what will make you immortal, when all the Laurels I have acquir'd in War ſhall wither, and be no more remembred. It was only with a ſubmiſſive Bow that *Horace* anſwer'd to this Compliment, and the other went on in this manner: *Ovid*, *purſued he*, has made me acquainted with your Succeſſes in Love, and how deeply you have felt the Effects of it yourſelf. *Ovid* is very fertile in Metamorphoſes, *ſaid his Cotemporary*, and equal in Fame, and without doubt he took me for the River *Alphea*, or for the Nymph *Salmacis*, when he took me for a Lover. He took you for a Rival belov'd, *cry'd* Agrippa, *interrupting him*, and knew not another who was worthy of that Title, and could not therefore miſtake——I know very well

you

you depriv'd him of the Heart of *Tullia*, who, ſeduced by the Gallantries with which you entertain'd her, gave the inconſtant *Ovid* to underſtand, he could not be always the firſt in breaking off an Intrigue. But, to puniſh you for concealing this Secret ſo long from me, you ſhall immediately relate the whole Story; which I never could get from *Ovid*, becauſe he never ſpoke of it without expreſſing too great a Concern for me to add to his Diſquiet, by continuing any long Converſation of it; but as you have no ſuch excuſe, I ſhall expect you will oblige me—— I know very well the Motive which brings the Emperor here, and am certain he will be ſo far engaged for ſome time, that we may diſcourſe without interruption.

Agrippa deſerv'd ſo well of the whole Empire, and *Horace* in particular, that he durſt not make any evaſions to refuſe what he deſir'd; and after telling him in a gallant manner that he was accuſtom'd to overcome, wherever he made an attack, began to ſatisfy his Curioſity in theſe Terms:

The Hiſtory of HORACE.

I Muſt, confeſs, indeed, my Lord, *ſaid he*, that moſt People are deceiv'd in my Character; they look on me as a Perſon wholly devoted to Feaſting, Revelling, and Muſick, and that conſiders Love only as a neceſſary Sauce, ſometimes

times to give a better reliſh to the reſt of the Entertainment. This Picture is not like me at all; Mirth, and Freedom of Converſation, are certainly Pleaſures; but I aſſure you, I have very few Friends, whoſe Cloſets I would not rather be found in, than at their Tables——I do not, however, make that Profeſſion of Solidity which ſome Men do, nor do I always chuſe to be reſerv'd and grave; I would not be a conſtant *Bacchanalian*, nor would I abſolutely refuſe the Juice of the Grape, nay, would ſometimes drink freely of it, and have found by experience, that the Inſpirations I have receiv'd from it have gain'd me much Reputation one way, whatever it may have loſt me another. This Diſpoſition, if it hinders a Man from obſerving the more ſerious Occupations of Life, does not hinder him from being gallant, and from inventing a thouſand pretty Stratagems to ſhow the Delicacy of his Soul; nor has he leſs Wit for being more free and open: and if he preſerves himſelf from falling into thoſe Diſorders which render Men brutiſh, 'tis more manly to avoid that Diſſimulation which thoſe who practiſe it call by the name of Diſcretion.

I made uſe of theſe Diſtinctions in an Ode, wherein I prais'd a Feaſt of *Mecenas*'s; this Piece of mine was ſo well receiv'd, that it was look'd on as Folly and Preſumption to attempt any Criticiſms upon it. *Ovid*, nevertheleſs, took it into his head to do it, and one day, in the preſence of the Princeſs *Julia*, rally'd me on it with all imaginable Severity, and told me I ſeem'd to

employ

employ my Genius wholly on the Praiſe of *Bacchus*.

What is there ſo ridiculous in it if I do? *anſwer'd I*; is not the fruitful Vine, which bears the rich *Falernian* Grape, as worthy of a Poet's Ideas, as thoſe Flowers of which you make a *Cilti* or an *Hippolytus*. That Allegory, *ſaid* Ovid, relates to a Paſſion of the Soul far more noble than that of addicting oneſelf to thoſe mean Requiſites of Life, which we never partake of, except when humbled to think we cannot ſubſiſt without them: It is certainly more worthy of a Poet to give Leſſons of *Love*, than of a *Debauch*. Love, *anſwer'd I*, ſuprizes the gay Perſon in the Frolicks of a Feaſt, as it does a melancholy Man in his moſt ſerious Affairs. The Delights of making good Chear, and being belov'd by the Perſon who ſeems amiable in our eyes, are not at all incongruous: it is only ſeeking out Pleaſure by divers Ways, and poſſeſſing the moſt exquiſite, becauſe complicated. Thoſe Ways are different, indeed, *reſum'd* Ovid, and one would hardly think, that to plunge himſelf in a Debauch was the way to obtain a fine Lady: it is an uncommon Method you would take to pleaſe one of that nice and delicate Sex, when you attack her with that mad Joy which Wine inſpires. Would it not be a fine Excuſe, or would not the Lady be wonderfully ſatiſfy'd with that Lover who ſhould tell her with a grave Countenance, *I cannot ſee you to-morrow, Madam, I ſhall ſpend the whole Day feaſting among my Friends, enjoying a thouſand Pleaſures, which you are neither able to give,*

give, nor to partake of? Thus did he run on for a conſiderable time; and the Princeſs ſeeming to approve his Satire, made me reſolve in my mind to find out ſome Way to puniſh him for it: I knew very well he was in love with *Tullia*, and alſo that ſhe was worthy of being belov'd; and I thought if I could deprive him of that Lady's Affections, he would be deeply affected with the Loſs, and at the ſame time make good my Argument, that it was not impoſſible for an agreeable Debauchée to charm a Lady.

As yet I knew the Daughter of *Cicero* only as we know People of Quality whom we ſee at the Empreſs's, or Princeſs's Apartments; I made it my buſineſs therefore to become better acquainted with her, and the firſt opportunity I had of teſtifying my deſire of pleaſing her, was at the Feaſt of *Bacchus*, which being being left to my management that Year, I made all the Muſick which compos'd the Entertainment, turn on that Proverb of *Cicero*'s,

Sine BACCHO *friget* VENUS.

And according to the Meaning of that Proverb, I order'd two Images to be made, one of *Cupid*, and the other of *Bacchus*, and both drawn on Chariots: they ſeem'd to have made each other mutual Preſents, *Love* was crown'd with the Leaves of the Vine, he carry'd a Glaſs inſtead of a Bow, and a Bottle ſerv'd him in the room of a Quiver; *Bacchus* was adorn'd in every Point like *Cupid*, ſeveral young and beautiful Virgins repre-

repreſenting the *Graces* and the *Bacchanals*, promiſcuouſly follow'd the Chariots, and changed Employments one with the other; the *Bacchanals* made uſe of ſuch Gallantries toward the People, as could only proceed from Love; and the *Graces* took care to fill out Wine to ſuch as would drink.

You was, my Lord, at that time in *Sicily*; and it is ſcarce poſſible, unleſs *Ovid* has inform'd you of it, for you to have heard what were the Effects of this Feaſt. *Tullia* openly acknowledged the obligation ſhe had to me in renewing the Memory of *Cicero*; and whether *Ovid*, with a deſign to leſſen the Obligation, or that he only did it innocently, I cannot ſay, but preſently after he compos'd a Copy of Verſes, which he call'd, *Love Enraged*; where intimating that Love was angry with me for the ſacrilegious Treatment I had given him, in joining him with the drunken God, he made him uſe a great many witty Imprecations and Menaces againſt me.

He carry'd this Poem to the Apartment of *Tullia*, but ſhe being from home, he laid it on her Toilet, to the end ſhe might read it when ſhe came to undreſs; I happen'd to come in immediately after he was gone; a young Slave, whom I had brib'd, told me that he had been there, and left a Paper behind him. I took it up and read it, and the vexation I was in at this piece of Malice, ſo warm'd my Imagination, that I call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and under the ſame Title of *Love Enraged*, I drew the Picture of the Inconſtancy of *Ovid*; I folded my Satire

up

up in the ſame manner he had done his, and taking the other away with me in my Pocket, was juſt leaving the Apartment, when *Tullia* came in, who having met *Ovid* in her way, permitted him to conduct her home; and as they came, he told her that he had left a Copy of Verſes for her to read; on which, ſhe calling for them, he went to the Place where he had put them, and, little ſuſpecting the cheat I had been guilty of, gave my Poem inſtead of his own into her hands. She began to read, but certainly nothing ever was more pleaſant than to obſerve the confuſion he was in, to hear words ſo directly the Reverſe of what he had written. He ſuffer'd her to go on four or five Lines, but having no longer patience, Madam! Madam! *cry'd he*, what is it you mean? there are certainly no ſuch Lines in the Paper. Convince yourſelf, *anſwer'd ſhe, giving it to him*, and ſee how truly, tho' againſt your Will, you have drawn the Character of your own Humour. I could not here reſtrain my Laughter, nor *Ovid* his Ill-humour, when he found the Deceit. There is a Myſtery in this, which I am not able to fathom. Nothing can be more eaſy, in my opinion, *rejoin'd* Tullia, than to comprehend it; *Love* is angry with a Votary who varies in his Flame, and has taken this Method of puniſhing you for being guilty in this manner. Thoſe who apply this Anger to *Love, ſaid* Ovid, are ſo little acqainted with that Paſſion, that there can be no Judgment form'd on whatever they alledge——Without doubt, *continued he, looking on me with a ma-*

malicious Sneer, the Author of this Satire was a little intoxicated at ſome late Feaſt; and it is rather to the Fumes of the Wine, than to the Reſentment of the God, we owe this Piece of Witticiſm. I know not, *ſaid I*, who the Perſons are of whom you ſpeak; but it ſeems to me, that they have ſo well deſcribed the Vileneſs of Inconſtancy, that they would in no way be guilty of it; and alſo, that they are not ignorant of the niceſt Points of Love: and if they have found out this ingenuous way of diverting a Miſtreſs, and undermining a Rival, thoſe Fumes of Wine which inſpired that Thought, may well deſerve a Place among the agreeable Stratagems of Love. Divert a Miſtreſs, and undermine a Rival! *interrupted* Ovid, *with a forced Smile*; I pity the poor Wretch, if he has any ſuch vain Hope——Alas! ſuch Men as he live not for Ladies, they are not ſo much as thought on by them, all the Gallantries they pay them, paſſes for a light Caprice——a real Lover could not ſo much affront the Woman he ador'd, as to ſuſpect her of approving any thing done by a Perſon of this Character. Taking it either of your Ways, *ſaid* Tullia, I believe a Lady already engaged, would not eaſily be brought over to engage herſelf to another; but yet, if I had a Lover, I ſhould not be pleas'd to have him ſo perfectly eaſy and ſelf-ſufficient, as to aſſure himſelf he was the only one could obtain my Favour—— I would have him tremble on the leaſt Surmiſe——I would have him ſuſpect every thing ſaid to me was ſpoke with deſign——

in ſhort, I would have him diſturb'd but at the leaſt appearance of a Rival. I know as well as any one in the World, Madam, *anſwer'd* Ovid, the uſe we ought to make of thoſe Apprehenſions, and know alſo, that a Lover is more to blame in declaring thoſe Suſpicions, when unjuſt, than he can be in taking no notice of them: We ought to be perfectly acquainted with the Character of the Perſon with whom we are in love; and if it is true, that the tender Paſſion takes its beginning from the Conformity of Diſpoſition, I cannot think that the Author of thoſe Verſes can ever triumph over a Rival more delicate in his Notions. I had neither time to make any anſwer to this too prophetick Speech of *Ovid*'s, nor to obſerve in what manner *Tullia* receiv'd it——three or four Ladies came in that moment to viſit her, and ſhe made a ſign to us to give over the Diſcourſe: but the next morning a Slave, whom I had bribed, being employ'd to carry a Letter from his Miſtreſs to *Ovid*, he brought it to me; which haſtily opening, I found in it theſe Lines:

To Ovid.

I Begin to be among the number of your forſaken Miſtreſſes; your Inconſtancy is going its uſual Rounds, and I am convinc'd you do not love me as you ought, ſince Horace *cannot make you jealous——You muſt have heard that he was near two Hours in my Apartment, when I was abſent; and one may reaſonably ſuppoſe he employ'd that time in writing, and exchanging his Verſes*

Verſes for yours; yet are you no otherwiſe concern'd, than out of a Poet's Vanity.——Is it for me to make this Remark? and are you not aſhamed to call yourſelf a Lover, while you can be ſo eaſily perſuaded of what you ſhould but with difficulty believe, if I took ever ſo much pains to convince you of it.——Farewel, learn how to love yourſelf, before you pretend to inſtruct others in the Art; and be not, till you have greater Proofs than any you have yet receiv'd, too ſecure of the Affections of

TULLIA.

I would not give *Tullia* an opportunity of reproaching him with not anſwering her Letter, which I kept, leſt the Slave ſhould be blamed, and by that means the Intrigue between us diſcover'd: I deſir'd *Cepion*, therefore, who was acquainted with both *Ovid* and myſelf, but much more a Friend to me than to him, to carry him to an Entertainment which was to be made at the Houſe of *Domitius*. I knew very well that *Tullia* deſign'd to paſs ſome Days at this Retreat, and took hold of this Opportunity to declare myſelf her Lover. I had for ſome time before got acquainted with her Charioteer, and making him a handſome Preſent, as an Earneſt of what he might hereafter expect from me, if my Deſign ſucceeded, I obliged him to break the Chariot, juſt at the entrance of the Wood which lies on the right hand of the Road coming hither. I had order'd a fine Tent to be put up in

the Wood; I had alſo prepared a Collation of the fineſt Wines and richeſt Fruits the Seaſon of the Year afforded; as good a Set of Muſick as I could get, were ready to entertain her: and every thing happening according to my Wiſh, I waited ready to relieve the Lady from her imaginary Misfortune.— She was aſtoniſh'd to find help ſo unlook'd for; and I told her, that this was one of thoſe agreeable Frolicks with which *Ovid* ſo often reproach'd me. I had no ſooner ended theſe words, than the Collation was ſerv'd up, and, from every Corner of the Wood, Trumpets, Flutes, Violins, and various kinds of Inſtruments ſent forth at once their different Sounds, compleating a Harmony perfectly enchanting to the Ear. They play'd at a diſtance all the time we were at our Repaſt; but as ſoon as that was over, the Muſicians appear'd, and being dreſs'd, ſome like the Graces, others in the manner of *Cupids*, tune'd at the ſame time their Voices and their Inſtruments, and ſang about thirty Lines which I had compos'd on the Power of Love; which finiſh'd, they diſappear'd, and gave me liberty to tell her, that this was but the Prelude to the Play; that what I had ſaid in Poetry of that Paſſion, but little expreſs'd what I felt of it; and a thouſand other ſuch things, which teſtify'd I had indeed ſome farther Deſign than ordinary Gallantry. As much pleas'd as ſhe had ſeem'd at the former part of my Behaviour, ſhe grew a little diſturb'd at the latter, eſpecially when ſhe ſaw my Servants, as well as the Muſicians, were all departed, and

ſhe

ſhe was left entirely alone with me: Alas! *cry'd ſhe*, I find this was an intended Meeting; and perhaps the breaking of my Chariot might not be accidental.——You will not be offended, Madam, I hope, *anſwer'd I*; all the Deſign you can ſuſpect me of, is to make you a Declaration of Love; and ſure that tender Theme has nothing in it which can alarm you. I am not ſo much alarm'd as I am angry, *ſaid ſhe*, nor will I liſten to your Raillery one moment longer. As ſhe ſpoke this, ſhe turn'd from me with all the tokens of the utmoſt Indignation. Wrong me not, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, by a Suſpicion ſo unjuſt——it is with the greateſt and ſincereſt Paſſion that I adore you; and to know that *Ovid* has the preference in your Eſteem, has not had the power to prevent me from offering you the whole Services of my future Life——I have long been ſeeking an Opportunity of making this Declaration to you, but the Aſſiduity of my Rival has till now hindred me——it is but by a Stratagem that I now have you alone——hear me, therefore, I conjure you, Madam, with patience; *Ovid* tells you that he loves you, but does he not ſay the ſame to every Lady in *Rome*, who either is, or is accounted lovely?——He has no new Method of pleaſing you, or expreſſing his Inclinations—Behold in me the moſt faithful of all your Votaries, and one who will put his whole Invention on the rack to find ſtill new and unlook'd for Subjects of Entertainment for you.

I had but juſt finiſh'd theſe words, when the ſudden appearance of *Ovid* put a ſtop to any farther Diſcourſe on this Subject——As he was coming from the Houſe of *Domitius*, he had met a Servant of *Tullia*'s, who was ſent back to *Rome* to fetch another Chariot: He told *Ovid* what had befallen her, and he came immediately to the Place where he was told the Accident had happen'd, to ſee if ſhe was hurt. The Condition he found her in was enough, one would think, to have fill'd him with the utmoſt Diſquiets; the Tent I had caus'd to be ſet up was extremely magnificent, and perfumed with the richeſt Odors of the *Eaſt*——the Fragments of the Collation ſhow'd that it had been of the beſt: In fine, every thing demonſtrated, that it was not by chance all this had happen'd. But *Ovid* was not accuſtom'd to loſe a Lady's Heart; the Love he bore her, he thought, was a ſufficient Security for being belov'd by her: and when he found her ſafe, he was as perfectly eaſy as if he had found her alone. I took occaſion to oblige *Tullia* to remark this Indifference of his: You ſee, Madam, *ſaid I, in a whiſper*, that the Declarations of Love made at a Feaſt, are much more ſincere than thoſe elſewhere. ——Your Chariot broke down by chance, doubtleſs; I happen'd to be in the way alſo without Deſign; theſe Fruits, this Muſick, and this Entertainment, by Inchantment preſented themſelves to divert you: *Ovid* ſurprizes us together, believes there was no Deſign in all this, nor trembles at the thoughts of what may have happen'd between two

People

People in a Place ſo love-inſpiring as this ſweet Receſs. But I am jealous only at ſeeing him here now, can ſcarce think he would have left the Houſe of *Domitius* ſo early, if he had not deſign'd to follow you to *Tuſculum*; and am diſtracted with the Apprehenſions that you permitted him to do ſo—To which, therefore, of us two can you aſcribe the higheſt and moſt fervent Paſſion?

Theſe words were ſpoken at a time when *Tullia* was heartily vex'd: ſhe expected that he would indeed have expreſs'd ſome Diſſatisfaction at finding, as eaſily he might, that this Meeting had not been accidental; and beſides, ſhe had receiv'd no Anſwer to her laſt Letter, which, being ignorant of the true Reaſon, ſhe imputed that to him as a Crime, which was only an Artifice of my Love. She rally'd him in ſo ſevere a manner, that, in ſpite of the natural Tranquillity of his Humour, I had the pleaſure of ſeeing him a little mortify'd with it at laſt. But he conceal'd it as much as poſſible, and the Diſquiet he was in, did him no ſervice with *Tullia*, becauſe, it was obvious to me, ſhe had at that time Emotions in her own Soul too violent to ſuffer her to obſerve what paſs'd in his. But he afterwards ſaid to *Cepion*, who related it to me, that tho' he was aſhamed to own himſelf capable of being touch'd with Jealouſy, he now found the Effects of it as cruelly as ever Man did. Could I have believ'd, *ſaid he to him*, that a Woman, whom I had inſtructed in the Rudiments of Love, could ever liſten with any plea-

pleaſure to what *Horace* is able to alledge in favour of that Paſſion! Heavens! how induſtrious have I been to convince her of my Tenderneſs! I ſeem'd to wake for no other end, than to reveal what I had dream'd of her in my Sleep——ſhe ſees me at all the Temples to which ſhe goes——is certain of meeting me in every Viſit ſhe makes—— or when ſhe walks, her Shadow is not more inſeparable than am I——my Looks, my Words, the Product of my Genius, are all devoted to her—I think of nothing elſe—— nor do I act with any other View than to pleaſe her.——*Horace* is wholly given up to his Pleaſures —— Gaming, Feaſting, Dancing, the Court and Theatre, engroſs all his Hours——What leiſure has he for the Aſſiduities requiſite to obtain a Lady? ——or what Taſte of the Delicacies of ſoft Deſire?

But to return to the Hiſtory of my Proceedings; we both attended *Tullia* to this Place, and having ſeen her ſafe at home, return'd together, not very agreeable Companions, to *Rome*: Having inform'd myſelf how long ſhe intended to tarry at *Tuſculum*, I reſolv'd to back my former Gallantry with a ſecond no leſs ſurpriſing and agreeable than the other. And having order'd all things ready againſt the time ſhe was to come, ſhe found her Entry into *Rome* attended with a Maſquerade of Nymphs and Shepherds, who dancing all the way before, behind, and on each ſide her Chariot, to the Sound of rural Muſick, conducted her through the Gates of *Rome*; at which there met

met her a Troop of *Ægyptians* richly habited, who conducted her home, and danc'd before her Door after the manner of the Country of which they were repreſented to be Natives. This Diverſion laſted till after Supper-time, and then a Company of Comedians came, as if by chance, and begg'd to be entertain'd that Night—— They acted before her the Fury of *Ajax*, and the Conteſt between him and *Ulyſſes* for the Armour of *Achilles*. By the manner of their Performance, it might eaſily be ſeen they were no common Strollers, nor indeed were they, but young *Romans* of Condition, whom I had engaged to aſſiſt me in this Plot.

I affected to be prodigiouſly ſurpriz'd at this Entertainment, but the Deceit was too apparent to paſs for Truth on ſuch a Man as *Ovid*, who, as well as myſelf, had come at the very beginning of it, to welcome *Tullia* home: He afterwards reproach'd her very bitterly, and taking all the Aſſurances ſhe gave him, that ſhe neither knew of, nor encouraged me to give her thoſe Diverſions, as ſo many Endeavours to impoſe on his Credulity; had like to have arriv'd at that Pitch of Jealouſy which *Tullia* ſo much deſir'd: but being inform'd by one of my Companions, that ſhe was really innocent, and that all I had done was the Reſult of my own Caprice, he ſoon return'd to his former Tranquillity.

But this was not the only Stratagem I invented to perplex this happy Rival; ſome Orders of *Mecenas*'s had kept *Ovid*, much againſt his Will, all the time *Tullia* was in

the Country: and tho' I knew there was an abſolute Neceſſity for his ſtaying in *Rome*, I did not fail to tell her it proceeded from his Negligence of her: And having redoubled my Generoſity and Inſtructions to the Slave, I order'd it ſo well, that *Ovid* could not be juſtify'd; for I intercepted all his Letters, which made *Tullia* believe he was really grown cold; and that the Jealouſy which he had of me was no more than a Pretence to quarrel. In fine, every thing made againſt him; while I, induſtrious to improve the moment of her Anger, ſuffer'd not a Day to paſs, without entertaining her with ſome new Amuſement——I found out a *Grecian* who ſang incomparably fine, and engaged her to perform before my Miſtreſs——I was told ſhe was engaged to go a Hunting with ſome Friends; I procured the beſt Pack of Hounds that could be got, and went thither alſo; and after I had given them better Diverſion than they expected, it was follow'd by a magnificent Entertainment. Theſe Aſſiduities, my Letters, my Poems, and my paſſionate Diſcourſes, together with the Indignation my Artifices had inſpir'd her with againſt *Ovid*, work'd the Effect I wiſh'd.——In ſhort, my Lord, I pleas'd her, and the firſt time my Rival perceiv'd it, was at a Feaſt I had made, where *Tullia* condeſcended to be preſent, and gave me ſo many Marks of Favour, that he muſt have been as blind as he is really diſcerning, not to ſee that he was now but the ſecond in her Eſteem. I wiſh, my Lord, you had ſeen the Surprize and Rage he was in; he took her apart

apart from the reſt of the Company, and, as one who overheard them, afterwards told me, upbraided her in theſe Terms: Is this, Madam, *ſaid he*, the Effect of all my flattering Hopes?——Could I have imagin'd you would have treated me in this manner?——Have I taken ſo much pains to engage you? and is it thus that you reward my Aſſiduities?——I ſee plainly you love *Horace*, every Look and every Action convinces me that he is prefer'd before me in your Eſteem. Suppoſe I do, *anſwer'd ſhe, with a diſdainful Air*, what is there ſo ſtrange in this?——Has not *Horace* thoſe Qualifications which make Men amiable?——and am I the firſt Woman which has thought him agreeable?—But, Madam, *reſum'd my Rival*, have you not promis'd me an unalterable Affection? and do you not remember, that Falſhood and Ingratitude are Crimes worthy of rendring all who are guilty of them Objects rather of Contempt than Admiration?——Do you not fear you will, by being known to be of this Humour, loſe all the Conqueſts your Beauty has gain'd? No, *ſaid* Tullia, I am little troubled with any of theſe Apprehenſions; the Man who does not love, is certainly unworthy of being belov'd: and that you are inſenſible of that Paſſion, I am perfectly aſſur'd, becauſe a Heart truly poſſeſs'd of it, is a Stranger to that Tranquillity you are ſo much famed for: Jealouſy, and a Reſtleſſneſs of Nature, are the inſeparable Companions of Love; and I am very glad that I obſerv'd in you theſe Deficiencies, before I had engaged my Affections too deeply

to be able to recall them. Alas! Madam, *reply'd he*, had theſe been the Motives of your Change, Tears, Reproaches, and other Tokens of an ill-treated Tenderneſs, had been the forerunners of it——you would not all at once have forſaken me———Had you ever lov'd, you could not with ſuch Suddenneſs transfer it from one Object to another—No, no, you but diſſembled a Tenderneſs for me, and are not inconſtant, but deceitful and cruel—Heavens! is it poſſible I could be ſo much miſtaken in a Heart I thought my own!—Ungrateful Divinity of Love! ſeek out another Panegyriſt, another Hiſtorian; I will no more pretend to unravel your Myſteries—they are only chimerical——a Miſtreſs is loſt without my being able to foreſee it—*Horace* has depriv'd me of her—there are no certain Rules in the betraying Paſſion; and 'tis Fate alone decides the Happineſs of Men.

Agrippa found ſomething ſo diverting in this Repetition of the Exclamation of *Ovid*, that he could not forbear burſting into a fit of Laughter. I know *Ovid* by the Deſcription you give of him, *ſaid he*, and, as much as I am his Friend, ſhould have had an infinite pleaſure in ſeeing him thus uneaſy, had I been witneſs of it.

It is impoſſible, my Lord, *reſum'd* Horace, to ſet it forth as it really was; he could not contain himſelf, but ran up and down among his Acquaintance, complaining to them all of the Misfortune that had befallen him: and happening to meet me ſome ſmall time after he had had this Diſcourſe with *Tullia*, as I was walking by myſelf in the Gardens

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of *Lucullus*, he came to me, and desir'd me to tell him ingenuously, if there was any real Amour between me and *Tullia*, or whether it was only a feint contriv'd between us, to make him jealous; and when, by my evading the Question, and answering him in such Terms as might, without my downright confessing it, make him believe his Fears were but too justly grounded; he loaded me with Imprecations, more worthy to be publish'd than any of his Elegies.

Horace could proceed no farther on this Subject, one of *Agrippa*'s Attendants came to acquaint him that he must attend the Emperor. They went, and immediately found *Augustus*, with the rest of the Company, in a Grove which jetted out on one of the Arms of the *Tiber*, at the end of which was an Alcove built all of the most beautiful white Marble. The Emperor had on purpose drawn thither, while a sumptuous Preparation for their Entertainment was going forward in another Place; and at the close of day he surpriz'd them with a Sight the most glorious that witty Love ever contriv'd for the Pleasure of a darling Spectator.

The House of *Tullia* was fill'd with Lights, the Windows were cover'd with fine red Linnen, stamp'd with divers kinds of Figures, which being plainly shown by the Lights behind, seem'd like so many flaming Perspectives, and made the whole Dome appear like an inchanted Castle; and, while they were gazing on it, a thousand Fire-works from the top of the Turret play'd off

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by the Emperor's Order, repreſenting the Letters which compos'd the Name of *Terentia* in various colour'd Flames.

Theſe things were not done on a ſudden, the Sovereign Power, extenſive as it is, acknowledges the Laws of Impoſſibility. *Cæſar* had order'd this Show for another Occaſion, which being put off, he apply'd to this——but the Ladies being ignorant of it, The Heavens, my Lord, *ſaid* Terentia, ſhow more Miracles than one in your favour; for certainly there is ſomething ſupernatural in what we now ſee. It is rather on your account we are indebted for this Entertainment, *reply'd the amorous* Auguſtus, who being dear to the Gods, as their moſt compleat Workmanſhip, they think themſelves obliged to do ſomething extraordinary for you. The Gods, *reſum'd* Terentia, do indeed doubly bleſs me, when the Favours they vouchſafe to ſhow on me, are convey'd by the hands of *Cæſar*, their moſt glorious Repreſentative on Earth.

With theſe ſort of Diſcourſes they entertain'd each other, till they came into the Hall, which was in the middle of the Houſe; the Entrance was cover'd with Greens and Flowers, the Table was cover'd with the moſt exquiſite Meats, and other Rarities which could be found in the whole Empire; a magnificent Ball, worthy of him that gave it, concluded the Entertainment; they danced in a Room adorn'd with large Looking-Glaſſes, which multiply'd the Objects, and made the Sight exceeding ſplendid.

The Day approaching, put an end to these Diversions, which are most properly adapted to Night; ten or twelve little Chariots, most beautifully painted and gilded, waited to bear this illustrious Company back to *Rome*: *Augustus*, with his admir'd *Terentia*, got into one; *Marcellus* and the Princess *Julia*, by the Emperor's Orders, were seated together in another; *Tullia*, who would attend them, with *Varentillia*, *Fulvia*, *Agrippa*, and *Horace*, fill'd the third; the Princess's Maids of Honour, with the Officers of the Emperor's Retinue, placed themselves in the others, according to their Ranks, or to their Inclinations: *Virgil* was the only Person of this noble Troop who left not *Tusculum*; but that generous Man, preferring the Rules of Friendship to the Pleasures which he might have enjoy'd in accompanying them, follow'd *Cornelius* to a little House near *Tullia*'s, where, on *Cæsar*'s unexpected Visit to her, he had withdrawn.

This great Man was at present in disgrace with the Emperor, and had lately receiv'd orders never to appear in his presence again. He came to *Rome* to entreat *Terentia* to intercede for him; and it was for this reason that he follow'd her to *Tullia*'s: but on the Emperor's arrival, as I have before observ'd, was obliged to retire.

When he perceiv'd that *Virgil* was come to him, he oppos'd his stay as much as possible: Return, my dear *Virgil*, to the Place where I left you, *said he*, and follow not the Fortune of a Wretch so forlorn as I am; there may be a Contagion in my ill Fate: Princes love to have their Anger authoriz'd

thoriz'd by the wiſeſt, and moſt illuſtrious Men; and you ſeem to reproach *Cæſar* with Injuſtice, when you ſhow favour to the Man whom he is pleas'd to hate. I am not conſiderable enough, *reply'd* Virgil, to have the ſteps I take regarded: that Policy you mention, is only to be obſerv'd by thoſe whoſe Births or Employments render all their Actions as ſo many Examples to the People: and what in a Man of Quality would be look'd on as Prudence, would appear ridiculous in ſuch a one as me.

You are too modeſt, *ſaid* Cornelius *to him*, and I am very certain the Emperor eſteems you more than you do yourſelf; a good *Poet* is as often neceſſary as a great *Hero*, and perhaps too, we ſometimes owe the Benefits we receive from the *latter*, to the Encomiums of the *former*——to Poetry we are indebted both for the Excitement to a brave Action, and the immortalizing it when accompliſh'd——Had *Homer* not ſung the Praiſes of *Achilles*, Poſterity had loſt half his Wonders, and, conſequently, had not been bleſs'd with ſo many noble Imitators of his Valour.

It is by theſe Flatteries, *reply'd* Virgil, that all our Authors, the moſt part of them at leaſt, are confounded? they think they make the Deſtiny of ſome great Man, and murmur, if they are forgot themſelves, as if it was the greateſt piece of injuſtice imaginable. But, to argue theſe things without Partiality, I know of no ſuch ſervice we can be to the Publick——Where is the *Poet* who dares reprove the Vices of his living Prince?——

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Do they not rather ſooth, and endeavour to palliate the moſt deteſted Crimes of the Man in Power? —'Tis only the mean Villain who is expos'd, the Great are never guilty.—Yet who obſerves what we ſay on this ſcore? In vain we ſing *imaginary Virtues*, when the publick Memorials give the lye to our Report, and *real Vices* every day diſcloſe themſelves.———I cannot ſee, therefore, that ſince our Writings are not able either to reform a Prince, or make him appear better than he is to his Subjects, of what advantage they are to one or the other. I would not, however, be thought to prove, that great Men ought not to reward the Praiſes given them by Men of Letters; on the contrary, I think they acquire more Glory in gratifying them, as they are the leaſt neceſſary to them: But I would rather a Man would do juſtice to himſelf in the firſt place, and let the Actions of Princes alone, who are not to be prais'd for Virtues which they have not, nor are accountable for the contrary to any but the Gods.

Would to Heaven, *ſaid* Cornelius, that this Maxim had been ſtrongly engrafted in me; I ſhould then be ſtill in the Emperor's favour, and in poſſeſſion of the Government with which he honour'd me: but the Splendor of my Rank had ſo far dazzled me, that I remember'd not to whom I was indebted for it; and, without conſidering that I was not myſelf the Author of my Greatneſs, I look'd on my State as altogether independent on any one; and if an intervening Fear would now and then oppoſe what I was

about to do, I presently check'd it, imagining my Services to have been so important, that the Favours I receiv'd from *Cæsar*, were rather a Debt he ow'd me, than the Effect of any Generosity.

I never heard, *resum'd* Virgil, by what means you disoblig'd the Emperor; I thought he shower'd on you so many Marks of his Esteem, that Gratitude, without any other Consideration, would have kept you in the Bounds of your Duty.

Love, my dear *Virgil*, *reply'd* Cornelius, is the Foible of the greatest Men; it is that alone which has occasion'd my Crime, and 'tis from that alone that I can hope for pardon. As I have never heard the Particulars, *said the other*, I beg you will take this Opportunity of revealing them to me. It would be a difficult Request indeed, *answer'd he*, that I would refuse to *Virgil*; prepare to hear me then with patience, nor blame too suddenly the Errors of one who has not been the Master of himself. The Prince of *Poets* made no other reply to this Compliment than a low Bow: and *Cornelius*, willing to oblige him, and also to give vent to the secret Anguish of his Soul, began the Account he had promis'd him in this manner:

The History of CORNELIUS GALLUS.

YOU have formerly heard me frequently make mention, *said he*, of a beautiful freed Woman, belonging to the Philosopher *Volumnius*, named *Cytheris*, who follow'd *Mark Anthony* the last time he left *Rome* in discontent: this was the same, who, knowing her no otherwise than by my Description of her Charms, you have celebrated by the Name of *Lyconis*, in one of your *Eclogues*.

I have often told you the affliction her Flight was to me, and you seem'd then so much touch'd with it, that you mention'd it in your Verses, as tho' you had seen into my Heart.——This Grief of mine was only occasion'd by having lost the Sight of an Object so dear to me. The Love which I suspected she bore my Rival, she was wholly incapable of; and her Soul was as insensible to the Flames of *Mark Anthony*, as it had been to mine. I was not convinced of this, however, for a great while; and the rage I was in, to find my Services disdain'd, together with the great Employments I was then engaged in, made me resolve, as much as possible, to forget her. 'Tis possible, that the sudden Rise of my Fortune, the Grandeur

deur with which I was inviron'd, and the Diverſions I gave into, whenever the Buſineſs of the State permitted me a leiſure Hour, might at laſt have accompliſh'd what I ſo much deſir'd; but, in the midſt of my Efforts, an Accident happen'd, which in a moment deſtroy'd the Work of many Months, and let me ſee, that where Love has once eſtabliſh'd his Throne, he is not to be remov'd, at leaſt ſo far as not to be able to reſume it whenever he thinks proper, and but affects a Weakneſs, to ſhow his Strength the more.

I happen'd one day to be walking on the Borders of the *Nile*, when a Man belonging to my Train came to inform me, that in one of the Deſert Iſlands, with which that River is plentifully ſtor'd, he had heard a human Voice, and deſir'd to know if I would ſend any one to ſee who it was, and by what ſtrange Turn of Fortune left in ſuch a Place.

The Perſon who brought me theſe tidings, was of himſelf ſufficient to have gone on this errand; but I found a ſecret Inclination within me, which I could not then account for, to go on this ſearch myſelf. I, therefore, got immediately into a Boat, and landed in the Iſland, where the firſt Object which met my aſtoniſh'd Eyes, was the beautiful *Cytheris*, whom I ſo long, and ſo paſſionately had lov'd, tho' in vain.

Not the ſad and dejected Air in which ſhe appear'd, nor the alteration which four or five Years had made in her, ſince laſt I had ſeen her, could keep my fluttering Heart from

from giving an immediate Direction to my Eyes; the Joy and Terror, the mingled Tenderneſs and Reſentment for paſt Unkindneſſes, convinced me it was no other than *Cytheris* whom I now beheld.

What new *Theſeus* does this Age produce? *cry'd I*; or rather, what worſe Monſter than *Africk* ever bred, could be ſo barbarous to expoſe that Form to the Terrors of this deſert Iſland?———Has *Mark Anthony* dar'd to commit ſuch Sacrilege?———and could the Gods permit an Action ſo inhuman? *Mark Anthony*, *haughtily reply'd* Cytheris, was never the Diſpoſer of my Fate; myſelf alone has the power of being ſo, nor will I ever beſtow it on another. Alas! *Cytheris*, *reſum'd I*, too dearly do you ſtill love that moſt ungrateful Man: Is it not enough that you abandon'd all the Pleaſures of *Rome*, to follow him?——Is it not enough, that while he was bleſs'd in your Affections, a thouſand noble Youths with *Cornelius* languiſh'd in vain; but you muſt alſo hinder me from loading him with thoſe juſt Reproaches his Ingratitude deſerves. You never knew me rightly, *ſaid* Cytheris *coldly*, nor do you yet—I never lov'd *Mark Anthony*, nor did he forſake me—and had I been capable of Love, either for *Cornelius Gallus*, or *Mark Anthony*, perhaps it had not been the latter I had made my Choice——but a Humour, which I then took to be a blind Humour, but which I ſince have found to be juſt, made me look on your Love as the greateſt Perſecution could befal me.—To avoid it, therefore, I ſtole privately from *Rome*, and went

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to ſeek an Aſylum elſewhere———Come, my Lord, *continued ſhe, taking me by the hand*, come and ſee what a Retreat the Gods have allotted me, and be perſuaded that the Love of Wiſdom and Contemplation has been the only Paſſion I am capable of knowing.

When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe led me through a little Path to the moſt agreeable Solitude that ever was; the Wood which this Iſland is cover'd with, is ſeparated in this Place, as tho' by Art faſhion'd and cut into an Alley, which going in a Deſcent, border'd on a Meadow water'd by a moſt pleaſing Rivulet. Nature had enamel'd this Spot with various and uncommon Flowers, and the Induſtry of thoſe who had accompany'd *Cytheris*, had provided every thing in it neceſſary for Life; there were two or three little Huts, which altho they were only cover'd with Leaves, were made in ſuch a manner, as defended thoſe within from the Inſults of the Weather, and the Dangers of wild Beaſts. A little Platform of Earth was fill'd with Corn, and Roots of all kind ſufficient for this little Family.

I thought myſelf in one of thoſe enchanted Iſlands deſcribed to us by the Poets in their Works:———At a little diſtance from us I perceiv'd an old Man, who, far from being ſurprized to ſee a Stranger with *Cytheris*, went on in a piece of work he was employ'd about———For my part, I could ſcarce believe it was any other than a Viſion I ſaw, and ſtood rubbing my Eyes like one who had a Miſt before them, or was not well awake. You are amazed, my Lord, *ſaid* Cy-

Cytheris, to see that so charming a Retreat so near the City of *Alexandria*, should escape your Knowledge. It was to enjoy this, that I refused the pompous Slavery you offer'd me at *Rome*, and not to follow him you thought your Rival———Here the Fall and Rise of Empires neither affect me with Joy or Grief; and, entirely free from Passions or Desires of any kind, I enjoy a Tranquillity which is not to be known in the great World: and, more content with my Condition than perhaps you are with yours, I sweetly experience, that the Gods bestow upon Men freely every thing necessary for Happiness, when they are wise enough to know it; and not by vain Pursuits, and unsatiated Wishes, distract their Peace, and disappoint the Goodness of all-indulgent Heaven.

This admirable Discourse so far transported me, that I was ready to adore the Mouth which spoke it, and contemned myself for my want of Capacity to entertain Notions so refin'd. Divine Creature, *said I*, who meritest to be worship'd only as we would approach the Gods———Come and give back to the World a Miracle this Solitude deprives it of———You deserve the Empire of the Universe; but since *Augustus*, who alone could give it you, is unacquainted with your Worth, come at least, and be the Empress's Representative in *Alexandria*——Come and reign absolute Mistress over him, who is absolute Ruler over all the Dominions of *Ptolemy*. No, no, *answer'd she*, had the Gods design'd me for such a State, they would

would have granted it me before this time—they placed my Anceſtors on a Throne, and would have handed down to me thoſe Honours which adorn'd the Heads of my Forefathers, had they not thought it better for me to be in the Condition I now am. O think not you muſt long remain in it! *reſum'd I:* but, Madam, I have hitherto addreſs'd to you as a Lover only; your Refuſal of my Offers obliges me now to ſpeak to you as *Prætor* of *Egypt*; that Character makes it my Duty to do all the good I am able for the Province I am allotted to govern; and I ſhould be extremely deficient in it, ſhould I ſuffer to continue in this ſolitary Place one who might adorn by her Preſence, and improve by her Example, the wondring Millions of her Sex. Well, *ſaid* Cytheris, either as a Lover, or a *Prætor*, you ought to conform your Will to mine———you cannot be the *former* without Submiſſion, nor can the *latter* have any Authority over a Perſon of my Rank and Birth.

I ſtill perſiſted, however, in my Endeavours to get her from this Place, or at leaſt to inform me of what Condition or Country ſhe was; but ſhe refus'd to gratify me either in the one or the other: and having ſeveral times repeated her Commands, that I ſhould return to *Alexandria*, I departed from her with an aking Heart, carrying with me a more violent Paſſion than ever.

She had not, however, forbad me to viſit, and it was no longer than two Days that I delayed taking a ſecond little Voyage to the Iſland. She receiv'd me with a ſweet Complaiſance

plaiſance and Affability; and tho' I could diſcern not the leaſt Marks of that Tenderneſs I aim'd to inſpire, yet ſhe behaved to me in a manner which left me no room to doubt ſhe had a Friendſhip for me. She ſhew'd me the Diverſions and Employments in which ſhe paſs'd her time. *Volumnius*, you know, is a perfect Maſter in the Sciences; and finding *Cytheris* capable of all the Inſtruction he could give her, he had made her a very great Proficient in Philoſophy; ſhe was alſo well skill'd in the *Greek* Tongue, play'd to admiration on ſeveral ſorts of Inſtruments, ſang incomparably well, and painted ſo much to the Life, that it has been call'd in queſtion, if ſome of her Pieces did not exceed thoſe of the moſt celebrated Hands: and theſe Perfections it was, which created in *Volumnius* ſo great an Eſteem for her, that he made her a Preſent of her Freedom.

Do you not think, *ſaid ſhe to me*, that theſe Employments are ſufficient to make us paſs over the little time allotted us by Fate to live? And can you think the Pleaſures of *Rome* or *Alexandria* are more ſubſtantial than thoſe I enjoy in this Retreat? ——— The Diverſions of the buſy World are to the Soul what Shows are to the Eye; they attract at firſt, but ſoon become inſipid, and loſe all their reliſh, and at laſt grow tireſome: and as one Deſire is continually ſucceeded by another, our inward Peace is utterly deſtroy'd. But, *Cytheris*, *return'd I*, how is it that a Perſon of your Sex and Years is capable of ſuch ſerious Reflections? or having made them, by what means improve or cultivate

them in ſuch a Place as this? Every body, *reply'd ſhe*, has experience enough in himſelf to become wiſe: The moſt skilful Artiſt commits too many Faults in his Science, not to be convinced that he is not infallible, and to puſh him on to aim at a greater degree of Perfection———if ſuch a Man has Modeſty, and a Deſire of improving his Knowledge, he is a wiſe Man in his way. Every other Degree of Life furniſhes People with the like Inſtructions. As for my own part, I have had the experience of two or three different States; I was born a Slave, and was ignorant, till after I was made free, how far my Lineage was from ſuch Obſcurity. I learn'd from thence, that Slavery is in itſelf no great Evil, ſince I bore it without Uneaſineſs, and that being of an illuſtrious Birth is not a real Good, ſince I was ſo, and did not know it. The Love of *Anthony* for ſome time made *Cleopatra*'s Happineſs, but it had not the power to give me any: Love, therefore, is not an eſſential Bleſſing, nor indeed any of the Pleaſures of this Life, but as we pleaſe to make them: 'tis our Imagination which gives the Worth of every thing, and 'tis that which renders us either miſerable, or the contrary. Could you but bring yourſelf to imagine a middle State the beſt, that Medium would make you happier than Greatneſs can; or could you but think, that a Life free from the Uncertainties, Hopes, Fears, and Perplexities which are inſeparable from an amorous Engagement; you would know, that neither Love, nor Grandeur,

deur, are Bleſſings ſo ſublime, as to underſtand how to ſupport the Want of them.

The more ſhe ſpoke, the more I found to admire in her Wiſdom, and the Delicacy of her Notions; the Contempt ſhe expreſs'd of Love, I imagin'd might proceed from not having receiv'd any Offers of it from the Man ſhe liked; but that ſhe ſeem'd to have of Power, convinced me, ſhe had a Soul more truly elevated than what is ordinarily to be found even among thoſe who pretend moſt to be above the Influence of Ambition, and Deſire of Rule. I beſeech you, Madam, *ſaid I*, inform me of what Quality you are, that I may more admire the Virtue you teſtify in deſpiſing the World's Dignity—— the State of Life I am in, is ſubject to Revolutions, give me therefore ſome Example, which, if I ſhould ſtand in need of, may be uſeful to me.

I thought ſhe was now going to grant my Requeſt, when a young Lady, who had accompany'd her to this Iſland, came to acquaint her, that *Ambiorix* (which was the Name of the old Man who liv'd with them) had been bit by a venomous Creature; and that knowing the Nature of thoſe Animals, was certain he had not two Hours to live. *Cytheris* turn'd pale at this News, and ran immediately where *Ambiorix* was lying: I follow'd her, and heard her ſpeak to him in this manner: Alas! *cry'd ſhe*, what Misfortune has befallen you? Muſt I loſe your Care and Conduct of me? Tell me, I beſeech you, if your Hurt is as dangerous as *Phila* has repreſented it.

What Name was that you mention'd, my Lord? *cry'd* Virgil, *haſtily interrupting him*; was it not *Phila* that you ſaid? Yes, *reply'd* Cornelius, the young Lady who liv'd with *Cytheris* and *Ambiorix*, was call'd *Phila*. Pray, my Lord, *reſum'd* Virgil *impatiently*, was ſhe not an *Athenian?* and did not *Antiochus* her Father, to prevent ſome Predictions concerning her, ſend her into *Sicily* to be educated? and did ſhe not afterwards tarry ſome time at *Rome*, and was known there by the Name of *Plautia?*

She is the very ſame you ſpeak of, *anſwer'd* Cornelius, and whom you lately mention'd in the Story of *Milo*, which you related to us at the Houſe of *Tullia*: She came acquainted with *Cytheris* at *Tuſculum*, where *Cicero* kept her confin'd, to compel her to marry him. *Volumnius* at that time was a near Neighbour, and there commenced ſo great a Friendſhip between theſe two beautiful young Perſons, that when *Cytheris*, for ſome Reaſons which you ſhall preſently be inform'd of, had taken a reſolution to leave *Rome*, the other deſir'd to accompany her: they came together into *Egypt*; and the Conformity of their Fates fix'd in them ſo great a Tenderneſs for each other, that I believe they are not yet ſeparated, but continue to live together in ſome unknown Corner of the World.

I beſeech you, my Lord, *ſaid* Virgil, let us go in ſearch of them; I am able to give ear no longer to your Story; and it is only in ſeeking her out, that I can live and be happy.

Would

Would to the Gods, *reply'd* Cornelius, that I might forfeit the Favour of *Cæſar* for ever, on condition they would allow me the Hope of a fortunate Iſſue of the Search you mention———but I have ſo often, and ſo vainly attempted it, that I am now diſcouraged from undertaking it for the future: But, nevertheleſs, do you acquaint me why you ſeem ſo much concern'd for *Phila*, and I will readily defer the Concluſion of my Adventures till another time.

Make an end of it now, my Lord, I entreat you, *ſaid* Virgil; and ask your pardon for the interruption I have given you——— I was not at firſt Maſter of thoſe Emotions which the Name of *Phila* rais'd in me; but Reaſon now reſumes its Place, and I beg you will acquaint me what became of *Ambiorix*'s Wound.

It was mortal, *anſwer'd* Cornelius; but before he died, he ſpoke ſuch things to *Cytheris*, which, tho' they made againſt me, I was charm'd with.———I ſhall now remind you, Madam, *ſaid he*, for the laſt time, that your Grandfather was the great *Viridomarus*, who ſo long maintain'd the Liberty of the *Gauls* againſt the invading *Romans*: Theſe Conſiderations are more apt to inſpire Vanity than Wiſdom; and one can hardly be virtuous, when one relies too much on the Merits of our Anceſtors: but I conjure you to remember, that the Gods have endued you with a Courage and Reſolution, which is not ordinarily to be found in your Sex; that theſe Gifts were not beſtow'd on you by Chance; and that Heaven will one day require

quire a ſtrict Account of the Talents by which you are diſtinguiſh'd: I promis'd my Royal Maſter your Father, that I would do my beſt to inſtil into your Mind theſe laudable Sentiments; I die with this Satisfaction, that I have happily acquitted my Duty and my Promiſe———but all will be in vain, if you do not perſevere as you have begun——maintain, therefore, that rare and noble Virtue, to be always contented with your State———wiſh not for any thing you do not enjoy———but, above all, remember that Hatred which your Anceſtors bore to the *Romans*, and on which Condition you receiv'd the Bleſſing of a dying Father, which commonly makes Children happy in this World.

Juſt as he had finiſh'd theſe Remonſtrances, he gave up the Ghoſt, leaving *Cytheris* in an Affliction which cannot well be repreſented. The Dangers to which ſhe was now expos'd in this ſolitary Place, and the Counſels of *Phila*, who told her ſhe could not tarry in this Iſland after what had befallen *Ambiorix*, without being guilty of an Obſtinacy unworthy of her Wiſdom, made her comply with my Entreaties to retire to a Houſe which by the *Ptolemys* had been built a few Miles from *Alexandria*, and which the Governors of *Egypt* keep for themſelves. There I learn'd from her, that after King *Viridomarus* had been ſlain by *Marcellus* in a ſingle Combat, the Prince his Son wandred from Kingdom to Kingdom, to crave Aſſiſtance to re-eſtabliſh him in his Father's Throne; but finding himſelf deceiv'd in his Expectation,

he

he bent his whole Mind on the Study of Philoſophy; *Egypt* was the Place he choſe for his Retirement, becauſe at that time the Sciences flouriſh'd no where ſo much as there, except in *Greece*, where he was too well known to venture. Soon after he was ſettled in this tranquil, tho' mean State, the Princeſs his Wife coming to him, being then big with Child of *Cytheris*, under the Conduct of *Ambiorix*, was met by a Party of *Romans*, who took her Priſoner, carry'd her to *Rome*, and ſold her to *Volumnius*. But *Ambiorix* being deeply wounded, and left for dead upon the Place, by the Care of ſome Paſſengers was recover'd, and went to *Egypt*, where acquainting his Royal Maſter with what had happen'd, this freſh Misfortune touch'd him ſo ſenſibly, that he retir'd wholly from the World, and, with no other Companion than his faithful *Ambiorix*, liv'd the Remainder of his Days in that deſart Iſle where I had found *Cytheris*. She told me likewiſe, that ſome few days before his Death, a Slave, who was taken with her Mother, and ſold alſo to *Volumnius*, was employ'd by that Philoſopher to go and gather ſome Plants which grew in theſe Iſlands, whoſe Virtue he had a mind to experience. He no ſooner ſaw his Prince, than he acquainted him of his Wife's Captivity, and that ſhe died in bringing into the World a Daughter, who was at preſent the Slave of the Maſter whom he ſerv'd; but that ſhe was educated with ſo much Care and Tenderneſs by that worthy *Roman*, that ſhe felt not her Yoke.——The Prince, ſhe ſaid, ſurviv'd not long the Slave's Ac-

Account; and when dying, commanded *Ambiorix* to make uſe of his utmoſt Endeavours to get her out of the *Roman* Power, and to infuſe into her a Hatred againſt all who bore that Name, leaving her his Bleſſing on no other Terms.

The good *Ambiorix* having interr'd his Maſter, went about executing the former Part of his Commiſſion: He arriv'd at *Rome* ſoon after *Cytheris* was made free, and having let her into the knowledge of her Birth, and inform'd her of her Father's laſt Commands, he prevail'd with her to retire to the ſame Place which he had made choice of for his Abode, and where his *Manes* now lay. She withdrew from *Rome*, as I have before obſerv'd, the ſame Day that *Mark Anthony* went away in diſguſt; and that was the Occaſion of my ſuſpecting it was on his account ſhe departed.

The Gods be prais'd, Madam, *ſaid I, when ſhe had told me all theſe things*, that the regard you have for a Father's dying words, has conducted you to a Province where I am obliged to reſide, and where I can make you the ſame Offer as when firſt I had the bleſſing of knowing you. That Obſervance which you think ſo favourable to you, *anſwer'd ſhe*, includes more than one Act of Duty; the ſame Obedience which drew me from *Rome*, obliges me not to accept any Propoſal made me by a *Roman*. You are too well skill'd in what you ought to do, *reſum'd I*, not to know that theſe Sentiments are highly unjuſt——Hate the Memory of *Marcellus*, who ſlew *Viridomarus*, and was the

firſt

firſt Cauſe of your Family's Misfortune—— Hate *Julius Cæſar*, who, by totally ſubduing the *Gauls*, depriv'd your Father both of Revenge and Empire ——— But hate not me; I was not born when theſe Wars began, am innocent of every thing which offends you, and wiſh to live no longer than I can give you Proofs of my Love. But this Love, *ſaid ſhe*, makes you not leſs a *Roman*, nor me any other than a Princeſs of the *Gauls*: and that Contempt which your Senate expreſſes for all Kings, I feel for all who are not of Kingly Blood. That Contempt, Madam, *anſwer'd I*, is now entirely loſt, ſince there is no Kingdom but what acknowledges the *Roman* Empire, and eſpouſes her Maxims; and we ſee more Monarchs ſeek the Adoption of *Rome*, than ever had Courage to take up Arms againſt her. Theſe Monarchs, *reſum'd* Cytheris *fiercely*, are not deſcended from *Viridomarus*; if they were, they would ſet a greater value on their Authority. But, to deal with you, *continued ſhe more calmly*, with that Sincerity which is the Merit of your Love; I have always had an eſteem for your Perſon, acknowledge your Virtues, and the Obligations I have to you, and, in the Condition to which I am reduced, muſt own the Propoſals you have made me as ſo many Favours, which I can aſcribe to no other Motive than the moſt violent Affection——but yet, in ſpite of all this, I cannot forget the Lineage from which I ſprung, and ſhould refuſe the Nephew, or even Son of *Auguſtus* himſelf, were he offer'd me under the Title of Citizen.

Theſe words were the fatal *Oracle* which decreed the Downfal both of my Fortune and my Reaſon; and tho' ſhe ſpoke them only with the View of extinguiſhing my Hopes, yet I took them in another Senſe, and thought ſhe had now inſtructed me in the way to pleaſe her. I took upon me, therefore the Majeſty of an abſolute Monarch; I made my People ſerve me after the manner of the antient Kings of *Egypt*; I put on the Habit of that Country, and ſuffer'd none to come into my Preſence, but ſuch as conform'd to the new Laws I made: I rais'd a Statue, and, in ſhort, committed a thouſand Follies, for which I juſtly incur'd the Diſpleaſure of *Cæſar* againſt me.

Cytheris ſaw the beginning of theſe Diſorders with Grief, and did all in her power to hinder me from proceeding in them; but the Remonſtrances ſhe made me, had alſo a different Effect from what they ought, or were deſign'd for: the Concern ſhe expreſs'd for my Welfare, made me imagine ſhe would rather reward my Love, than ſuffer it to be my Ruin: and to incline her to bribe me by that means, I committed worſe Extravagancies than ever; which ſhe perceiving, and that it was impoſſible to reclaim me by any other Way than that ſhe was reſolv'd not to make uſe of, ſhe privately withdrew herſelf with *Phila*; ſince when, I have never been able to hear any thing of her.

I was like a Man diſtracted when I was told of her Departure; I enquir'd after her of thoſe who I knew could give me no account of her, as well as of thoſe who I ſuſpected

were

were in the ſecret——I ſent in ſearch of her with an Authority ſuch as *Cæſar* himſelf would not have made uſe of, but for the Public Good ; and unjuſtly puniſh'd the Perſons who return'd without being able to bring me the Information I deſir'd——What can I ſay more, my dear *Virgil?* I lov'd to Madneſs, and had for ever loſt the Object of my Paſſion.——But *Auguſtus* is not inſenſible of the Power of Love ; and, perhaps, when *Terentia* ſhall acquaint him, that the Follies I committed were occaſion'd only by the Force of that Almighty Being, he may pardon them upon that account, tho' he would not on any other.

The Night being far ſpent when he had concluded his Story, theſe two Friends retir'd to take what Repoſe the Agitations of their Minds would give them leave to do—— but *Cornelius* was no ſooner riſen, than he went to the Chamber where *Virgil* lay, deſiring him to relate the Reaſon that he had ſeem'd ſo much tranſported at the mention of *Phila:* But there is ſomething which calls for our Attention at *Rome* ; ſo that we muſt defer a little longer ſhowing you that *Virgil* did not talk ſo learnedly on Love, without having experienced the Force of that delicate and noble Paſſion.

The End of the Third Part.

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